THE

WORKS

OF

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin.

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MEMOIRS of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Diſcoveries of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION to the READER.

IN the reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember), thou may'ſt poſſibly, gentle reader, have ſeen a venerable perſon who frequented the outſide of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black, and even his eyes hollow, yet piercing, his noſe inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey. All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was as black and ſmooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as ſtrait as the hair of a river-god riſing from the water. His cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his ſword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a *Jeſuite*, took him for one, and others believed him ſome *High-Prieſt of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with ſcience, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creature, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixed with a ſcorn of doing or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a philoſopher. Accordingly, he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of

charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the queen, or her firſt miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. This much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the queen's miniſtry; who, either out of jealouſy or envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtile. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of ſo wonderful a nature, it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who, I clearly perceived, was ſome great philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the piazza by the dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuſcript was fallen into my hands; and ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the claſps of the parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurpriſe) in Engliſh, as follows.

"Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I embrace "thee as my beſt friend; for either the ſtars and my art "are deceitful, or the deſtined time is come, which is to "manifeſt Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou "the perſon choſen by fate for this taſk. What thou ſeeſt "in me, is a body exhauſted by the labours of the mind. "I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, "but a very coy miſtreſs. Watchful nights, anxious "days, ſlender meals, and endleſs labours, muſt be the

"lot

" lot of all who purſue her through her labyrinths and " mæanders. My firſt vital air I drew in this iſland (a " ſoil fruitful of philoſophers), but my complexion is be- " come aduſt, and my body arid, by viſiting lands (as " the poet has it), *alio ſub ſole calentes*. I have, through " my whole life, paſſed under ſeveral diſguiſes and un- " known names, to ſcreen myſelf from the envy and " malice which mankind expreſs againſt thoſe who are " poſſeſſed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at preſent I " am forced to take ſanctuary in the Britiſh court, to a- " void the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has purſued " me almoſt through thewhole terraqueous globe. Being, " about four years ago, in the city of Madrid, in queſt of " natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady, who " was marked with a pomegranate upon the inſide of " her right thigh, which bloſſomed, and, as it were, " ſeemed to ripen in the due ſeaſon. Forthwith was I " poſſeſſed with an inſatiable curioſity to view this won- " derful phænomenon. I felt the ardour of my paſſion " increaſe as the ſeaſon advanced, till, in the month of " July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, " was admitted to the bath, ſaw her undreſſed, and the " wonder diſplayed. This was ſoon diſcovered by the " huſband, who finding ſome letters I had writ to the " duenna, containing expreſſions of a doubtful meaning, " ſuſpected me of a crime moſt alien from the purity of " my thoughts. Incontinently, I left Madrid by the ad- " vice of friends; have been purſued, dogged, and way- " laid through ſeveral nations, and even now ſcarce think " myſelf ſecure within the ſacred walls of this palace. It " has been my good fortune to have ſeen all the grand " phænomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which " I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now, " by means of ſome Britiſh ſhip (whoſe colours no Spa- " niard dare approach*), I impatiently expect a ſafe paſ- " ſage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my friend, " whom fate has marked for my hiſtoriographer, I leave " theſe my Commentaries, and others of my works. " No more—be faithful and impartial."

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further light by many conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away, as I before related, by the jealouſy of the queen's miniſtry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his converſation, he, for ſome years, continued his correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him, was on occaſion of his ſtrictures on the Dunciad; ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirſt for knowledge, into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of ſcience, and to give the hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the ſtile will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS*.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Of the parentage and family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.

IN the city of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by profeſſion an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curioſities, eſteemed none more highly than a ſkin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall.

* Mr Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a ſatire in conjunction, *on the abuſes of human learning*; and to make it the better received, they propoſed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire), under the hiſtory of ſome feigned adventures. They had obſerved thoſe *abuſes* ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and truth in no danger to ſuffer by the *premature* uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of Mr Pope's friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a ſmall ſtop to their project, when they had only drawn out on imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of *The firſt book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Polite Letters never loſt more than in the defeat of this ſcheme, in which, each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for that they all had in common. Dr Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing which related to *ſcience*; Mr Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts*; and Dr Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. WIT they had all in equal meaſure; and this ſo large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully beſtowed it, or *Art* brought it to higher perfection. *Warburton.*

On this was curiously traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers, in old time Princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for such was the name of this venerable personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different cast from his family.

His wife was a lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happened on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was skilled in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his mistress. I am not ignorant of what Columesius * affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge suffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs Scriblerus (the issue of that amour) was a living proof of the falshood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: besides which, her ancestors had been professors of physic, astrology, or chemistry, in German universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years: but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact precautions and methods he had used to procure that blessing: for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the genera-

* Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his *Opuscula* p. 102. Pope.

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tion of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his wife, for almoſt the whole firſt year, to goats milk and honey *. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childleſs, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miſcarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himſelf, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned ſex. However he diſdained not to treaſure up the embryo in a vial, among the curioſities of his family.

Having diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the ſouth; this author † aſſerting, that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the ſoutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at weſt; a wind on which the great philoſopher beſtowed the encomiums of father of the earth, breath of the Elyſian fields, and other glorious eulogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the ſemina out of which animals are produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air ‡.

Under theſe regulations, his wife, to his inexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs), he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his wife to remain

* Galen. Lib. de Cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3. *Pope.*

† Ariſt. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

‡ Religion of Nature, ſect. 5. parag. 15. The ſerioufneſs with which this ſtrange opinion, on ſo myſterious a point, is advanced, very well deſerved this ſtroke of ridicule. *Pope* and *Warburton.*

behind

behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up, on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and, on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart ſeveral annual ſums, for the recovery of Manuſcripts, the effoſſion of Coins, the procuring of Mummies; and for all thoſe curious diſcoveries, by which he hoped to become (as himſelf was wont to ſay) a ſecond Peireſkius *. He had already chalked out all poſſible ſchemes for the improvement of a male child; yet was ſo far prepared for the worſt that could happen, that, before the nine months were expired, he had compoſed two treatiſes of education; the one he called, *A daughter's mirrour*, and the other, *A ſon's monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of muſic once in twenty-four hours, according to the cuſtom of the Magi: and that on a particular day †, he was obſerved to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the firſt of April, the birth-day of the great *Baſilius Valentinus*.

The truth of this, and every preceeding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I muſt be ſo ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not ſo certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the firſt, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the ſecond, I only remember to have heard him ſay, that he firſt ſaw the light in St Giles's pariſh. But in the inveſtigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day, as I was paſſing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a diſpute concerning the place of nativity of a great aſtrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time, and the deſcription of the perſon,

* There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curioſity in that great man's character. *Warburton.*

† Ramſay's Cyrus. It was with judgment, that the authors choſe rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients from whence he took it; as it is a ſure inſtance of folly, when, amongſt the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their abſurdities. *Pope* and *Warburton.*

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made me imagine it might be that univerſal genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's will.

I appoint my executors to engrave the following inscription on the column in the centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, becauſe the executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himſelf has often told me, that, on the night before he was born, Mrs Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to bed of a huge *ink-horn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous writer. Likewiſe a *crab-tree* *, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of crabs. This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his wit. A great ſwarm of *waſps* †, played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides. This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his ſatire. A dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *muſhrooms*. This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large

* Virgil's Laurel Donat, *Pope*.

† Plato, Lucan, *&c. Pope*.

body,

body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a ſwan, and was concluding his ſon would be a poet: but, on a nearer view, perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of ſcience; where the Doctor beheld, with great joy, a knot of logic, a knot of metaphyſic, a knot of caſuiſtry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with *lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a ſheep, chattered like a mag-pye, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a gooſe and brayed like an aſs: And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer *.

CHAP. II.

The ſpeech of Cornelius over his ſon, at the hour of his birth.

NO ſooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the o-

* Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. *Pope.*

ther-

ther like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Domeſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle him!" quoth he, "far "be it from me to ſubmit to ſuch a pernicious cuſtom! "Is not my ſon a man? and is not man the lord of the "univerſe? Is it thus you uſe this monarch at his firſt "arrival in his dominions, to manacle and ſhackle him "hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? "If you have no regard to his natural liberty, at leaſt "have ſome to his natural faculties. Behold with what "agility he ſpreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as "great variety as his fingers! a power, which, in the "ſmall circle of a year, may be totally aboliſhed, by the "enormous confinement of ſhoes and ſtockings. His ears "(which other animals turn with great advantage to-"wards the ſonorous object) may, by the miniſtry of ſome "accurſed nurſe, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not "ſo the antients; they could move them at pleaſure, and "accordingly are often deſcribed *arrectis auribus*." "What a devil," quoth the midwife, "would you have "your ſon move his ears like a drill?" "Yes, fool" (ſaid he), "why ſhould he not have the perfection of a "drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe; "My dear, I have had "many diſputes with you upon this ſubject before I was "a month gone: we have but one child, and cannot af-"ford to throw him away upon experiments. I will have "my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and "always under mine own eye." All the goſſips, with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner. "What! bred at home! Have I taken all this "pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life "of a cabbage, to ſuck the nutritious juices from the "ſpot where he was firſt planted? No; to perambu-"late this terraqueous globe is too ſmall a range; were "it permitted, he ſhould at leaſt make the tour of the "whole ſyſtem of the ſun. Let other mortals pore u-"pon maps, and ſwallow the legends of lying travellers;

"the

" the ſon of Cornelius ſhall make his own legs his com-
" paſſes; with thoſe he ſhall meaſure continents, iſlands,
" capes, bays, ſtreights, and iſthmus's: he ſhall himſelf
" take the altitude of the higheſt mountains, from the
" peak of Derby to the peak of Teneriff: when he has
" viſited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucaſus, and the
" famous Ararat, where Noah's ark firſt moored, he may
" take a ſlight view of the ſnowy Riphæans; nor would I
" have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poe-
" tical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will deſerve a more
" particular attention: I will therefore have him obſerve,
" with great care, Veſuvius, Ætna, the burning moun-
" tain of Java, but chiefly Hecla the greateſt rarity in
" the northern regions. Then he may likewiſe contem-
" plate the wonders of the Mephitic cave. When he has
" dived into the bowels of the earth, and ſurveyed the
" works of nature under ground, and inſtructed himſelf
" fully in the nature of vulcanos, earthquakes, thunders,
" tempeſts, and hurricanes, I hope he will bleſs the world
" with a more exact ſurvey of the deſarts of Arabia and
" Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain. Then
" will I have him croſs the ſeven gulphs, meaſure the
" currents in the fifteen famous ſtreights, and ſearch for
" thoſe fountains of freſh water that are at the bottom of
" the ocean." — At theſe laſt words Mrs Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the deſcription of this terrible ſcene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP III.

Shewing what befell the Doctor's ſon and his ſhield, on the day of the chriſtening.

THE day of the chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the gravity of Dr Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome *profi-*

table

able conference, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome *antient cuſtom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a ſhield; and being poſſeſſed of an antique *buckler*, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the ſtudy, to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this ſhield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a diſſertation concerning it *, proving, from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts: though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his ſon's *nativity*.

He therefore took the buckler out of a caſe (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt), and entruſted it to his houſe-maid, with orders, that, when the company was come, ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue ſattin.

The gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium*, and the manner of *Decubitus* of the antients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner.

"This day, my friends, I purpoſe to exhibit my ſon "before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inſpecti- "on, as he is deſcended from a race of Virtuoſi. Let "the phyſiognomiſts examine his features; let the chi- "rographiſts behold his palm; but above all, let us con- "ſult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as "the child is not vulgar, I will not preſent him unto you "in a vulgar manner. He ſhall be cradled in my anti- "ent ſhield, ſo famous through the univerſities of Eu- "rope. You all know how I purchaſed that invaluable "piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inade- "quate) expence of all the plate of our family, how "happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I tranſ- "ported it hither, to the inexpreſſible grief of all Ger-

* See the Diſſertation on Dr Woodward's ſhield.

" many. Happy in every circumſtance, but that it broke " the heart of the great Melchior Inſipidus!"

Here he ſtopped his ſpeech, upon ſight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms and proceeded.

" Behold then my child, but firſt behold the ſhield: " behold this ruſt — or rather let me call it this precious " ærugo, — behold this beautiful varniſh of time, — this " venerable verdure of ſo many ages —— !"

In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the mantle, which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on ſight of the whole, the tremor became univerſal. The ſhield and the infant both dropt to the ground; and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, " O God! my ſhield, my ſhield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her andirons *.

Cornelius ſunk back in a chair, the gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſquawled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance. Hungary water, hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he ſaw the ſhield in the hands of the houſe-maid. " O woman! woman!" he cried, (and ſnatched it violently from her), " was it to thy ignorance " that this relick owes its ruin? where, where is the beau- " tiful cruſt that covered thee ſo long? where thoſe " traces of time, and *fingers*, as it were, of antiquity? " Where all thoſe beautiful obſcurities, the cauſe of " much delightful diſputation, where doubt and curioſi- " ty went hand in hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpe- " culations of the learned? All this the rude touch of " an ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious* " *prominence* at the belly of that figure, which ſome ta- " king for the *cuſpis* of a ſword, denominated a Roman

* Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd.
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd. *Pope.*

" ſoldier;

" ſoldier; others accounting the *inſignia virilia*, pro-
" nounced it to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold ſhe
" hath cleaned it in like ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to be
" the head of a nail. O my ſhield! my ſhield! well
" may I ſay with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula.*"

The goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the child had no hurt? and cried, " Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done " but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her; " what a ſtir a man makes about a *baſon*, that an hour " ago, before this labour was beſtowed upon it, a coun-
" try-barber would not have hung at his ſhop door." " A *baſon*!" (cried another), " no ſuch matter; it is " nothing but a paultry old *ſconce*, with the nozzle broke " off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the ſhield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be comforted, aſſuring him that it was a *ſconce*, and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the ſuction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in his infancy, and of the firſt rudiments of his learning.

AS ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eyes on Mrs Scriblerus, ſpoke as follows: " Wiſely was it ſaid by Homer, that " in the cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, " the other of evil, which he never beſtows on mortals " ſeparately, but conſtantly mingles them together. Thus " at the ſame time hath Heaven bleſſed me with the birth " of a ſon, and afflicted me with the ſcouring of my " ſhield. Yet let us not repine at his diſpenſations, who " gives, and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, " that the ruſt of antiquity which he hath been pleaſed " to take from my ſhield, may be added to my ſon; and " that ſo much of it, as it is my purpoſe he ſhall con-

" tract in his education, may never be deſtroyed by any " modern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the ſhield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr Kemp, incruſted it with a new ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a cut hath been ingraved, and exhibited, to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the ſuction of his child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the mother, or the nurſe, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef; and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect. " Hadſt thou read the antients, O nurſe, thou " wouldſt prefer the welfare of the infant which thou " nouriſheſt, to the indulging of an irregular and voraci- " ous appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robuſtneſs " on the limbs of my ſon, but will hebetate and clog his " intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the beef.—" Paſſion" (continued the Doctor, ſtill holding the diſh), " throws the mind into too violent " a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the ſoul, or, " as Horace expreſſes it, a *ſhort madneſs*. Conſider, " woman, that this day's ſuction of my ſon may cauſe " him to imbibe many ungovernable paſſions, and in a " manner ſpoil him for the temper of a philoſopher. Ro- " mulus, by ſucking a wolf, became of a fierce and ſa- " vage diſpoſition; and were I to breed ſome Ottoman " emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, per- " haps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appe- " tite." — What! interrupted the nurſe, beef ſpoil the underſtanding! that's fine indeed — How then could our parſon preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Do not tell me of your antients; had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of dæmonial black broth? — " Lacedæmonian black broth, thou " would ſay," (replied Cornelius); " but I cannot al- " low the ſurfeit to have been occaſioned by that diet,

" ſince

" ſince it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No,
" nurſe, thou muſt certainly have eaten ſome meats of ill
" digeſtion the day before, and that was the real cauſe
" of his diſorder. Conſider, woman, the different tem-
" peraments of different nations. What makes the Eng-
" liſh phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? what ren-
" ders the Welſh ſo hot and choleric, but cheeſe and
" leeks? the French derive their levity from the ſoups,
" frogs, and muſhrooms: I would not let my ſon dine
" like an Italian, leſt, like an Italian, he ſhould be jea-
" lous and revengeful: the warm and ſolid diet of Spain
" may be more beneficial, as it might endue him with a
" profound gravity, but at the ſame time he might ſuck
" in with their food their intolerable vice of pride.
" Therefore, nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it requiſite to deny
" you at preſent, not only beef, but likewiſe whatſoever
" any of thoſe nations eat." During this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman obſerving, ordered that the child, to avoid the riſk of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs; but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenſed by the improvements of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the nurſe; under which, having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *paps* of a *ſow* with pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life paſſed away in ſquabbles of this nature. Mrs Scriblerus conſidered it was now time to inſtruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no ſmall pains in teaching him his *catechiſm*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of inſtruction; and therefore employed his head to find out more pleaſing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *puppet-ſhow* of the creation of the world, where the child,

with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the hiſtory of the bible. His firſt rudiments in profane hiſtory were acquired by ſeeing of *raree-ſhows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In ſhort, the old gentleman ſo contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dreſs. He invented for him a geographical ſuit of cloaths, which might give ſome hints of that ſcience, and likewiſe ſome knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland ſhirts, and Flanders lace, Engliſh cloth, lined with Indian ſilk; his gloves were Italian, and his ſhoes were Spaniſh. He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechiſed thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his curioſity in *ſign-poſts*, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed, he owed to them the knowlege of many creatures which he never found ſince in any author, ſuch as white lions, golden dragons, *&c.* He once thought the ſame of green men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kerrherus, and verified in the hiſtory of William of Newbury *.

His diſpoſition to the mathematics, was diſcovered very early, by his drawing parallel † lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal angles, ſo as to form the whole ſuperficies into ſquares. But, in the midſt of all theſe improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the *alphabet*; nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the antient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the writing-maſter, becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

* Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27. *Pope.*

† Paſcal's Life—Locke of Educat. *&c.*—There are ſome extravagant lyes told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of ſcience, in *Mr.* Locke's book of Education. *Pope* and *Warburton.*

Cornelius

Cornelius having read and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigue was educated *, and reſolving, in ſome degree, to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this language, was his love of ginger-bread; which his father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child, the very firſt day, eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old †; and at fourteen he compoſed a tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger Pliny ‡ had done before him.

He learned the oriental languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early a reliſh for the eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *thouſand and one Arabian tales*, and alſo the *Perſian tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own, with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical traditions of his nurſe.

* Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly. *Warburton.*

† So Montaigne ſays of his Latin—*George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent, que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi à main qu'ils craignoient a m'accoſter.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l' uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d' Artiſans et d' outils.* Warburton.

‡ Plin. Epiſt. lib. 7. *Pope.*

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A diſſertation upon play-things.

HERE follow the inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

" *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy a-
" gainſt *hunger*. Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, that he
" invented *dice* to ſerve ſometimes inſtead of a din-
" ner. It is therefore wiſely contrived by nature, that
" children, as they have the keeneſt *appetites*, are moſt
" addicted to *plays*. From the ſame cauſe, and from the
" unprejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of their minds,
" it proceeds, that the plays of the antient children are
" preſerved more entire than any other of their cuſtoms*.
" In this matter I would recommend to all who have
" any concern in my ſon's education, that they deviate
" not in the leaſt from the primitive and ſimple antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *whiſtle*, as it is the firſt of all
" play-things: I will have it exactly to correſpond with
" the ancient *fiſtula*, and accordingly to be compoſed
" *ſeptem paribus diſjunctis cicutis*.

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be made after
" the true *crepitaculum* or *rattle* of the antients, for that
" (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the
" children from breaking earthen ware. The *China* cups
" in theſe days are not at all the ſafer for the modern
" *rattles*; which is an evident proof how far their *crepi-*
" *tacula* exceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge a *top*, till
" I am better informed whether the *trochus*, which was
" recommended by *Cato*, be really our preſent *top*, or
" rather the *hoop* which the boys drive with a ſtick. Nei-
" ther *croſs* and *pile*, nor *ducks* and *drakes*, are quite ſo

* Dr Arbuthnot uſed to ſay, that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of *tradition*, it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt children; whoſe games and plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another. *Warburton.*

" antient

" ancient as *handy-dandy*, though Macrobius and St Au-
" guſtine take notice of the firſt, and Minutius Felix de-
" ſcribes the latter; but *handy-dandy* is mentioned by
" Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

" The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the
" French *mourre*, is extremely antient; it was played at
" by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the marriage of *Pſyche*, and
" termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *omilla* or *chuck-farthing*;
" though ſome will have our modern *chuck-farthing* to
" be nearer the *aphetinda* of the antients. He alſo men-
" tions the *baſilinda*, or *king I am*; and *myinda*, or
" *hoopers-hide*.

" But the *chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame author, is
" certainly not our *hot-cockle*; for that was by pinching,
" and not by ſtriking; though there are good authors
" who affirm the *rathapygiſmus* to be yet nearer the
" modern *hot-cockles*. My ſon Martin may uſe either of
" them indifferently, they being equally antic.

" *Building of houſes*, and *riding upon ſticks*, have been
" uſed by children in all ages, *Ædificare caſas, equitare
" in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the
" riding upon ſticks did not come into uſe after the age
" of the *centaurs*.

" There is one play which ſhews the gravity of antient
" education, called the *acinetinda*, in which children
" contend who could longeſt *ſtand ſtill*. This we have
" ſuffered to periſh entirely; and, if I might be allowed
" to gueſs, it was certainly firſt loſt among the French.

" I will permit my ſon to play at *apodidaſcinda*, which
" can be no other than our *puſs in a corner*.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, ſpeaks of the *me-
" lolonthe*, or the *kite*; but I queſtion whether the kite
" of antiquity was the ſame with ours: and though the
" Ορτυγοκοπία, or *quail fighting*, is what is moſt taken
" notice of, they had doubtleſs *cock-matches* alſo, as is e-
" vident from certain antient gems and relievos.

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport himſelf at any
" game truly antic, except one, which was invented by a
" people among the Thracians, who hung up one of
" their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to
" cut himſelf down; which if he failed in, he was ſuf-

" fered

" fered to hang till he was dead; and this was only rec-
" koned a ſort of joke. I am utterly againſt this, as
" barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beau-
" ty of the Greek names, whoſe etymologies acquaint us
" with the nature of the ſports; and how infinitely, both
" in ſenſe and ſound, they excel our barbarous names of
" plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the child the uſe of ſome few modern play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the ſciences. For example, he found that *marbles* taught him *percuſſion* and the *laws of motion*; *nut-crackers* the uſe of the *leaver*; *ſwinging* on the ends of a board, the *balance*: *bottle-ſcrews*, the *vice*; *whirligiggs*, the *axis* and *peritrochia*: *bird-cages*, *the pully*; and *tops*, the *centrifugal* motion.

Others of his ſports were further carried to improve his tender ſoul even in virtue and morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of *ſtealing*, according to the cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the gymnaſtics, in what exerciſes Martinus was educated; ſomething concerning muſick, and what ſort of a man his uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt antiquity, in relation to the *exerciſes* of his ſon. He was ſtript, powdered, and anointed, but not conſtantly bathed, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches

and

and ſtockings; becauſe the *diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern ſports and common cuſtoms: but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a daughter be the "care of her mother, but the education of a ſon ſhould "be the delight of his father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *harpaſtus* of the antients was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exereiſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the weſt, to be initiated in that truly antient and manly part of the *gymnaſtics*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his mother he would inſtantly cure it. He ſlit a green reed, and caſt the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the diſjointed place, pronounced theſe words*, *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abo, damnauſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern ſurgeon.

Mrs Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her ſon to the like dangerous exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a dancing-maſter, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing" (quoth Cornelius) "I much approve, for *Socrates* ſaid the beſt dancers were "the beſt warriors; but not thoſe ſpecies of dancing "which you mention; they are certainly corruptions of "the comic and ſatyric dance, which were utterly diſlik-"ed by the founder antients. Martin ſhall learn the tra-"gic dance only, and I will ſend all over Europe, till I "find an antiquary able to inſtruct him in the *ſaltatio* "*Pyrrhica.* Scaliger †, from whom my ſon is lineally "deſcended,

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvii. *in fine, Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio-auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. Caton. de re ruſt. c. 160. *Pope.*

† Scalig. Poetic. lib. i. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, nos ſaepe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore*

" deſcended, boaſts to have performed this warlike dance " in the preſence of the emperor, to the great admiration " of all Germany. What would he ſay, could he look " down and ſee one of his poſterity ſo ignorant, as not " to know the leaſt ſtep of that noble kind of *ſaltation*."

The poor lady was at laſt inured to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſband was ſeized with a new thought. He had met with a ſaying, that "*ſpleen*, *garter*, and *girdle* are the three " impediments to the *curſus*." Therefore Pliny (*lib.* xi. *c.* 37.) ſays, that ſuch as excel in that exerciſe have their *ſpleen* cautorized. "My ſon" (quoth Cornelius) " runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation " performed upon him immediately. Moreover, it will " cure that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he " is addicted: for laughter" (as the ſame author hath it, *ibid.*) " is cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen." This deſign was no ſooner hinted to Mrs Scriblerus, but ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and inſtantly ſent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haſte to her huſband.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether antient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire quota of his viſcera. " What does it ſignify" (quoth Albertus), " whether my nephew excels in the " *curſus* or not? Speed is often a ſymptom of cowardice, " witneſs hares and deer."— " Do not forget Achilles" (quoth Cornelius). " I know that running has been con- " demned by the proud Spartans, as uſeleſs in war; and " yet Demoſthenes could ſay, Ανὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ σωζεται μα- " χήσεται; a thought which the Engliſh Hudibras has " well rendered.

ſtupore totius Germaniae, repraeſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit. Pope.

For

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.

" That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray conſider on " the other ſide, that animals * ſpleened grow extreme- " ly ſalacious, an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replied gravely; " If it " be ſo, I will defer the operation, for I will not increaſe " the powers of my ſon's body at the expence of thoſe " of his mind. I am indeed diſappointed in moſt of my " projects, and fear I muſt ſit down at laſt contented " with ſuch methods of education as modern barbarity " affords. Happy had it been for us all had we lived " in the age of Auguſtus! Then my ſon might have " heard the philoſophers diſpute in the porticos of the " Palæſtra, and at the ſame time formed his body and " his underſtanding." " It is true, (replied Albertus) " we have no *exedra* for the philoſophers, adjoining to " our tennis-courts; but there are ale-houſes where he " will hear very notable argumentations. Though we " come not up to the antients in the *tragic-dance*, we " excell them in the κυβιστικὴ or the art of *tumbling*. " The antients would have beat us at *quoits*, but not ſo " much at the *jaculum* or *pitching the bar*. The *pugi-* " *latus* † is in as great perfection in England as in old " Rome, and the *corniſh-hug* in the *luctus* ‡ is equal to " the *volutatoria* of the antients." "You could not (an- " ſweredCornelius) have produced a more unluckyinſtance " of modern folly and barbarity, than what you ſay of " the *jaculum*. The Cretans wiſely forbid their ſervants " gymnaſtics as well as arms ||, and yet our modern " footmen exerciſe themſelves daily in the *jaculum* at " the corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilſt their enervated " lords are lolling in their chariots, (a ſpecies of vectita- " tion ſeldom uſed amongſt the antients, except by old " men)." " You ſay well (quoth Albertus), and we " have ſeveral other kinds of vectitation unknown to the " antients, particularly flying chariots, where the people

* Blackmore's Eſſay on Spleen. *Pope.*
† Fiſty Cuffs. *Pope.*
‡ Wreſtling. *Pope.*
|| Ariſtot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. *Pope.*

" have the benefit of this exercise at the small expence " of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) " that the antients excelled us in almost every thing, " yet why this singularity? your son must take up with " such masters as the present age affords; we have dan- " cing-masters, writing-masters, and music-masters."

The bare mention of *music* threw Cornelius into a pas- sion. " How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern " fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your " best hautboys encounter a wolf now a-days with no " other arms but their instruments, as did that antient " piper Pythocharis? Have ever wild boars, elephants, " deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, shewed the least " emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern " scrapers, all which have been, as it were, tamed and " humanized by antient musicians? Does not Ælian * " tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to horsing " by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to " modest women against frequenting operas; and con- " sider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either " to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of " your music). Whence proceeds the degeneracy of " our morals? Is it not from the loss of antient music, " by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? " Else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian " musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those " people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are " so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my scia- " tical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true " cure by the melody of the pipe. All this was well " known to the antients,, as Theophrastus † assures us, " (whence Cælius ‡ calls it *loca dolentia decantare*); " only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserv- " ed in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras ‖ " stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a ci- " vil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober

* Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. *Pope.*

† Athenaeus, lib. xiv. *Pope.*

‡ Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. *Pope.*

‖ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. *Pope.*

" spondæus?

" ſpondæus? and yet our modern muſicians want art to
" defend their windows from common nickers. It is well
" known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up,
" they commonly ſent for a Leſbian muſician to appeaſe
" them, and they immediately grew calm as ſoon as they
" heard Terpander ſing *: yet I do not believe, that the
" Pope's whole band of muſic, though the beſt of this
" age, could keep his Holineſs's image from being burnt
" on a fifth of November." " Nor would Terpander
" himſelf, (replied Albertus) at Billingſgate, nor Ti-
" motheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of
" effect, nor both of them together bring Horneck †
" to common civility." That's a groſs miſtake, (ſaid
" Cornelius very warmly); and to prove it ſo, I have
" here a ſmall lyra of my own, framed, ſtrung, and
" tuned after the antient manner. I can play ſome
" fragments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh I were to try
" them upon the moſt paſſionate creatures alive."—
" You never had a better opportunity (ſays Albertus),
" for yonder are two apple-women ſcolding, and juſt
" ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius,
undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra
in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down
to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſt-coat
of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body; he touched his
lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an harpegiatura, nor
were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd equipage, the un-
couth inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the man and of the
muſic, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were
got about the two female champions, and at laſt of the
combatants themſelves. They all approached the bal-
cony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt audience of
cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when ſome favourite
air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his muſic en-
couraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never
touched his lyre in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmo-
nic manner, as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed,

* Suidas in Timotheo. *Pope.*

† Horneck, a ſcurrilous ſcribler, who wrote a weekly paper
called, *The High German Doctor.* Pope.

ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. "Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of "the Ionian; in that, you ſee the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones. Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. "Brother, ſaid he, do you "obſerve, I have mixed unawares too much of the "*Phrygian*; I might change it to the *Lydian*, and ſof-"ten their riotous tempers. But it is enough. Learn "from this ſample to ſpeak with veneration of antient "muſic. If this lyre, in my unſkilful hands, can per-"form ſuch wonders, what muſt it not have done in "thoſe of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt exultation in himſelf, and contempt of his brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome antient tibicen to calm his temper.

CHAP. VII.

Rhetoric, logic, and metaphyſics.

CORNELIUS having, as hath been ſaid, many ways been diſappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his ſon, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the firſt place, to inſtruct him in *rhetoric*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his treatiſe on this ſubject: I mean the admirable diſcourſe Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the antients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets of this preſent age. We proceed, therefore, to *logic* and *metaphyſics*.

The wiſe Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being

Pole-

Polemical arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble companion to his ſon in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conradus Crambe, who, by the father's ſide, was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was couſin to Mr. *Swan*, gameſter and punſter of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *words*, which, as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a parent, and ſuch a companion! What might not he atchieve in arts ſciences!

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the uſe only of one operation of the intellect, though, like ſhort-ſighted men, they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: they can form *ſingle apprehenſions**, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now, as it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they could confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe; however, he uſed to ſay, that rules of logic are ſpectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abſtracted ideas of logic. As for Crambe,

* When a learned friend once urged to our author the authority of a famous dictionary-maker againſt the Latinity of the expreſſion, *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, that he would allow a dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together. *Warburton.*

he contented himſelf with the words, and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his inſtructor, that all men were not *ſingular*; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid, that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*; that madmen are *beſides themſelves*, and drunken men *come to themſelves*; which ſhows, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, individuality*. Cornelius told Martin, that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual; which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons: that is true, quoth the tutor, but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: if it could, quoth Crambe, it would be the moſt lovely individual of the univerſity. When he was told, a *ſubſtance* was that which was *ſubject to accidents*; then ſoldiers, quoth Crambe, are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *preſent* or *abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject*; ſince there are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his ſtall amongſt the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images. Thus calling up the coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the Bear-garden? the man anſwered he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a ſerjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the ſerjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a

* "But if it be poſſible for the ſame man to have diſtinct incommunicable conſciouſneſs at different times, it is without doubt "the ſame man would, at different times, make different perſons. "Which we ſee is the ſenſe of mankind in not puniſhing the mad"man for the ſober man's actions, nor the ſober man for what the "mad-man did, thereby making them two perſons; which is ſome"what explained by our way of ſpeaking in *Engliſh*, when they ſay "ſuch an one *is not himſelf*, or *is beſide himſelf*." Lock's Eſſay on Hum. Under. book ii. c. 27. *Warburton*.

ſtage

ſtage about four o'clock, and the ſerjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cornelius) how "the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, "*ſubſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; "ſerjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, "*actio et paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; ſtage, *ubi*; two o'clock, "*quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural philoſopher; that though he now taught him that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret; for Martin could not conceive, how a habit of dancing inhered in the dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteriſtics of relations. Crambe uſed to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenances; that, in this laſt caſe, the paternity and filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the tenth prædicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his cloaths could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin ſuppoſed an *univerſal man* to be like a knight of a ſhire, or burgeſs of a corporation, that repreſented a great many individuals. His father aſked him, if he could not frame the idea of an univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his fur-gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his horſe, gown, and gold chain, but even without ſtature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which he

he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor *. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying raſcal; that an *univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte rei*. But I can prove, quoth Crambe, that there are *clyſters a parte rei*, but *clyſters* are *univerſales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum eſt ineſſe multis*, is an *univerſale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: in an advertiſement of a dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though theſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian greyhound, of a mouſe colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-coloured, *&c. differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to ſuch a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatiſe of Syllogiſms*. He ſuppoſed that a philoſopher's brain was like a great foreſt, where ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds: that thoſe ideas copulated, and engendered concluſions; that when thoſe of different ſpecies copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the concluſion. Hence they are called the *præmiſſa*, or predeceſſors of the concluſion; and it is properly ſaid by the logicians, *quod pariant ſcientiam, opinionem*, they

* This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, concerning *general and abſtract ideas*. But ſerious writers have done that philoſopher the ſame injuſtice. *Warburton*.

beget

beget ſcience, opinion, *&c.* Univerſal propoſitions are perſons of quality; and therefore in logic they are ſaid to be of the firſt *figure*. Singular propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles, all the rules of ſyllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſſes there follows an univerſal concluſion, as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

III. From the ſingular premiſſes follows only a ſingular concluſion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *individua vaga* are (like whoremaſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily joined (or in lawful wedlock), they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the affirmative propoſitions; the negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this ſyſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not

not the iſſue of their premiſſes? therefore as an abſurdity is a *monſter*, a falſity is a *baſtard*; and a true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an enthymem (quoth Cornelius)? Why, an anthymem (replied Crambe) is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to exerciſe the weapons *logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the ſympoſiacs. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: but it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the innate deſire of the knowledge of metaphyſics was the cauſe of the fall of Adam; and the *arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed.*

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the devil? *affirmed.*

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or if one doth not ſuppoſe the motion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus? affirmed.*

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent fly? denied.*

VII. If angels paſs from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel ſays to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number, or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned perſon we may have occaſion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentiæ ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat*? In Engliſh thus. Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to baniſh metaphyſics out of Spain, which it was ſuppoſed might be effectuated by this method: that no body ſhould uſe any compound or decompound of the ſubſtantial verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſiſtentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *ſubſtantial forms*, a race of harmleſs beings which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many wolves, without the poſſiblity of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with them than with *eſſences*, which had retired from the *ſchools* into the *apothecaries ſhops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, amongſt the gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of prayer*, and *forms of government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could

could find out a *fourth figure* in *logic*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the antients; and if they contradicted each other, his reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which quality he acquired the title of *invincible Doctor*. While the profeſſor of anatomy was demonſtrating to his ſon the ſeveral kinds of *inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: ſay what you pleaſe, he replied, this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may, with equal reaſon (anſwered the profeſſor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration, ſaid Cornelius, ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not give it up: ſhow me any viſcus of a human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule in the ſtructure of it. If nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended it further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the ſtrength of Sampſon, or the ſize of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the antients? the moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe, with Hippocrates, that the blood of the antients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Conſider how luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them not improbably altered the whole courſe of the fluids. Conſider how

how the current of mighty rivers, nay the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in antient days; and can be ſo vain to imagine that the microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its diſſection near the Peſt-fields in St. Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn-road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a hackney-coach, few houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark with the dead man in his arms, his burden had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who could not comprehend how this part of the animal œconomy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philoſophy could not prevail upon him to return to his poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe, quoth Crambe, no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.——The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked, the landlady cried out, thieves: but the landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a ſingle petticoat ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner, one ſtep after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The

wife ran into the ſtreet and cried out, murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Juſtice firſt examined Crambe—What is your name? ſays the Juſtice. I have acquired, quoth Crambe, no great name as yet; they call me Crambe, or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf; though it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is yours and your maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs "to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, "and pull out the hearts of thoſe that never injured us; "we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb "from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Juſtice being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following ſpeech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the body "of this man, I can anſwer each head that my accuſers "alledge againſt me, to a hair. They have hitherto "talked like num-ſculls without brains; but if your "Worſhip will not only give ear, but regard me with a "favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the ſu-"percilious looks of my adverſaries, who now ſtand "cheek by jowl by your Worſhip. I will prove to their "faces, that their foul mouths have not opened their lips "without a falſity; though they have ſhowed their teeth "as if they would bite off my noſe. Now, Sir, that I "may fairly ſlip my neck out of the collar, I beg this "matter may not be ſlightly ſkimed over. Though I "have no man here to back me, I will unboſom myſelf, "ſince truth is on my ſide, and ſhall give them their "bellies full, though they think they have me upon the "hip. Whereas they ſay I came into their lodgings, "with arms, and murdered this man without their privi-"ty, I declare I had not the leaſt finger in it; and ſince "I am to ſtand upon my own legs, nothing of this mat-"ter ſhall be left till I ſet it upon a right foot. In the "vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts "bear this uſage: I ſhall not ſpare my lungs to defend

"my

" my good name: I was ever reckoned a good liver;
" and I think I have the bowels of compaſſion. I aſk
" but juſtice, and from the crown of my head, to the ſole
" of my foot, I ſhall ever acknowledge myſelf your Wor-
" ſhip's humble ſervant."

The Juſtice ſtared, the landlord and landlady liſted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Juſtice was convinced; till they ſent for the ſiniſher of human laws, of whom the corpſe had been purchaſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. " What Dæmon, he cried, hath
" poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt never forſake that imper-
" tinent cuſtom of punning? Neither my counſel nor
" my example have thus miſled thee; thou governeſt
" thyſelf by moſt erroneous maxims." " Far from it,
" (anſwers Crambe), my life is as orderly as my dictio-
" nary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have
" made a kalendar of radical words for all the ſeaſons,
" months, and days of the year: every day I am under
" the dominion of a certain word; but this day in par-
" ticular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one
" that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals,
" rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the
" word *led*? Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp-led,
" phyſicians and pulſes fee-led, their patients and oranges
" pil-led, a new-married man and an aſs are bride-led,
" an old-married man and a pack-horſe ſad-led, cats and
" dice are rat-led, ſwine and nobility are ſty-led, a co-
" quette and a tinder-box are ſpark-led, a lover and a
" blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedi-
" ous"—" Which thou art (replied Martin, ſtamping with
" his foot) which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human tole-
" ration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent,
" unintelligible, unprofitable"—" There it is now (inter-
" rupted Crambe), this is our day for *unst*." Martin could bear no longer—however, compoſing his countenance,
" Come hither (he cried), there are five pounds, ſeven-
" teen ſhillings, and nine pence: thou haſt been with me

"eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours." Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of his ſalary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burſt forth in theſe words:—"O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, it is a "crime I have learned from thee! O Bias, Bias! if to "pun be a crime, by thy example was I biaſſed."—Whereupon Martin (conſidering that one of the greateſt of orators, and even a ſage of Greece had punned) heſitated, relented, and reinſtated Crambe in his ſervice.

CHAP. IX.

How Martinus became a great critic.

IT was a moſt peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and ſtudies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the emendation and correction of *antient authors*, if applied to their works with the ſame *diligence* and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolved to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *moſt correct* authors could be ſo ſerved, with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; where a new, a vaſt, nay boundleſs field of glory would be opened to the true and *abſolute critic*.

This ſpecimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proof, that the late edition of Milton, publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was, in truth, the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon practice of phyſic, and how he applied himſelf to the diſeaſes of the mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the hiſtory of the progreſs of Martinus in the ſtudies of phyſic, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many diſcoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the firſt, was his method of inveſtigating latent diſtempers, by the ſagacious quality of *ſetting dogs* and *pointers*. The ſucceſs and adventures that befell him, when he walked with theſe animals, to ſmell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a *liſt of thoſe gentlemen and ladies* at whom they made a *full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both houſes of parliament, intitled, *A propoſal for a general flux*, to exterminate at one blow the p—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fœtid bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr Woodward through a twelve months courſe of vomition), he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *mind*. He attempted to find out ſpecifics for all the *paſſions*; and as other phyſicians throw their patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, *&c.* he caſt them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, *&c.* And indeed the great irregularity of the paſſions in the Engliſh nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the diſeaſes of the mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *anatomy*. He conſidered *virtues* and *vices* as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and ſtructure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies becauſe it has wings, a duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks, as well as

the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles * in lions and tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual immortality of thoſe animals.

1*ſt*, He obſerved, that the ſoul and body mutually operate upon each other; and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that paſſion, you will in time abate the paſſion itſelf, in like manner as caſtration abates luſt.

2*dly*, That the ſoul in mankind expreſſeth every paſſion by the motion of ſome particular *muſcles*.

3*dly*, That all muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that paſſion.

4*thly*, That a muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakening or ſtrengthening the force of its antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed, he took notice,

That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*, *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now, he obſerved that complaiſant and civil people had the flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent, there was a great overbalance of ſtrength in the extenſors of the neck and the muſcles of the back, from whence they perform, with great facility, the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the title of *ſtiff-necked*; in order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of muſcles called *recti interni*, the maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, muſt be ſtrengthened; their antagoniſts, the *ſplenii complexi*, and the extenſors of the ſpine weakened: for which purpoſe nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this muſcular immorality by tying ſuch fellows *neck and heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious cuſtom of mothers,

* Μασητῆρες μῦες.

who

who aboliſh the natural ſignature of modeſty in their daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *poſture of the head* of ſuch as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muſcles ſo ſtrong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might in ſome meaſure, be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores ſcapulæ*: this muſcle is called the muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of mind, people ſhrug and raiſe up the ſhoulders to the tip of the ear. This muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *hen-pecked husbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh miniſters*.

In purſuance of this theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *eye-lids*, muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *noſe*, were too ſtrong in choleric people; and therefore nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the noſe*.

The rolling amorous eye, in the paſſion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *calves* of their *legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *Affectation*, in which there were ſo many muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *laughter*: when any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of muſcles theſe laughing raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the diaphragm and

and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower-jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſpherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſucceſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and gave ſuch patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The caſe of a young Nobleman at court, with the Doctor's preſcription for the ſame.

AN eminent inſtance of Martinus's ſagacity in diſcovering the diſtempers of the mind, appeared in the caſe of a young Nobleman at court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *love*.

His friends aſſured him, that they had, with great care, obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be," (ſaid his aunt, who came to aſk the advice) "when he converſes almoſt with none but him-"ſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied, why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed, people do not enough attend to this diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure with the other: eſpecially ſince here the caſe of the patient is the more helpleſs and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate paſſion is more blind than the other. There are people who diſcover, from their very youth, a moſt amorous inclination to themſelves; which is unhappily nurſed by ſuch mothers, as, with their good-will, would never ſuffer their children to be

be *croſſed in love.* Eaſe, luxury, and idleneſs, blow up this flame as well as the other: conſtant opportunities of converſation with the perſon beloved (the greateſt of incentives), are here impoſſible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, ſpeaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet-doux: Therefore I aſk you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a ſort of people who bring him dedications and verſes? "O Lord! Sir," (quoth the aunt), "the "houſe is haunted with them." — There it is, replied Scriblerus, theſe are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himſelf. Are there no civil ladies, that tell him he dreſſes well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not aukward." — Look you Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days theſe ſort of lovers were happy in one reſpect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies ſo. — Be pleaſed to anſwer a few queſtions more. Whom does he generally talk of? himſelf, quoth the aunt. — Whoſe wit and breeding does he moſt commend? His own, quoth the aunt. — Whom does he write letters to? Himſelf. — Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himſelf. — Whom is he ogling yonder? Himſelf in his looking-glaſs. — Why does he throw back his head in that languiſhing poſture? Only to be bleſt with a ſmile of himſelf, as he paſſes by. — Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion. — Have you obſerved him to uſe familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: he often embraces himſelf "with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his "hip, nay, ſometimes thruſts it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any love-toys; ſuch as gold ſnuff-boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer-caſes? theſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo," (ſaid the aunt), "but he bought the o-"ther day a very fine brilliant diamond-ring for his own "wearing." — Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends

to

to interpoſe—Pray Madam, a word or two more: is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes "him angry; if you ſhake him a little roughly by the "hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the "chin, he will return you a box on the ear."—Then the caſe is plain: he has the true pathognomic ſign of love, *jealouſy*; for no-body will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this patient has not the leaſt care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almoſt paſt cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

Firſt, Let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, Let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, Shun the company of flatterers, nay, of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a ſtage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a track-ſcoute. Let him return the ſnuff-boxes, tweezer-caſes (and particularly the diamond-ring) which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent to him the many vile qualities of this miſtreſs of his: let him be ſhewn that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf, and if treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort, let him be made to ſee, that no mortal, beſides himſelf, either loves or can ſuffer this creature. Let all looking-glaſſes, poliſhed toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurprize the beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey

vey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a-week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the letters, dedications, *&c.* aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius, and others, to be a powerful remedy in the caſe of women. If all this will not do, I muſt even leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the fate of moſt violent ſelf-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the ſeat of the ſoul, and of his correſpondence with the Free-thinkers.

IN this deſign of Martin, to inveſtigate the diſeaſes of the mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an enquiry after the *ſeat* of the *ſoul*; in which, at firſt, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion, that it lodged in the brain, ſometimes in the ſtomach, and ſometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: the brain was her ſtudy, the heart her ſtate-room, and the ſtomach her kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the ſoul to perform ſeveral operations by her little miniſters, the *animal ſpirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different inclinations, ſexes, ages, and profeſſions. Thus in Epicurus he ſeated her in the mouth of the ſtomach, philoſophers have her in the brain, ſoldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different figure of this

this gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed, that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people, he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the ſoul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that calves and philoſophers, tygers and ſtateſmen, foxes and ſharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-ſparrows and coquets, monkeys and players, courtiers and ſpaniels, moles and miſers, exactly reſemble on another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt ſpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe enquiries into the *ſeat* of the *ſoul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the ſociety of *Free-thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their ſecretary to write him the following letter.

To the learned Inquiſitor into nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: *the ſociety of Free-thinkers greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive genius, and we think it great pity that it ſhould not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *ſoul*: ſince, after all your enquiries, it will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the reſidence of ſuch a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming philoſophers. Is it not *demonſtration* to a perſon of your ſenſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing*? In order to ſet ſo hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded ſophiſms of thoſe crack-brained fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *perception* or *thinking*.

One

One of their chief arguments is *, that *ſelf-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: ſo in an animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roaſting in a jack), but the reſult of ſeveral modes or qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, *&c.* make one jack; ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this animal; ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, &c. are the ſeveral modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, &c. are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general quantity of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; ſo neither does conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole animal.

Juſt ſo, the quality or diſpoſition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral modifications of this *tune-playing* quality, in playing of preludes, ſarabands, jigs, and gavotts, are as much real qualities in the inſtrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the perſon that compoſes them.

The parts, ſay they, of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation; ſo that the ſame individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for

* This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments againſt Clarke, to prove the ſoul only a quality. *W.*

example, muſt not only be conſcious, but conſcious that it is the ſame being with the particle B that went before.

We anſwer; this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be underſtood in no other ſenſe than that maxim of the Engliſh law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, ſelf-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate ſucceſſor; who, as ſoon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which ſtill preſerves the unity of the whole ſyſtem.

They make a great noiſe about *this* individuality: how a man is conſcious to himſelf that he is the ſame individual he was twenty years ago; notwithſtanding the flux ſtate of the particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is capable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings, which his maid darned ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now, ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings both before and after the darning; and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings: and yet, after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the firſt pair of ſtockings, but they were grown to be ſilk ſtockings, as was ſaid before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conſcious of ſome individual ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining principle; it is anſwered, that, as in the Houſe of Commons all things are determined by a *majority*, ſo it is in every animal ſyſtem. As that which determines the Houſe, is ſaid to be the reaſon of the whole aſſembly; it is no otherwiſe with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of ſeveral particles; which, like ſo many unthinking members, compoſe one thinking ſyſtem.

And whereas it is likewiſe objected, that puniſhments cannot be juſt that are not inflicted upon the ſame individual, which cannot ſubſiſt without the notion of a ſpiritual ſubſtance: we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewiſe a flux

a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predeceſſors.

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the brain, the ſeveral modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomiſts, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of the blood, called animal ſpirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the variation and motion of the ſpirits in thoſe canals, proceed all the different ſorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the ſpirits in one ſimple canal; when two of theſe canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional channels empty themſelves into a third, they form a ſyllogiſm, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the brain, made up of veſſels ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner, it is eaſy to explain the other modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the ſpirits is retarded; in trifling geniuſes, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an hydrulic engine, in which a chemical liquor, reſembling blood, is driven through elaſtic channels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: and we are perſuaded, that this our artificial man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your country parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having

having you a member of our ſociety, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, *&c.*

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in great rage at them, for ſtealing, as he thought, a hint from his *Theory of Syllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his maſter by no means to enter into their ſociety, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the ſeceſſion of Martinus, and ſome hint of his travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his *travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that, in his firſt voyage he was carried by a proſperous ſtorm, to a diſcovery of the remains of the ancient Pygmæan empire,

That, in his ſecond, he was as happily ſhipwrecked on the land of the *giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That, in his third voyage, he diſcovered a whole kingdom of *philoſophers*, who govern by the *mathematics*; with whoſe admirable ſchemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious miniſters of Queen Anne, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that, in his fourth voyage, he diſcovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almoſt to a diſguſt of his ſpecies; but above all, a mortal deteſtation to the whole flagitious race of *miniſters*, and a final reſolution not to give in any *memorial* to the *Secretary of ſtate*, in order to ſubject the lands he diſcovered to the *crown* of Great Britain.

Now if, by theſe hints, the reader can help himſelf to a far-

a farther diſcovery of the nature and contents of theſe travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ever ſee ſuch very extraordinary voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed marks of a philoſopher, a politician, and a legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong to a *ſurgeon of a ſhip*, or a *captain of a merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be that ſhall further obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial *love of mankind*, that inviolable *regard* to *truth*, that *paſſion* for his *dear country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princeſs Queen Anne; ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if by all thoſe viſible ſigns and characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the great Scriblerus*.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the diſcoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great period, we end our firſt book. And here, O reader, we intreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward, to that boundleſs field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet mayſt owe, to this excellent perſon, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called, *The philoſopher of ultimate cauſes*, ſince, by a ſagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered effects in their very cauſes; and without the trivial helps of experiments, or obſervations, hath been the inventor of moſt of the modern ſyſtems and hypotheſes.

* *Gulliver's Travels* were firſt intended as a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs. *Warburton.*

He hath enriched mathematics with many precise and geometrical *quadratures* of the *circle*. He first discovered the *cause* of *gravity*, and the intestine *motion* of *fluids*.

To him we owe all the observations on the *parallax* of the *pole-star*, and all the new *theories* of the *deluge*.

He it was that first taught the right use sometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and sometimes of the *materia subtilis*, in resolving the grand phænomena of nature.

He it was that first found out the *palpability* of *colours*; and, by the delicacy of his touch, could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, *flying engines*, and *pacing saddles*; the method of discovering the *longitude* by *bomb-vessels*, and of increasing the *trade-wind* by vast plantations of *reeds* and *sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his philosophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digest of the laws of nature, with a review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the universe, according to the Epicurean hypotheses.

3. An investigation of the quantity of real matter in the universe, with the proportion of the specific gravity of solid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical observations of the figure and bulk of the constituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A computation of the duration of the sun, and how long it will last before it is burned out.

6. A method to apply the force arising from the immense velocity of *light* to mechanical purposes.

7. An answer to the question of a curious gentleman; how long a *new star* was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoined, a calculation how much the inhabitants of the *moon* eat for supper, considering that they pass a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A demonstration of the natural dominion of the inhabi-

habitants of the earth over thoſe of the moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them. With a propoſal of a *partition-treaty* among the earthly potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-tables, for a comet, that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingeſta* and *egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his ſtudies were directed to the univerſal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which *two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhew the amazing grandeur of his genius. The firſt was a propoſal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *nucleus* of this our *earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical ſphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the *fixt ſtars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *two poles* to the *meridian*, with immenſe light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of knowlege, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *phyſic*. From the age, complexion, or weight of the perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a patient's bed-ſide. He taught the way to many modern phyſicians, to cure their patients by *intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a menſtruum to diſſolve the ſtone, made of Dr. Woodward's *univerſal deluge-water*. His alſo was the device to relieve conſumptive or aſthmatic perſons, by bringing freſh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps: and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which

which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable intromiſſion of ſuch ſteams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In *phyſiognomy*, his penetration is ſuch, that, from the *picture* only of any perſon, he can write his *life*; and from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been ſo enrapt in theſe ſtudies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, muſic, poetry, &c. It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *painters*, to improve the *likeneſs* of their portraits, by the uſe of ſuch *colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *architecture*, he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, *to wit*, the noble effect the building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a ruin.

As to *muſic*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his ſcores.

In *poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In *politics*, his writings are of a peculiar caſt, for the moſt part ironical, and the drift of them often ſo delicate and refined as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far as to write a perſuaſive to people to eat their own children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part *. He has often written againſt *liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sydney*, in vindication of the meaſures of Spain under that of *Raleigh*, and in praiſe of *corruption* under thoſe of Cato and Publicola.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the reign of Q. Anne, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the ſcandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a bog-houſe near St. James's. Some however

* Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject, intitled, *A modeſt propoſal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents*, &c. vol. iii.

have

have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the miniſterial writers, which make at preſent the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other in which oſtentation had no part. With what incredible modeſty he concealed himſelf, is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to friends, Projects of firſt miniſters, Letters to members of parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All theſe will be vindicated to the true author, in the courſe of theſe memoirs. I may venture to ſay, they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe, who will appear too much concerned as *plagiaries*, to be admitted as *judges*. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent paſſion at the appearance of this work, as perſons moſt certainly involved in the guilt.

The End of the Firſt Book.

MARTINUS

MATINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

Of the ART of SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long, my dear countrymen, the ſubject of my concern and ſurprize, that whereas numberleſs poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digeſted the art of antient poeſy, there hath not riſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every way induſtrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid antients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or ſublime, no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our βάθος, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, made uſe of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally heighth and depth. Wherefore conſidering, with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing geniuſes of this age are wandering, as I may ſay, in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them, as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle downhill way to the *bathos*; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poeſy!

When I conſider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our lowlands of Parnaſſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our trade, and the plenty of our manu-

manufacture, there are two reflections, which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurprize; the one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our nation ſhould have arrived at that pitch of greatneſs it now poſſeſſes, without any regular ſyſtem of laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we have now an unqueſtionable majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to ſupply our former defects, I propoſe to collect the ſcattered rules of our art into regular inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuſes of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors, the maſter of Alexander, and the ſecretary of the renowned Zenobia: and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great critics; ſince their laws, though they might be good, have ever been ſlackly executed, and their precepts, however ſtrict, obeyed only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt, and ſtones upon us, never ſuffering us to live in peace. Theſe men, while they enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our ſtars), though it is ſomewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident, that we never made the leaſt attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim

ſome

ſome of which ſtolen goods, is part of the deſign of this treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee, in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us; and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the *bathos* itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the antients were equally neceſſary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt *new* models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the bathos, or profound, is the natural taſte of man, and in particular of the preſent age.

THE taſte of the *bathos* is implanted by nature itſelf in the ſoul of man, till prevented by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to reliſh the *ſublime*. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved, how faſt the general taſte is returning to this firſt ſimplicity and innocence: and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and inſtruct, certainly, that kind, which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we ſhall find thoſe who have a taſte of the *ſublime*, to be very few; but the *profound* ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh guſto, whom, after all, it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and it is ſtill more chimerical to write for poſterity, of whoſe taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed, our wiſer authors have a preſent end,

Et

Et prodeſſe volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true deſign is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is neceſſary to procure applauſe by adminiſtring pleaſure to the reader: from whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt by ſuited to the *preſent* taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high reliſh in poetry, but are in this one taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If an art is to be eſtemated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good poets, as bad ones?

Nevertheleſs, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuſes of *rank* or *fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The neceſſity of the bathos phyſically conſidered.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical maxim; that *poetry is a natural morbid ſecretion from the brain.* As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome poetical evacuation, and, no queſtion, was much the better for it in his health; ſo true is the ſaying, *naſcimur poetæ.* Therefore is the deſire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty 'of the brain," and the perſon is ſaid to *conceive*; now ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man

thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome, and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable), for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the ſtate. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in ballads and ſonnets, are condenſed, by the winter's cold, into pamphlets and ſpeeches for and againſt the miniſtry: nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt, that *mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good ſubjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary maxim upon the ſingle authority of Horace*. Why ſhould the golden mean, and quinteſſence of all virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this art? or coolneſs or mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a man, and ſo deteſtable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe writers with thoſe great ſpirits, who are born with a *vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh author calls it) an "alacri-"ty of ſinking†;" and who by ſtrength of nature alone, can excel. All I mean, is to evince the neceſſity of rules to theſe of leſſer geniuſes, as well as the uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

That there is an art of the bathos, or profund.

WE come now to prove, that there is an *art of ſinking in poetry*. Is there not an architecture of

* ——— *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non dii, non homines, &c. ——— Hor. *Pope.*

† Spoken by Falſtaff of himſelf in Shakeſpear's Merry Wives of Windſor. *Hawkeſworth.*

vaults

vaults, and cellars, as well as lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making ditches, as in raiſing mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his deſcent, and furniſhing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we ſearch the authors of antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true *profund*, as in the true *ſublime*. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that, to excel in the *bathos*, a genius is requiſite; yet the rules of art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is amongſt the loweſt of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmoſphere; to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk, unleſs he calls in art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the *bathos* as with ſmall beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being, by our rules, confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The *ſublime* of nature is the ſky, the ſun, moon, ſtars, *&c.* The *profund* of nature is gold, pearls, precious ſtones, and the treaſures of the deep, which are inеſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere uſe of man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable: which affords a ſolution, why common ſenſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern critics and authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true genius for the profund, and by what it is conſtituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt maxim and corner-ſtone of this our art; that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent foe to wit, and deſtroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common ſenſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *gout de travers*; and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by head or tail, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſitions of colours, and ſurprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. HOR.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the *credible* with the *ſurprizing*; our author ſhall produce the credible, by painting nature in her loweſt ſimplicity, and the ſurprizing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *marvelous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour ſelling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and at the ſame time form a complete body of *modern ethics and morality*.

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world hath long been weary of *natural things*.

How

How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident, from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of *harlequins* and *magicians* on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheelbarrow, a conjuror into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight? which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking, to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh hit imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue *lute-ſtring*, or a child's mantle.

The skies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,
Spun thin, and wove in nature's fineſt loom,
The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt *.

If he looks upon a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a tumbled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner;

The ocean, joyed to ſee the tempeſt fled,
New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed †.

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels at the creation of the univerſe, preſent to his imagination "the "rejoicings on the Lord Mayor's day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating their creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky,

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. † P. 14.

In juſt degrees, and ſhining order placed,
Spectators charmed, and the bleſt dwellings graced.
Through all th' enlightened air ſwift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated ſhouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping train,
Then fell in ſtarry ſhowers and glittering rain.
In air ten thouſand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung *.

If a man, who is violently fond of *wit*, will ſacrifice to that paſſion his friend or his God, would it not be a ſhame, if he who is ſmit with the love of the *bathos*, ſhould not ſacrifice to it all other tranſitory regards? You ſhall hear a zealous proteſtant deacon invoke a ſaint, and modeſtly beſeech her to do more for us than Providence.

Look down, bleſt ſaint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the miſts of providence,
In which we ſtray —— †.

Neither will he, if a goodly ſimile come in his way, ſcruple to affirm himſelf an eye-witneſs of things never yet beheld by man, or never in exiſtence; as thus,

Thus have I ſeen *in Araby the bleſt,*
A phœnix couch'd upon her fun'ral neſt ‡.

But to convince you, that nothing is ſo great, which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all beings is repreſented in the following images.

* Prince Arthur, p. 50.

N. B. In order to do juſtice to theſe great poets, our citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct editions of their works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition reviſed. *Pope.*

† A. Philips on the death of Q. Mary.

‡ Anon.

First

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight *.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' almighty chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his light'ning, and distills his rain †.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd ‡.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise,
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies ‖.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee **.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes,
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate ††.

* Black. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.
† Black. Psal. civ. p. 263. ‡ Page 15.
‖ Page 170. ** P. 70. †† P. 61.

In

In the following lines he is a GOLD-BEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air *.

Then a FULLER.

——th' exhaling reeks, that secret riſe,
Born on rebounding ſun-beams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece—————— †.

A MERCER, or PACKER.

Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand enroll'd ‡.

A BUTLER.

He meaſures all the drops with wondrous ſkill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill ‖.

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread **.

CHAP. VI.

Of the ſeveral kinds of geniuſes in the profound, and the marks and characters of each.

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the *bathos* is an *art*; and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature,

* Black. Pſ. civ. p. 181. † P. 18. ‡ P. 174.
‖ P. 131. ** Black. Song of Moſes, p. 218.

ture, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances, (the father of the *bathos*, and indeed the Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have, with a felicity, copied a ſmall pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red herring: and ſeldom are we without geniuſes for *ſtill life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix epic poems with greater facility, than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the ſame genius which made Germanicus ſo great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between arts and ſciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and tuneful bag piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the *bathos*.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious geniuſes under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *flying fiſhes*: theſe are writers, who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the *profound*; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S A. H. C. G.

2. The *ſwallows* are authors, that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord. H.

3. The *oſtriches* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings

wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very fast*. D. F. L. E. the Hon. E. H.

4. The *parrots* are they, that repeat *another's* words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own*. W. B. W. S. C. C. the Rev. D. D.

5. The *didappers* are authors, that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq; the Hon. Sir W. Y.

The *porpoises* are unwieldly and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom), they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. H. O.

7. The *frogs* are such, as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise, whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have, for the most part, a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. the Right Honourable E. of S.

These are the chief *characteristics* of the *bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

CHAP. VII.

Of the profound, when it consists in the thought.

WE have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the *lowest objects*; to which, it may be added, that *vulgar conversation* will greatly contribute. There is no question,

on, but the garret, or the printer's boy, may often be diſcerned in ſuch compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, approves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our author accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temporizing between the extremes), that where there is not a triticalneſs or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be ſunk into the genuine and perfect *bathos* by the moſt elaborate low expreſſion: it can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But, it is the thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the bath-waters:

She drinks! ſhe drinks! behold the matchleſs dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
*And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns**.

What can be more eaſy and unaffected, than the diction of theſe verſes? it is the turn of *thought* alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and ſurpriſe us. And when the ſame lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper:

Venus beheld her, 'midſt her croud of ſlaves,
And thought herſelf *juſt riſen from the waves*†.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in a full chace, who (ſaith the poet,)

* Anon. † Idem.

Hears

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is *profundity* itſelf.

None but himſelf can be his parallel *.

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the thought of that maſter of a ſhow in Smithfield, who writ in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt elephant in the world, except himſelf.

However, our next inſtance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not they eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

Firſt he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and laſtly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, deſcribing a poet, that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of critics,

Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monſters riſes into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? the author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations: in vain migl t the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural

* Theobald, Double Falſhood.

ani-

animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: there were only the centaur and the maid, that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring geniuſes, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the profund, conſiſting in the circumſtances: *and of* amplification *and* periphraſe *in general.*

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription, as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

The *circumſtances*, which are moſt natural, are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar; but thoſe that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurprize prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but above all preſerve a laudable *prolixity*; preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For choice and diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

Job ſays in ſhort, *he waſhed his feet in butter*; a circumſtance ſome poets would have ſoftened, or paſt over: now, hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great genius.

With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,
Such uum'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burthen to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have waſh'd our feet[*].

How cautious and particular! "He had," ſays our author, "ſo many herds, which herds thrived ſo well, "and thriving ſo well gave ſo much milk, and that milk

[*] Blackm. Job, p. 133.

" produced ſo much butter, that, if he did not, he might " have waſhed his feet in it."

The enſuing deſcription of hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances.

In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
Some deeply red *and others* faintly blue *.

Could the moſt minute Dutch-painter have been more exact? how inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoaking plain,
And knots *of* ſcarlet ribband *deck his mane* †.

Of certain cudgel-players.

They brandiſh high in air their threat'ning ſtaves,
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *ſaves,*
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end ‡.

Who would not think the poet had paſt his whole life at wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay, how to make a cudgel!

Periphraſe is another great aid to *prolixity*; being a diffuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is, that the author can poſſibly mean; and a ſtrange ſurprize when he finds it?

The poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed ||.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which, by a freſh ſtream

* Prince Arthur, p. 89. † Anon.
‡ Prince Arthur, p. 197. || Job, p. 78.

of

of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great croud.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following!

Nature's confectioner———
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchymy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold *.

What is this,—but a bee gathering honey?

Little ſyren of the ſtage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell.—†.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman, that ſung finely?

We may define *amplification* to be making the moſt of a thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the *bathos*, which draws out and ſpreads it into the fineſt thread. There are amplifiers, who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the ſize of a primmer.

In the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt thou commanded the morning, and cauſed the day-ſpring to "know his place?" how is this extended by the moſt celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canſt thou ſet forth th' etherial mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light ſupply?*
Is the celeſtial furnace *to thee known,*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treaſures, from whence I deal out *light as faſt,*
As all my ſtars *and* laviſh ſuns *can* waſte ‡.

The ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the civ. Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He "touches the hills, and they ſmoke."

* Cleveland. † A. Philips to Cuzzona. ‡ Job, p. 108.

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind *.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off woods from their backs, to run the faſter: after this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

Of imitation, and the manner of imitating.

THAT the true authors of the profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have, by this means, attained to a depth, whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Euſden of Blackmore? Therefore when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion; how would Sir Richard have ſaid this? do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Ambroſe Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſſneſs of Mr Welſted?

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous poets, who have excelled in the *ſublime*: yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſ-

* Job, p. 267.

charge

charge the colour, by ſome ingenious circumſtance or periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowleged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the *bathos* reduced it in every page? is there a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Ætna in the third Æneid?

—— Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente faviila,
Attollitque globos flammorum, et ſidera lambit:
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exeſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our writers as underſtand not Latin). Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *cholic*.

Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind,
Blown up to rage; and roaring out, *complain;*
As torn with inward gripes, *and tort'ring pain;*
Lab'ring, they caſt their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *ſpread the ground* *.

Horace, in ſearch of the *ſublime*, ſtruck his head againſt the ſtars †; but Empedocles, to fathom the *profund*, threw himſelf into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is, when we force to our own purpoſes the thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the imperfections or blemiſhes of celebrated authors. I have ſeen a play profeſſedly writ in

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75. † *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

the ſtile of Spakeſpeare; wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good morrow t'ye, good maſter lieutenant.

And ſundry poems, in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, embroidered was *broidered*, hermits were *heremits*, diſdained was *'ſdeigned*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynin*, pinion *pennons*, ſweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir*, through the whole poem. And, in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read to any purpoſe the works of ſuch men as Milton and Shakeſpeare.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *paſſions*: but as the main end and principal effect of the *bathos* is to produce *tranquility of mind* (and ſure it is a better deſign to prombte *ſleep* than madneſs), we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *emollients* and *opiates* of poeſy; of the *cool*, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods uſed by our authors in managing the paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *cool*, as the uſe of *wit* in expreſſing paſſion: the true genius rarely fails of *points*, *conceits*, and proper *ſimilies* on ſuch occaſions; this we may term the *pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby our beſt authors have avoided throwing themſelves, or their readers, into any indecent tranſports.

But, as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the *polemic* way, the true ſtudents in the law have conſtantly taken their methods from *low life*, where they obſerved, that to move *anger* uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move *love*, of bawdry; to beget *favour* and *friendſhip*, of proſs flattery; and to produce *fear*, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes obnoxious to the ſtate. As for *ſhame*, it is a ſilly paſſion,

on, of which as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of tropes and figures; and firſt of the variegating, confounding, and reverſing figures.

BUT we proceed to the *figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *abuſe of ſpeech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to lay nothing in the uſual way, but, if poſſible, in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful caſt of head, which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind: or, as I may ſay, to *refer* exactly the mold, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible, to enumerate all ſuch figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the *bathos*, under three claſſes.

I. The *variegating*, *confounding*, or *reverſing* tropes and figures.

II. The *magnifying*; and,

III. The *diminiſhing*.

We cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the *bathos*, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A maſter of this will ſay,

Mow the beard,
Shave the graſs,
Pin the plank,
Nail my ſleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of pleaſure to the mind,

mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himſelf with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a raſor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a teapot, to the incredible ſatisfaction of the Britiſh ſpectator. Another ſource of the *bathos* is,

The METONYMY,

the inverſion of cauſes for effects, of inventors for inventions, *&c.*

*Laced in her coſtns * new appear'd the bride,*
A bubble boy † and Tompion ‡ at her ſide,
And with an air divine her colmar ‖ ply'd,
Then oh! ſhe cries, what ſlaves I round me ſee?
*Here a bright redcoat, there a ſmart toupee **,*

The SYNECDOCHE.

which conſiſts in the uſe of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman ſometimes pretty-*face* and pig's-*eyes*, and ſometimes ſnotty-*noſe* and draggle-*tail*. Or of accidents for perſons; as a lawyer is called ſplit-cauſe, a taylor prick-louſe, *&c.* Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himſelf; as a *ſword*-man, a *gown*-man, a *t-m-t-d* man; a white-*ſtaff*, a turn-*key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, "as what ſhall I "ſay?" when one has nothing to ſay: or, "I can no "more," when one really can no more. Expreſſions which the gentle reader is ſo good as never to take in earneſt.

The METAPHOR.

The firſt rule is to draw it from the *loweſt things*, which is a certain way to ſing the higheſt; as when you ſpeak of the thunder of heaven, ſay,

* Stays. † Tweezer-caſe. ‡ Watch. ‖ Fan.
** A ſort of perriwig: all words in uſe at this preſent year 1727. *Pope.*

The

The Lords above *are* angry *and* talk big *.

Or if you would deſcribe a rich man refunding his treaſures, expreſs it thus,

Though he, as ſaid, may riches gorge, *the ſpoil*
Painful in maſſy vomit *ſhall* recoil.
Soon ſhall he periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own ordure, *caſt with ſcorn away* †.

The *ſecond*, that whenever you *ſtart* a metaphor, you muſt be ſure to *run it down*, and purſue it as far as *it can go*. If you get the ſcent of a ſtate-negotiation, follow it in this manner.

The ſtones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify *a ſtrict* confederacy;
Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
Shall ſend a ſolemn embaſſy *for peace:*
His plighted faith *the crocodile ſhall keep,*
And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep ‡.

Or if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

Envoys *and* agents, *who by my command*
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom commiſſions *I have given*
To manage there the intereſts *of heaven*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name,——
Ye pioneers *of heaven, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct and bread;——
For I in perſon *will my people* head;
—— *For the divine Deliverer*

* Lee's Alex. † Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.
‡ Job, p. 22.

Will

Will on his march *in majeſty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r *.

Under the article of the *confounding*, we rank,

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious artiſt, painting the ſpring, talks of a *ſnow of bloſſoms*, and thereby raiſes an unexpected picture of winter. Of this ſort is the following:

The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,
Whoſe livid flaſhes ſick'ning ſun-beams drown †.

What a noble confuſion? clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſick'ning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

Thy head ſhall riſe, though buried in the duſt,
And 'midſt the clouds his glittering turrets thruſt ‡.

Quere, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

Upon the ſhore; as frequent as the ſand,
To meet the prince, the glad Dimetians ſtand ‖.

Quere, Where theſe Dimetians ſtood? and of what ſize they were? add alſo to the *jargon* ſuch as the following:

Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,
And deſolation lye for ever waſte **.
Here Niobe, ſad mother, makes her moan,
And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone ††.

* Blackm. Iſa. chap. xl. † Pr. Arthur, p. 37.
‡ Job, p 107. ‖ Pr. Arthur, p. 157.
** Job, p. 89. †† T. Cook, poems.

But

But for variegation, nothing is more uſeful than,

3. The PARAMANASIA, or PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jack daw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: as this of Mr. Dennis,

Bullets that wound, like Parthians as they fly *.

or this excellent one of Mr. Welſted,

—— *Behold the virgin lye*
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* ſky.

To which thou mayſt add,

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby contraries and oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe on a lady, who made herſelf appear out of ſize, by hiding a young princeſs under her cloaths.

While the kind nymph changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely *to 'ſcape.*

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly *they* charm, *and* diſmally *they* pleaſe ‖.

—— *His eyes ſo bright*
Let in *the* object *and let* out *the* light **.

The gods look pale to ſee us look ſo red ††.

—— *The fairies and their queen,*
In mantles blue *came tripping o'er the* green ‡‡.

* Poems 1693, p. 13. † Welſteſt, poems, Acon. et Lavin.
‡ Waller. ‖ Steel, on Q. Mary. ** Quarles.
†† Lee's Alex, ‡‡ Phil. Paſt.

All

All nature felt a reverential ſhock,
The ſea ſtood ſtill *to ſee the mountains* rock *.

CHAP. XI.

The figures continued: of the magnifying and diminiſhing figures.

A GENUINE writer of the *profund* will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: his thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered, that darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the *profund*, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be, as Milton expreſſes it,

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible.

The chief figure of this ſort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or impoſſible.

For inſtance, of a lion.

He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him †.

Of a lady at dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thoy neck,
Sullies the plate, *and makes the napkin* black.

Of the ſame.

——— *The obſcureneſs of her birth*
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light ‡.

Of a bull-baiting.

Up to the ſtars the ſprauling maſtives fly ‖,
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky **.

* Blackm. Job, p. 176. † Vet. Aut. ‡ Theobald's Double Falſhood. ‖ Blackm. ** See p. 115.

Of

Of a ſcene of miſery.

Behold a ſcene of miſery and woe!
Here Argos ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briarius's hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes ——*.

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but ſpace *and* time,
And made two lovers happy.

3. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the *magnifying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country proſpect,

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high †.

III. The laſt claſs remains; of the *diminiſhing*, 1. The ANTICLIMAX, and figures: where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurprize.

On the extent of the Britiſh arms.

Under the Tropics is our Language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke ‡.

On a warrior.

And thou Dalhouſſy, the great God of war,
Lieutenant colonel to the Earl of Mar ||.

* Anon. † Anon. ‡ Anon. || Anon.

On the valour of the Engliſh.

Nor art *nor* nature *has the force*
To ſtop its ſteady courſe,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenæans *keep it out,*
—— *Nor* fortify'd redoubt *.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurpriſingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous: a ſurprize reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of antic ſtatues, who beholds on the pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are theſe lines of a Leviathan at ſea,

His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood;
'Till all th' incumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
Does like one pot of boiling ointment ſeem.
Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with* age, *or* grey *with ſudden* fear †.

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing.

Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron-bars *remov'd,*
And to *and* fro *huge* heaps of cynders ſhov'd ‡.

2. The VULGAR.

is alſo a ſpecies of the *diminiſhing:* by this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

* Denn. on Namur. † Blackm. Job, p. 197.
‡ Prince Arthur, p. 157.

The

The mighty Stuffa *threw a maſſy ſpear,*
Which, with its errand pleas'd, *ſung through* the air *.

A man raging with grief, to a maſtiff dog,

I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw* †.

and clouds big with water, to a woman in great neceſſity.

Diſtended *with the* waters *in 'em pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air; but* hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is, when a poet grows ſo very ſimple as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt maſter in this way: hear how he fondles like a mere ſtammerer.

Little charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of beauty's queen,*
Hither, Britiſh muſe of mine,
Hither, all ye Græcian nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty nurſeling *ſee.*

When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, white *and* green,

When again the lambkins *play,*
Pretty ſportlings *full of* May,

Then the neck ſo white and round,
(Little neck *with brilliants bound.*)

And thy gentleneſs *of mind,*
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind.*)

Happy *thrice, and* thrice agen,
Happieſt *he of* happy *men,* &c ‡.

* Prince Arthur. † Job, p. 41.
‡ Amb. Philips on Miſs Cuzzona.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep *.

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death.

That ever ſhe could *die! Oh moſt* unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet *behind!*
And yet,——why blame I her †?

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe, that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts at their own deaths:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd hair,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own ‡.

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances.

Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep ‖.

To the grave ſenate ſhe did counſel give,
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive **).

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his majeſty ††).

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping *dew——you* ſip, *and* ſing ‡‡.

Where you eaſily perceive the *nothingneſs* of every ſecond verſe.

* Philip's Paſtorals. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. ‖ Ibid.
** Phil. on Q. Mary. †† Ibid. ‡‡ T. Cook on a graſhopper.

The noiſe *returning with returning* light,
What did it?
Diſpers'd the ſilence, *and diſpell'd the* night*.

The glories of proud London to ſurvey,
The ſun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day†,

5. The EXPLETIVE.

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,
And his ſons ſons, till there ſhall be no more‡.

The riſing ſun our grief did ſee,
The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame;
While wretched we remember'red thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name‖!

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM,

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words and vacuity of ſenſe being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure.

The growth of meadows, and the prd e of fields.
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars.
Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight.
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed.
*Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd***.

* Anon. † Antor. Vet. ‡ T. Cook, Poems.
‖ Ibid. ** Camp.

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

Break through the billows, and—divide the main.
*In ſmoother numbers, and—in ſofter verſe**.
Divide—*and* part—*the* ſever'd *world*—in two†.

With ten thouſand others equally muſical, and plentifully flowing through moſt of our celebrated modern poems.

CHAP. XII.

Of expreſſion, and the ſeveral ſorts of ſtile of the preſent age.

THE *expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the *profoundity* of the thought. It muſt not be always *grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, ſometimes uſe the wrong number; *the ſword and peſtilence at once devours*; inſtead of *devour*. Sometimes the wrong caſe‡; *and who more fit to ſooth the God than thee?* inſtead of *thou*. And rather than ſay, *Thetis* ſaw *Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things; firſt, in the *choice* of *low words*: ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our poets are naturally bleſſed with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt citizen, who had made *proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words, (I take them from my laſt cited author, who though otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple).

* Tonſ. Miſc. 12° vol. iv. p. 291. 4th edition.
† Ibid vol. vi. p. 121. ‡ Ti. Hom. II. i.

If

If not, a prize I will myself decree,
*From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee**.

——full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see†.

The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before‡.

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I||.

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
*Though much more wise than I pretend to be***.

Or these, of the same hand:

I leave the arts of poetry *and* verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once dear friend and muse, farewel††.

Sometimes a single *word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire, owes all the *spirit* of the *bathos* to one choice word, that ends the line.

And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fry'd‡‡.

And in that description of a world in ruins:

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack|||.

So also in these,

Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink
Come from the fields and wild abodes—to drink§§.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

* Ti. Hom. II. i. p. 11. † Idem. p. 17. ‡ P. 19.
|| P. 34. ** P. 38. †† Tonf. Misc. 12° vol. iv. p. 292. 4th edition.
‡‡ Prince Arthur. p. 151.
||| Tonf. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119. §§ Job, p. 263.

He

He from the clouds does the ſweet liquor ſqueeze,
That chears the foreſt and the garden *trees**.

It is alſo uſeful to employ *technical terms*, which eſtrange your ſtile from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanics for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his *linen* was *finely ſpun*†, and *bleached on the happy plains*. Call an army of angels, *angelic cuiraſſiers*‡; and if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtile them

Freſh troops *of pains, and* regimented woes‖.

STILE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of ſtiles we ſhall mention only the principal, which owe to the *moderns* either their chief improvement, or intire invention.

1. The FLORID STILE,

than which none is more proper to the *bathos*, as flowers, which are the *loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *ponds* and *ditches*.

A fine writer of this kind preſents you with the following poſey:

The groves appear all dreſt with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhowers,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchang'd their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As if the willing branches ſtrove
*To beautify and ſhade the grove***;

(which indeed moſt branches do). But this is ſtill excelled by our laureate,

Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,
And ſhoot and ſpread, and bleſſom into love.

* Id. Job. p. 264. † Pr. Arthur, p. 19. ‡ Ibid. p. 339. ‖ Job, p. 86. ** Behn's Poems, p. 2.

The

The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh *.

Hear alſo our Homer.

His robe *of* ſtate *is form'd of light refin'd.*
An endleſs train *of luſtre* ſpreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted glory *made,*
With pearls celeſtial, and with gems inlaid:
Whence floods *of joy, and* ſeas *of ſplendor flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below †.

2. The PERT STILE.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. Mr Thomas Brown, the author of the London Spy, and all the Spies and Trips in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied; in verſe Mr Cibber's prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *modernizing* and *adapting* to the *taſte of the times* the works of the *antients*. This we rightly phraſe, *doing* them into Engliſh, and *making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great propriety, the one denoting our *neglect* of the *manner how*, the other the *force* and *compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this ſtile that Tacitus talks like a coffee-houſe politician, Joſephus ‡ like the Britiſh Gazeteer; Tully is as ſhort and ſmart as Seneca or Mr Aſgill; Marcus Aurelius is excellent at ſnip-ſnap, and honeſt Thomas a Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE STILE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the ſun in a mourning-coach upon the death of Q. Mary.

* Guardian, 120, 127. † Blackm. Pſalm civ.
‡ Joſephus, tranſlated by Sir Roger L'eſtrange.

See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his face; and put deep mourning on;
Dark clouds his ſable chariot *do ſurround,*
And the dull ſteeds ſtalk o'er *the* melancholy round *.

Of Prince Arthur's ſoldiers drinking.

While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign,
Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main †.

(whence we alſo learn, that Burgundy and Champaign make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea).

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

———*He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,*
Where he his liquid regiments *does keep.*
Thither the waves file off *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the ſea;*
Where they incamp, *and in their* ſtation ſtand,
Intrench'd *in* works *of rock, and* lines *of ſand* ‡.

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

Yon' armies are the cards *which both muſt play;*
At leaſt come off a ſaver, *if you may:*
Throw boldly *at the* ſum *the Gods have* ſet;
Theſe on your ſide will all their fortunes bet ||.

All perfectly agreeable to the preſent cuſtoms and beſt faſhions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the PRURIENT, a ſtile greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of perſons of the *firſt quality*; and, by the encouragement of the *ladies*, not unſucceſsfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed its incredible progreſs and conqueſts may be compared to thoſe of the great Seſoſtris, and are every where known by the *ſame marks*; the images of the genital parts of men or women

* Amb. Philips. † Pr. Arthur, p. 16.
‡ Black Pſ. civ. p. 261. || Lee's, Sophon.

It

It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very *bathos* of the human body, that is to say *** and ***** *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* ****. And *selling of bargains*, and *double entendre*, *and* Κιββέτεισμος and Ολδειλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL STILE,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakers of the *alamode*: as the following:

Of a brook dryed by the sun.

Won *by the summer's* importuning *ray*
Th' eloping *stream did from her channel stray*,
And with enticing *sun-beams* stole away †.

Of an easy death.

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee ripe with age, invite *the hook*;
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *stalk*, *and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* grave, *his* granary ‡.

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs and passes by §.

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and lessens all the while* ‖.

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words: and the BUSKIN, or *stately*, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and

† Blackm. Job. p 26. ‡ Idem, p 23.
§ Denn. ‖ Anon. Tonf. Misc. Part 6. p. 224.

low

low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the *bathos* in perfection: as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is compleat: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the *profound* be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there?

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder †.

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my cloaths.

Bring me what nature, taylor to the bear,
To man *himself deny'd: she gave me cold,*
But would not give me cloaths.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air, congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust ‡.

† Temp. ‡ Theob. Double Falshood.

Uncork

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the ſpungy door:
Set Bacchus from his glaſſy priſon free,
And ſtrip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.

CHAP. XIII.

A project for the advancement of the bathos.

THUS have I, my dear countrymen, with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the *bathos*, or, as I may ſay, broke open the abyſſes of this *great deep*. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome laws, what remains, but that all true moderns, with their utmoſt might, do proceed to put the ſame in execution? in order whereto, I think I ſhall, in the ſecond place, highly deſerve of my country, by propoſing ſuch a *ſcheme* as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *bathos* do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſomeway contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral *branches*, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: for inſtance, in clock-making one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: to this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular trope or figure. Ariſtotle

ſtotle ſaith, that "the *hyperbole* is an ornament fit "for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in thoſe gentlemen a wonderful propenſity towards it, which is marvellouſly improved by travelling. Soldiers alſo and ſeamen are very happy in the ſame figure. The *periphraſis* or *circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at clubs; the *elipſis*, or ſpeech by half-words, of miniſters and politicians; the *apoſiopeſis* of courtiers; the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whiſperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiploſis* of common cryers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *ſarcaſm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or *exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *hear him* of the houſe of commons.

Now, each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular *figure*, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the ſociety, as hath been propoſed, a poet or orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular traders in each kind, to the *metaphoriſt* for his *allegories*, to the *ſimile maker* for his *compariſons*, to the *ironiſt* for his *ſarcaſms*, to the *apothegmatiſt* for his *ſentences*, &c. whereby a dedication or ſpeech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propoſe, that there be contrived, with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a *rhetorical cheſt of drawers*, conſiſting of three ſtories, the higheſt for the *deliberative*, the middle for the *demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *judicial*. They ſhall be divided into *loci* or *places*, being repoſitories for matter and argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into cells, reſembling thoſe of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for *peace* or *war*, and that of the *liberty of the preſs*, may, in a very few days, be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the *vituperative partition* will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer

poſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an organ.

The keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome *reverend prelate*, or *valiant officer*, of unqueſtioned loyalty and affection to every preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief, that might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion *let out*, by the *day*, to ſeveral great orators in both houſes: from whence it is to be hoped much *profit* and *gain* will alſo accrue to our ſociety.

CHAP. XIV.

How to make dedications, panegyrics, or ſatires; and of the colours of honourable and diſhonourable.

NOW, of what neceſſity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our works, as *ſpeed* and *diſpatch*. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking proportioned to their heavineſs: for it is with the flowers of the *buthos* as with thoſe of nature, which, if the careful gardiner brings not haſtily to market in the morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort liv'd as the *dedication* and *panegyric*, which are often but the *praiſe of a day*, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts, whereon in a manner depends that *profit*, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our *writers* and *ſpeakers*.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the *quickeſt* method of compoſing them; after which we will teach a *ſhort way to epic poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt importance and difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *panegyric*. Every man is *honourable*, who is ſo by law, cuſtom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable, than private men. The virtues of great men, like thoſe of plants, are *inherent* in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great miniſters, without either private or œconomical virtue, are *virtuous* by their *paſts*; liberal and generous upon the *public money*; provident upon *public ſupplies*; juſt by paying *public intereſt*; couragious and magnanimous by the *fleets* and *armies*; magnificent upon the *public expences*, and prudent by *public ſucceſs*. They have, by their office, a right to a ſhare of the *public ſtock* of virtues; beſides they are, by preſcription immemorial, inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *predeceſſors* in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours* of *honourable* and *diſhonourable*, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require, that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The firſt and chief rule is the *golden rule of tranſformation*, which conſiſts in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a ſpend-thrift, and will not pay a juſt debt, may have his injuſtice *tranſformed* into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphoſed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowſhip; corruption into patriotiſm; and lewdneſs into tenderneſs and facility.

The ſecond is the *rule of contraries*: it is certain, the leſs a man is endowed with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he *has*?

The reverſe of theſe precepts will ſerve for *ſatire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his ſhare in *public praiſe* and *honour*.

There-

Therefore the truly public-ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him, whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real *poetical juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be uſed in the praiſe and diſpraiſe of miniſterial and unminiſterial perſons, I refer to our *rhetorical cabinet*: concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren to obſerve the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *ears* in a *pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A receipt to make an epic poem,

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a *genius*. I ſhall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifeſt, that an epic poem, may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe, who confeſs they never *read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it *with money*, and if a profeſſed cook cannot do it *without*, he has his art for nothing: the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem, it is eaſily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *recipe*, by which any author in the *bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffery of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), thoſe parts of the ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long deſcriptions*: put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one tale*. Then take a *hero*, whom you may chuſe for the

ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: there let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*: it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

To make an Episode.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve youre *hero*: or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any *other perſon*, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the Moral and Allegory.

Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leiſure: be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

For the Manners.

For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities, which your *patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an *honeſt man*. For the *under characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the Machines.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can uſe: ſeparate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occaſions, to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of

devils,

devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your *ſpirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities; when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace in his art of poetry.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

That is to ſay, *a poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *tempeſt*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe, of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudeſt you can), *quantum ſufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quick-ſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a-blowing.

For a *battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *ſkirmiſh*. Season it well with *ſimilies*, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *burning town*. If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil), old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's Theory of the conflagration, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *ſuccedaneum*.

As for *ſimilies* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this adviſe with your *bookſeller*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A project for the advancement of the ſtage.

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is ſo well taken care of by the preſent *managers* of the theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the *bathos*.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our ſincere and humble thanks to the moſt Auguſt Mr Barton Booth, the moſt Serene Mr Robert Wilks, and the moſt undaunted Mr Colly Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age ſhall be anceſtors*, and to all *the ſucceſſion of our ſucceſſors*, that to this preſent day they continue to *out-do* even their *own out-doings*; and when the inevitable hand of ſweeping time ſhall have bruſhed off all the works of *to day*, may this teſtimony of a co temporary critic to their fame be extended as far as *to-morrow*.

Yet if to ſo wiſe an adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive ſcheme which Mr Dennis and Mr Gildon (the two greateſt critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project ſigned with their names, and dated the ſecond of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the reader with the ſubſtance of it.

1. It is propoſed, that the two *theatres* be incorporated into one company; that the *royal academy of muſic* be added to them as an *orcheſtra*; and that Mr Figg with his prize fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnerſhip.

2. That a ſpacious building be erected at the public expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thouſand* ſpectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of children and nurſes to the audience, ſince the new entertainments *. That there be a ſtage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geome-

* Pantomimes were then firſt exhibited in England. *Hawkeſ.*

trical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two houſes of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who ſhall all have their places frank.

3. If Weſtminſter-hall be not alloted to this ſervice (which, by reaſon of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament abovementioned, ſeems not altogether improper), it is left to the wiſdom of the nation, whether Somerſet-houſe may not be demoliſhed, and a theatre built upon that ſite, which lies convenient to receive ſpectators from the county of Surry, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may, in the readieſt manner, convey thoſe eminent perſonages from courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated pieces, or by affecting to ſee their countrymen, the *harlequins* and *eunuchs*; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the *theatre* aboveſaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *critics* and *poets*; out of whom *ſix* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided nevertheleſs that the Laureat, for the time being, may be always one. The head or preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt antient *poet* and *critic* to be found in the whole iſland.

5. The *male players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the poets dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *actreſſes* are to make their beds and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *library*, to conſiſt of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round table for the *council of ſix* to ſit and deliberate on the merits of *plays*. The *majority* ſhall determine the diſpute; and if it ſhould happen, that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the preſident ſhall have a *caſting voice*,

voice, unleſs where the contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *ſingle combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *council of ſix* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſic, they may give *ſigns* (before ſettled and agreed upon) of diſlike or approbation. In conſequence of theſe ſigns the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted, whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *council of ſix* by ſome particular habit or gown of an honourable ſhape and colour, to which may be added a ſquare cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actreſſes making away with their infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *children of the ſociety*; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the ſaid actreſſes ſhall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private gentleman's ſon ſhall, at the public expence, be brought up a page to attend the *council of ſix*: a more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the ſon of a *poet*, and a greater ſtill for the ſon of a *critic*.

10. If it be diſcovered, that any actreſs is got with child during the interludes of any play wherein ſhe hath a part, it ſhall be reckoned a neglect of her buſineſs, and ſhe ſhall *forfeit* accordingly. If any actor for the future ſhall commit murder, except upon the ſtage, he ſhall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be underſtood of *robbery* and *theft*. In all other caſes, particularly in thoſe for *debt*, it is propoſed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St James's, may be held a *place of privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to ſatisfy paltry creditors has been a diſcouragement to men of letters, if any perſon of quality or others ſhall ſend for any *poet* or *critic* of this ſociety to any remote quarter of the town, the ſaid poet or critic ſhall freely paſs and repaſs, without being liable to an *arreſt*.

11. The forementioned ſcheme, in its ſeveral regulations, may be ſupported by profits ariſing from every third

night

night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to ſuppoſe, that ſo many perſons could live without any food (though from the former courſe of their lives a *very little* will be deemed ſufficient), the maſters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of thoſe profits the ſaid perſons might be ſubſiſted in a ſober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, bur *paint*, *diet-drinks*, *ſpitting-pots*, and all other *neceſſaries* of *life*, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

12. If ſome of the articles may, at firſt view, ſeem liable to objections, particularly thoſe that give ſo vaſt a power to the *council of ſix* (which is indeed larger than any intruſted to the great officers of ſtate), this may be obviated by ſwearing thoſe *ſix* perſons of his majeſty's privy-council, and obliging them to paſs every thing of moment *previouſly* at that moſt honourable board.

VIRGILIUS

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI, ſummi critici, caſtigationum in ÆNEIDEM Specimen.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pené mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quæ ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra libro ipſi prefigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. I.

ARMA virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm———

Armaque virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto,
Vi ſuperûm———

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512. 550.—*flatu* ventorum Æoli, ut ſequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193.—*jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER.

II. VER. 52.

Et quiſquis *numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quiſquis *nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam ut antea, *numen*; et procul dubio ſic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt——

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt——

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.
Fortemque vehebat Orontem.

Non *fidum*, quia epitheton Achatæ notiſſimum Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur; pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput——

Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus——*Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet*——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virum——

Armi honinum: ridicule antea *arma virûm*, quæ, ex ferro conflata, quo modo poſſunt *natare*?

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.
Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; ſimili modo noſter de Camilla, Æn. xi.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret, &c. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*
Jam *fæces* et ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque miniſtri*:

uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo —*Fæces facibus* longe præſtant, quid enim niſi fæces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus*: nugæ! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum, et *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum, dari? in quorum uſum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Tres littore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: hæc animalia in Africa non inventa, quis neſcit? at *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noſter alibi,

Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.

Omen præclariſſimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter obſervatum, ut patet ex hiſtoricis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones.*

Error graviſſimus. Corrigo,——*ſeptemque Triones.*

XII. VER.

XII. Ver. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et menſam exprimebat: hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio, O *juvenes*! Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. v. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpæ*:
Anna! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere: *culpas*,
Anna! fatebor enim, *&c.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. Ver. I.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *pater* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere omnes, *intentique* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *ſatur* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſeo, legitur, *ore gemebant*: ſed magis ingenioſe quam veré. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. Ver. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe: quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. Ver. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint——

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, et jam, in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lachrymare, quam ſolummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur:

detur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* poſtquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *ſupremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *breve ter* Trojæ *ſuperûmque* audire *labores*.

Curæ noctis (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendioſe (vel ut dixit ipſe, *breviter*) totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratam fuiſſe Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliaceſque* iterum *demens audire labores expoſcit: ter* enim pro *ſæpe* uſurpatur. *Trojæ, ſuperûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver 610. *&c.*

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.——
Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit*.

Reſurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant —— *&c.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.

Tracti et *repulſi*, antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: ſolæ enim femellæ utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent* —— Uteroque *recuſſo inſonuere cavæ*— *Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere* —— *Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,— *Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta armis —— Palla-

dem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? et incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equae* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

An

An ESSAY of the learned MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, concerning the ORIGIN of SCIENCES.

Written to the moſt learned Dr ——— F. R. S. from the deſerts of Nubia.

AMONG all the enquiries which have been purſued by the curious and inquiſitive, there is none more worthy the ſearch of a learned head, than the ſource from whence we derive thoſe arts and ſciences, which raiſe us ſo far above the vulgar, the countries in which they roſe, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As thoſe, who firſt brought them amongſt us, attained them by travelling into the remoteſt parts of the earth, I may boaſt of ſome advantages by the ſame means; ſince I write this from the deſarts of Æthiopia, from thoſe plains of ſand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this inſtant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyſes; a ſolitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is univerſally agreed, that arts and ſciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and Indians; but from whom they firſt received them, is yet a ſecret. The higheſt period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Aſſyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worſhipped as gods. It is therefore neceſſary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain ſome knowledge of their hiſtory, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the firſt of empires; we have mention, though not hiſtories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but perſuade myſelf, from thoſe accounts in Homer *, Ariſtotle, and others,

* Il. iii. Hom.

of

of their hiſtory, wars, and revolutions, and from the very *air* in which thoſe authors ſpeak of them as of *things known*, that they were then a part of the ſtudy of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military atchievments, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invaſions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt, but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government; though there remain no traces of their civil inſtitutions. Empires as great have been ſwallowed up in the wreck of time, and ſuch ſudden periods have been put to them, as occaſion a total ignorance of their ſtory. And if I ſhould conjecture, that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by thoſe flocks of monſtrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infeſted; it ought not to ſeem more incredible, than that one of the Baleares was waſted by rabbits, Smynthe by mice *, and of late Bermudas almoſt depopulated by rats †. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few ſurvivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deſarts, where they lived undiſturbed, till they were found out by Oſiris, in his travels to inſtruct mankind.

"He met," ſays Diodorus ‡, "in Æthiopia a ſort of "*little ſatyrs*, who were hairy one half of their body, "and whoſe leader Pan accompanied him in his expedi- "tion for the civilizing of mankind." Now, of this great perſonage Pan, we have a very particular deſcription in the antient writers; who unanimouſly agree to repreſent him *ſhaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beaſt*, and walking *erect with a ſtaff*, (the poſture in which his race do to this day appear among us.) And ſince the chief thing to which he applied himſelf, was the civilizing of mankind, it ſhould ſeem, that the firſt principles of ſcience muſt be received from that nation, to which the gods were, by Homer ||, ſaid to reſort twelve days every year for the converſation of its wiſe and juſt inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we ſhall find, that their knowledge alſo derived itſelf from

* Euſtathius in Hom. Il. 1.

† Speede, in Bermudas.

‡ Lib. i. c. 18. Diod.

|| Il, i.

the

the ſame ſource. To that country did theſe noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is alſo deſcribed to us with the ſame marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant, ſaith Diodorus *, "whence Silenus derived his birth, through "his great antiquity; but he had a *tail* on his *lions*, as "*likewiſe had all his progeny* in ſign of their deſcent." Here then they ſettled a colony, which to this day ſubſiſts with the ſame tails. From this time they ſeem to have communicated themſelves only to thoſe men, who retired from the converſe of their own ſpecies to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midſt of thoſe ſolitudes they inſtituted the ſo much celebrated order of Gymnoſophiſts. For, whoever obſerves the *ſcene* and *manner* of their life, will eaſily find them to have imitated with all exactneſs imaginable the manners and cuſtoms of their maſters and inſtructors. They are ſaid to dwell in the *thickeſt woods*, to go *naked*, to ſuffer their *bodies* to be over-run with *hair*, and their *nails* to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch ſays †, "they eat what they could get in the "fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of "leaves or moſs." And Herodotus ‡ tells us, that they eſteemed it a great exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*.

Hence we ſee, that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning, are the ſame that have ever moſt abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have conteſted, which was firſt bleſt with the riſe of ſcience, yet have they conſpired in being grateful to their common maſters. Ægypt is well known to have worſhipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly ſuppoſed to have done the ſame, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of theſe hairy philoſophers; in juſt gratitude, as it ſhould ſeem, to the mouth, from which they received their knowledge.

Paſs we now over into Greece: where we find Orphe-

* Diod. Lib. iii. c. 69.

† Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune.

‡ Herodot. lib. i.

us

us returning out of Ægypt, with the ſame intent as Oſiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece firſt heard the name of ſatyrs, or owned them for *ſemidei*. And hence it is ſurely reaſonable to conclude, that he brought ſome of this wonderful ſpecies along with him, who alſo had a leader of the line of Pan, of the ſame name, and expreſly called *king* by Theocritus *. If thus much be allowed, we eaſily account for two of the ſtrangeſt reports in all antiquity. One is that of the beaſts following the muſic of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming ſavage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we moſt inſiſt upon, is the fabulous ſtory of the gods compreſſing women in woods under beſtial appearances; which will be ſolved by the love theſe ſages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am ſenſible it may be objected, that they are ſaid to have been compreſſed in the ſhape of different animals; but to this we anſwer, that women under ſuch apprehenſions hardly know what ſhape they have to deal with.

From what has been laſt ſaid, it is highly credible, that to this antient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at leaſt for the acuteſt wits of antiquity. One of the moſt remarkable inſtances, is that great mimic genius, Æſop †, for whoſe extraction from theſe *ſylveſtres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who ſays, that Æſop ſignifies the ſame thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a ſecond argument we may offer the deſcription of his perſon, which was ſhort, deformed, and almoſt ſavage; inſomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himſelf to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and ſatyrical wit; and laſtly, his great knowledge in the nature of beaſts, together with the natural pleaſure he took to ſpeak of them upon all occaſions.

The next inſtance I ſhall produce is Socrates ‡. Firſt, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from

* Πὰν Ἄναξ, Theocr. Id. i. † Vit. Æſop. initio.

‡ Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

the

the reſt of men: ſecondly, he had a countenance confeſſing the line he ſprung from, being bald, flat-noſed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æſop into verſe, probably out of his reſpect to beaſts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In proceſs of time the women with whom theſe Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their ſhapes, to ſhun their embraces; ſo that our ſages were neceſſitated to mix with beaſts. This by degrees occaſioned the hair of their poſterity to grow higher than their middles: it aroſe in one generation to their arms, in the ſecond it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the aſcendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the ſpecies is now immerſed, became completed. Though we muſt here obſerve, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being ſome unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable alſo, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not ſo intire, but there ſtill appeared marvelous qualities among them, as was manifeſt in thoſe who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and ſurvey his order! how did they caſt themſelves into the ſame forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his diſcipline! the antient true remains of a warlike diſpoſition, and of that conſtitution which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the firſt appearance of theſe wild philoſophers, there were ſome of the leaſt mixed, who vouchafed to converſe with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns *, *a fando*, or ſpeaking. Such was he, who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed againſt the Hetruſcans, who would have reſtored Tarquin. But here, as in all the weſtern parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be ſilent. This we may place ſomething near the time of

* Livy.

Ariſtotle,

Ariſtotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philoſophers increaſed, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the ſimpler wiſdom of theſe antient Sylvans; the queſtions of that academy were too numerous to be conſiſtent with their eaſe to anſwer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a deriſion and ſcorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving anſwers, it is only when caught, bound, and conſtrained, in like manner as was that antient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's * time of ſuch a philoſopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be perſuaded to give them a lecture by all they could ſay to him, and only ſhewed his power in ſounds by neighing like a horſe.

But a more ſucceſful attempt was made in Auguſtus's reign by the inquiſitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators ſuppoſe to have been the true perſons, who are related in the ſixth Bucolic to have caught a philoſopher, and doubtleſs a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him faſt, but allured him likewiſe by a courteous preſent of a comely maiden called Æglé, which made him ſing both merrily and inſtructively. In this ſong we have their doctrine of the creation, the ſame in all probability as was taught ſo many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, and ſeveral hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embelliſhed their morals. For which reaſon I look upon this Bucolic as an ineſtimable treaſure of the moſt antient ſcience.

In the reign of Conſtantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wiſdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philoſopher; and only inſtructed by action.

The laſt we ſhall ſpeak of, who ſeemeth to be of the true race, is ſaid by St Jerome to have met St Anthony † in a deſart, who enquiring the way of him, he ſhewed

* Plutarch in Vita Syllae. † Vita St Anth.

his

his underſtanding and courteſy by pointing, but would not anſwer, for he was a dumb philoſopher alſo.

Theſe are all the notices which I am at preſent able to gather, of the appearance of ſo great and learned a people on your ſide of the world. But if we return to their ancient native ſeats, Africa and India, we ſhall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr Purchas's collections) a body of them, whoſe leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and ſtratagem won a fort from the Portugueſe.

But I muſt leave all others at preſent to celebrate the praiſe of two of their unparallelled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the Magnificent, a prince moſt learned and communicative, to whom in Malabar their exceſs of zeal dedicated a temple, raiſed on ſeven hundred pillars not inferior in Maffæus's * opinion to thoſe of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the Marvellous, his relation and ſucceſſor, whoſe knowledge was ſo great, as made his followers doubt if even that wiſe ſpecies could arrive at ſuch perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a ſort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portugueſe took in Biſnagar 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linſchotten †, the immenſe ſum of ſeven hundred thouſand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due reſpect Oran Outang the Great, the laſt of this line; whoſe unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Outang, whoſe value was not known to us, for he was a mute philoſopher: Oran Outang, by whoſe diſſection the learned Dr Tyſon ‡ has added a confirmation to this ſyſtem, from the reſemblance between the *homo ſylveſtris* and our human body in thoſe organs by which the rational ſoul is exerted.

We muſt now deſcend to conſider this people as ſunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beaſts. Yet, even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving ſome from the ſpleen, and o-

* Maff. lib. 1. † Linſchot. ch. 44.

‡ Dr Tyſon's anatomy of a pigmy, 4to.

thers from impoſthumes, by occaſioning laughter at proper ſeaſons? with what readineſs do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what ſurpriſing relations have Le Comte *, and others, given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of purſuing them? If under their preſent low circumſtances of birth and breeding, and in ſo ſhort a term of life as is now allotted them, they ſo far exceed all beaſts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of thoſe who were *nati melioribus annis*, thoſe primitive, *longæval*, and *antediluvian man-tegers*, who firſt taught ſcience to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correſpondent to ſeveral opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiſcovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what ſhall I ſay to mankind in the thought of this great diſcovery? what, but that they ſhould abate of their pride, and conſider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beaſts. That theſe, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whoſe kingdom (like that in the ſcheme of Plato) was governed by philoſophers, who flouriſhed with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undiſtinguiſhed, and known only by the ſame appellation as the man-tyger, and the monkey!

As to ſpeech, I make no queſtion, that there are remains of the firſt and leſs corrupted race in their native deſerts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reaſon given by the Spaniards, "that they will not ſpeak "for fear of being ſet to work," is alone a ſufficient one, conſidering how exceedingly all other learned perſons affect their eaſe. A ſecond is, that theſe obſervant creatures having been eye-witneſſes of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it neceſſary not to ſhow themſelves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty alſo. Thirdly, they could at beſt take no delight to converſe with the Spaniards, whoſe grave and ſullen temper is ſo

* Father Le Comte, a Jeſuit, in the account of his travels.

averſe

averſe to that natural and open chearfulneſs, which is generally obſerved to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it poſſible, that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly ſerviceable to the learned world both in reſpect of recovering paſt knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whoſe natural turn is adapted to engage their ſociety, and win them by a ſweet ſimilitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a diſtinguiſhing civility, and in a manner faſcinate them by aſſimulated motions? no nation, where the women with eaſy freedoms, and the gentleſt treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to ſenſible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wiſh this nation might be Great Britain; but alas! in our preſent wretched, divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of ſo great prudence will freely declare their ſentiments in the midſt of violent parties, and at ſo vaſt a diſtance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour-ſtate, would incline me to wiſh it were Holland—*Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil ſalit Arcadico.* It is from France then we muſt expect this reſtoration of learning, whoſe late monarch took the ſciences under his protection, and raiſed them to ſo great a height. May we not hope their emiſſaries will ſome time or other have inſtructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beaſts, the true ancient man-tegers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of theſe be adapted to the improvement of the ſeveral ſciences? the man-tegers to inſtruct heroes, ſtateſmen, and ſcholars; baboons to teach ceremony and addreſs to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleaſing in converſation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of leſs learning, to form comedians and dancing-maſters; and marmoſets, court-pages, and young Engliſh travellers? But the diſtinguiſhing each kind, and allotting the proper buſineſs to each, I leave to the inquiſitive and penetrating genius of the Jeſuits in their reſpective miſſions.

Vale et fruere.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

OR,

The wonderful effects of the approaching conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora———

I Suppose every body is ſufficiently apprized of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this inſtant December 1722, foretold by all the ſages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the *metamorphoſtical* conjunction: a word which denotes the mutual transformation of ſexes, (the effect of that configuration of the celeſtial bodies), the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have repreſented this great transformation by ſeveral ſignificant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obeliſk, a *barber* and a *midwife*: the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and ſhe her ſwadling-cloaths to the barber. Accordingly Thales Mileſius, (who, like the reſt of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians), after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, *Then*, ſays he, *ſhall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of* ſhaving *and* childbearing.

Anaximander modeſtly deſcribes this metamophoſis in mathematical terms: *Then*, ſays he, *ſhall the negative quantity of the women be turned into poſitive, their* —*into* +. (i. e.) their *minus* into *plus*.

Plato

Plato not only ſpeaks of this great change, but deſcribes all the preparations towards it. "Long before the "bodily transformation," ſays he, "nature ſhall begin "the moſt difficult part of her work, by changing the "*ideas* and *inclinations* of the two ſexes: men ſhall turn "effeminate, and women manly; wives ſhall domineer, "and huſbands obey; ladies ſhall *ride a-horſeback*, dreſ- "ſed like *cavaliers*; princes and nobles appear in *night-* "*rails* and *petticoats*; men ſhall *ſqueak* upon theatres "with *female* voices, and women *corrupt virgins*; lords "ſhall *knot* and *cut paper*; and even the *northern* "people, ὠρύνα κύπριν ὀρινεῖν:" A phraſe (which for modeſty's ſake I forbear to tranſlate) which denotes a vice too frequent amongſt us.

That the miniſtry foreſaw this great change, is plain from the *callico-act*; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England to convert their uſeleſs female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-ſtools; undreſſing themſelves, as it were, *before their transformation*.

The philoſophy of this transformation will not ſeem ſurpriſing to people who ſearch into the *bottom* of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has ſhewn us, how man was at firſt created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himſelf: a circumſtance neceſſary to the ſtate of innocence, wherein a man's happineſs was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his female mate. Many ſuch tranſformations of individuals have been well atteſted; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Biſhop of Saliſbury. From all which it appears, that this ſyſtem of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter ſuffer, ſeveral alterations. Every ſmatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fuſion and *flatus* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity: but I forbear for the ſake of my *modeſt man-readers*, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In ſome ſubjects the ſmalleſt alterations will do: ſome men are ſufficiently ſpread about the hips, and contrived with that female ſoftneſs, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there-

are women who are, as it were, already the *ebauche** of a good ſturdy man. If nature could be puzzled, it will be how to beſtow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the ſhort dapper fellows into well-ſized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th inſtant. Accordingly about eight at night, as Senezino ſhall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he ſhall be obſerved to make an *unuſual motion*; upon which the audience will be affected with a *red ſuffuſion* over their countenance: and becauſe a ſtrong ſuccuſſion of the muſcles of the belly is neceſſary towards performing this great operation, both ſexes will be thrown into a *profuſe involuntary laughter*. Then, to uſe the modeſt terms of Anaximander, *ſhall negative quantity be turned into poſitive*, &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever aſſemble ſuch a number of *untouched virgins* within thoſe walls! but, alas! ſuch will be the impatience and curioſity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the diſorders that may happen upon this occaſion, is the chief deſign of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make uſe of this conjunction to compaſs their filthy purpoſes. They tell the ladies forſooth, that it is only parting with a periſhable commodity, hardly of ſo much value as a callico under-petticoat; ſince, like its miſtreſs, it will be uſeleſs in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the diſhonour and immorality of the action, I deſire they will conſider, that nature, who never deſtroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying-in; ſo that not to be transformed will be the ſame as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortreſs, that is to be demoliſhed in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a baſtard; a poſthumous baſtard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a *dry nurſe*.

This wonderful transformation is the inſtrument of nature to balance matters between the ſexes. The cruelty

* Sketch, rough draught, or eſſay.

of

of ſcornful miſtreſſes ſhall be returned; the ſlighted maid ſhall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly and a baſtard.

It is hardly poſſible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phænomenon will occaſion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to ſee the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of ſucceſſion to the crown; this being a caſe not provided for by the *Salique* law. There will be no preventing diſorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chaſtity do not bind, but under the ſex in which they were made. The ſame will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a ſcandal amongſt Proteſtants for huſbands and wives to part, ſince there remains ſtill a poſſibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the huſband being *femme couverte*. I ſubmit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether this transformation does not diſcharge all ſuits of *rapſis*.

The Pope muſt undergo a new groping; but the falſe prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his ſucceſſors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen, at his devotion.

Theſe are ſurpriſing ſcenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the ſolemn operations of nature are ſubjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earneſt requeſt to the merry fellows, and giggling girls about town, that they would not put themſelves in a high twitter, when they go to viſit a *general* lying in of his firſt child; his *officers* ſerving as midwives, nurſes, and rockers diſpenſing caudle; or if they behold the *Reverend prelates* dreſſing the heads and airing the linen at court; I beg they will remember that theſe offices muſt be filled with people of the greateſt regularity, and beſt characters. For the ſame reaſon I am ſorry, that a certain prelate, who, notwithſtanding his confinement *, ſtill preſerves his healthy, chearful countenance, cannot come in time to be a *nurſe at court*.

I likewiſe earneſtly intreat the *maids of honour*, (then *enſigns* and *captains* of the *guards*), that at their firſt ſet-

* In December 1723.

ting

ting out they have ſome regard to their former ſtation; and do not run wild through all the infamous houſes about town: that the preſent *grooms of the bedchamber* (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green-ſickneſs: and in general, that the men would remember they are become *retromingent*, and not by inadvertency lift up againſt walls and poſts.

Petticoats will not be burdenſome to the *clergy*; but balls and aſſemblies will be indecent for ſome time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chamber-maids, (the future *miniſters, plenipotentiaries*, and *cabinet-counſellors* to the princes of the earth), manage the *great intrigues* that will be committed to your charge, with your uſual ſecrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your maſters will go better than ever.

O ye *exchange*-women! (our right worſhipful *repreſentatives* that are to be), be not ſo griping in the ſale of your ware as your predeceſſors, but conſider that the nation, like a ſpendthrift heir, has run out: be likewiſe a little more continent in your *tongues* than you are at preſent, elſe the length of debates will ſpoil your dinners.

You houſewifely good women, who now preſide over the *confectionary*, (henceforth commiſſioners of the *treaſury*), be ſo good as to diſpenſe the *ſugar-plums* of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and cenſorious old maids (the hopes of the *bench*), exert but your uſual talent of *finding faults*, and the laws will be ſtrictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon ſuch *ſlender evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyſter-merchants of Billingſgate, (juſt ready to be called to the bar, and quoifed like your ſiſter-ſerjeants), that we expect the ſhortening the time, and leſſening the expenſes of law-ſuits: for I think you are obſerved to bring your debates to a *ſhort iſſue*; and even cuſtom will reſtrain you from taking the *oyſter*, and leaving only the *ſhell* to your client.

O ye phyſicians, who in the figure of old women are to clean the *tripe* in the markets, ſcour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare moſt deliciouſly on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy

happy transformation; the only expedient left to reſtore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is ſo evident, that it is almoſt an affront to common ſenſe to inſiſt upon the proof: if there can be any ſuch ſtupid creature as to doubt it, I deſire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone at preſent about a million of ſturdy fellows, under the denomination of *ſtanding forces*, with arms in their hands: that thoſe are maſters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the reſt, I believe nobody will deny. It is no leſs true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a ſquare mile of ſkins of vellum have been employed to no purpoſe to ſettle peace among thoſe ſons of violence. Pray who is he that will ſay unto them, *Go and diſband yourſelves?* but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the *halcyon* days of public tranquillity return: for neither the military temper nor diſcipline can taint the ſoft ſex for a whole age to come: *bellaque matribus inviſa*, wars odious to *mothers*, will not grow immediately palatable in their *paternal* ſtate.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be leſs in *family* tranquillity, than it is in *national*. Great faults will be amended, and frailties forgiven, on both ſides. A wife, who has been diſturbed with late hours, and choaked with the haugoût of a ſot, will remember her *ſufferings*, and avoid the temptations; and will for the ſame reaſon indulge her mate in his female capacity in ſome *paſſions*, which ſhe is ſenſible from experience are natural to the ſex, ſuch as vanity, of fine cloaths, being admired, *&c.* And how tenderly muſt ſhe uſe her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which ſhe hath felt herſelf? In ſhort, all unreaſonable demands upon huſbands muſt ceaſe, becauſe they are already ſatisfied from natural experience, that they are impoſſible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen thoſe of their houſehold, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty deſire of

Their moſt ſincere well-wiſher,

M. S.

A

SPECIMEN of SCRIBLERUS's REPORTS.

STRADLING verſus STILES.

Le report del caſe argue en le commen banke devant touts les juſtices de le meſme banke, en le quart. An. du raygne de Roy Jacques, entre *Matthew Stradling*, plant. & *Peter Stiles*, def. en un action propter certos equos coloratos, Anglice, *pyed horſes*, poſt. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del caſe. SIR John Swale, *of* Swale-hall, *in* Swale-dale, *faſt by the river* Swale, *Kt, made his laſt will and teſtament: in which, among other bequeſts, was this,* viz. Out of the kind love and reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr Matthew Stradling, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid Matthew Stradling, Gent. *all my black and white horſes. The teſtator had ſix black horſes, ſix white horſes, and ſix pyed horſes.*

Le point. *The debate therefore was, whether or no the ſaid Matthew Stradling ſhould have the ſaid pyed horſes, by virtue of the ſaid bequeſt.*

Pour le pl. Atkens apprentice *pour le pl. Moy ſemble que le pl. recovera.*

And firſt of all it ſeemeth expedient to conſider what is the nature of horſes, *and alſo what is the* nature of colours; *and ſo the argument will conſequently divide itſelf in a twofold way, that is to ſay, the* formal part, *and* ſubſtantial part. Horſes *are the* ſubſtantial part, *or thing bequeathed:* black and white, *the* formal *or deſcriptive part.*

Horſe, *in a phyſical ſenſe, doth import* a certain quadrupede or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular

gular diſpoſition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and conſtituted for the uſe and need of man. *Yea, ſo neceſſary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that ſundry and divers acts of parliament have from time to time been made* in favour of horſes.

1ſt Edward VI. *makes the tranſporting of* horſes *out of the kingdom, no leſs a penalty than the forfeiture of* 40 *l.*

2d and 3d Edward VI. *takes from* horſe-ſtealers *the benefit of their clergy.*

And the ſtatutes of the 27th and 32d of Henry VIII. *condeſcend ſo far as to take care of their very* breed: *theſe our wiſe anceſtors prudently foreſeeing, that they could not better take care of their own poſterity, than by alſo taking care of that of their* horſes.

And of ſo great eſteem are horſes *in the eye of the common law, that when a* Knight of the Bath *committeth any great and enormous crime, his puniſhment is to have his* ſpurs chopt off with a clever, *being, as Maſter Brackton well obſerveth,* unworthy to ride on a horſe.

Littleton, ſect. 315. ſaith, *If tenants in common make a leaſe reſerving for rent* a horſe, *they ſhall have but one aſſize, becauſe,* ſaith the book, *the law will not ſuffer* a horſe to be ſevered. *Another argument of what high eſtimation the law maketh of an horſe.*

But as the great difference ſeemeth not to be ſo much touching the ſubſtantial part, horſes, *let us proceed to the formal or deſcriptive part,* viz. *what horſes they are that come within this bequeſt.*

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different ſorts; *of which* white *and* black *are the two extremes, and, conſequently,* comprehend within them all other colours whatſoever.

By a bequeſt therefore of black and white horſes, gray or pyed horſes may well paſs; *for when two extremes, or remoteſt ends of any thing are deviſed, the law, by common intendment, will intend* whatſoever is contained between them to be deviſed too.

But the preſent caſe is ſtill ſtronger, coming not only within the intendment, but alſo the very letter of the words.

By

By the word black, *all the horſes that are* black are deviſed; *by the word* white, *are deviſed thoſe that are* white; *and by the ſame word, with the conjunction copulative*, and, *between them*, the horſes that are black and white, *that is to ſay*, pyed, are deviſed alſo.

Whatever is black and white *is* pyed, *and whatever* is pyed *is* black and white; *ergo* black and white *is* pyed, *and, vice verſa*, pyed *is* black and white.

If therefore black and white horſes *are deviſed*, pyed horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch deviſe; but black and white horſes are deviſed; *ergo*, the pl. ſhall have the pyed horſes.

Pour le defend. Catlyne *ſerjeant: Moy ſemble al' contrary, the plaintiff* ſhal not have the pyed horſes by intendment; *for, if by the deviſe of* black and white horſes, *not only black and white horſes, but horſes of any colour between theſe two extremes may paſs*, then not only pyed and grey horſes, but alſo red or bay horſes would paſs likewiſe; which would be abſurd, and againſt reaſon. *And this is another ſtrong argument in law, Nihil, quod eſt contra rationem, eſt licitum; for* reaſon is the life of the law, *nay, the* common law is nothing but reaſon; *which is to be underſtood of* artificial perfection and reaſon *gotten by long ſtudy, and* not of man's natural reaſon; *for nemo naſcitur artifex*, and legal reaſon *eſt ſumma ratio; and therefore if all the reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many different heads, were united into one, he could not make ſuch a law as the law of England; becauſe by many ſucceſſions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; ſo that the old rule may be verified in it*, Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem.

As therefore pyed horſes *do not come within the intendment of the bequeſt, ſo neither do they within the letter of the words.*

A pyed horſe *is not a* white horſe, *neither is a* pyed a black horſe; *how then can* pyed horſes *come under the words of* black and white horſes?

Beſides, where cuſtom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all deviſes, feofments, and grants, that certain name ſhall be made uſe of, and no uncertain circumlocutory deſcriptions ſhall be allowed;

for

for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of juſtice.

Le reſte del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo ſui diſturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donné pour le pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in arreſt of judgment, *that the* pyed horſes were mares; *and thereupon an* inſpection was prayed.

Et ſur ceo le court adviſare vult.

A KEY to the LOCK:

OR,

A Treatiſe, proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

Written in the Year 1714.

SINCE this unhappy diviſion of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made uſe of by writers to obſcure the truth, and cover deſigns which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their cuſtom of late to vent their political ſpleen in *allegory* and *fable*. If an honeſt believing nation is to be made a jeſt of, we have a ſtory of John Bull and his wife; if a treaſurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white ſtraw* is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphoſed into a tale of count Tariff.

But if any of theſe malevolents have a ſmall talent in rhime, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleaſing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poiſon under the ſweetneſs of numbers.

It is the duty of every well deſigning ſubject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill conſequences of ſuch pernicious treatiſes; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled, the RAPE of the LOCK; which I ſhall demonſtrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and juſt obſervation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by conſidering *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his diſpoſition in particular.

Now,

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papiſt, is well-known; and that a genius ſo capable of doing ſervice to that cauſe may have been corrupted in the courſe of his education by jeſuits or others, is juſtly very much to be ſuſpected; notwithſtanding that ſeeming coolneſs and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by thoſe of his own perſuaſion. They are ſenſible, that this nation is ſecured by good and wholeſome laws, to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any ſort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their deſigns the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to ſpread popiſh doctrines, yet it comes to the ſame point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is ſo firmly founded on the ſtate, that the only way to ſhake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental diſcovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popiſh friends and abettors, to hide his whole deſign upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themſelves.

Upon the day that this poem was publiſhed, it was my fortune to ſtep into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a paſſion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he ſaid, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman catholic Knight.*

I was the ſame evening at Will's, and ſaw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and ſhewing his ſnuff-box and cane to prove he was ſatirized in the ſame character. I aſked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman catholic Lord.*

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She alſo took up the character of Belinda with much frankneſs and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication †, that he meant ſomething further.

This

† " The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) re-

This Lady is alſo a *Roman catholic*. At the ſame time others of the characters were claimed by ſome perſons in the room; and all of them *Roman catholics*.

But to proceed to the work itſelf:

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and eſpecially thoſe that are induſtriouſly made ſo, it is not to be expected we ſhould find the clue at firſt ſight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we ſhall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate compoſition.

Firſt then, let it be obſerved, that in the moſt demonſtrative ſciences ſome *poſtulata* are to be granted, upon which the reſt is naturally founded.

The only *poſtulatum* or conceſſion which I deſire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

The BARRIER TREATY.*

I. Firſt then, I ſhall diſcover, that Belinda repreſents Great Britain, or, which is the ſame thing, her *late Majeſty*. This is plainly ſeen in his deſcription of her:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe bore:

alluding to the antient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *croſs* which is the enſign of England.

II The baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E of Oxford.

III. Clariſſa, who lent the ſciſſars, my Lady Maſham.

IV. Thaleſtris, who provokes Belinda to reſent the loſs of the Lock, or Treaty, the Ducheſs of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thaleſtris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpoſe.

There are ſome other inferior characters, which we

" ſembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

* For a full account of the political tranſactions relating to this treaty, ſee *The Conduct of the Allies*; and, *Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty*, vol. ii.

ſhall

ſhall obſerve upon afterwards; but I ſhall firſt explain the foregoing.

The firſt part of the Baron's character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprizing, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aſpires to is the treaſury, in order to which he offers a ſacrifice:

——— ——— *an altar built*
Of twelve vaſt French *romances neatly gilt.*

Our author here takes occaſion maliciouſly to inſinuate this ſtateſman's love to France; repreſenting the books he chiefly ſtudies to be vaſt French romances: theſe are the vaſt proſpects from the friendſhip and alliance of France, which he ſatirically calls romances; hinting thereby, that theſe promiſes and proteſtations were no more to be relied on than thoſe idle legends. Of theſe he is ſaid to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his ſchemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* abovementioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he ſacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy ſhow and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on ſome of his friends; and we may, without ſtraining the ſenſe, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of thoſe military employments, which he is ſaid to have ſacrificed to his deſigns. The prize, as I ſaid before, means the treaſury, which he makes his prayer *ſoon to obtain*, and *long to poſſeſs*.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air:

In the firſt of theſe lines he gives him the treaſury, and in the laſt ſuggeſts, that he ſhould not long poſſeſs that honour.

That Thaleſtris is the Ducheſs of Marlborough, appears both by her nearneſs to Belinda, and by this author's maleyolent ſuggeſtion that ſhe is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thelaſtris cries:

But more particularly by ſeveral paſſages in her ſpeech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things ſhe ſays, *Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?* Was it for this ſo much *paper* has been ſpent to ſecure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears ſurvey;
Already hear the horrid things they ſay;
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt.

This deſcribes the aſperſions under which that good Princeſs ſuffered, and the repentance which muſt have followed the diſſolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refuſal ſome people made to drink her Majeſty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a ſoldier) has all the circumſtances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earneſt eyes ——

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of ſnuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is ſo juſtly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the enſign of a general. His *earneſt eye*, or the vivacity of his look, is ſo particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be miſtaken for no other, had not the author purpoſely obſcured it by the fictitious circumſtances of a *round unthinking face.*

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human perſons* (for there are ſome others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the ſequel of this diſcourſe), I ſhall next take in pieces his *machinery*,, wherein the ſatire is wholly confined to miniſters of ſtate.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at firſt ſight appeared to me to ſignify the two contending parties of this nation; for theſe being placed in the *air*, and thoſe on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination,

high

high and *low*. But as they are made to be the firſt movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they repreſent promiſcuouſly the *heads of parties*; whom he makes to be the authors of all thoſe changes in the ſtate, which are generally imputed to the levity and inſtability of the Britiſh nation.

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonſtration; for, ſpeaking of theſe ſpirits, he ſays in expreſs terms.

——*The chief the care of* nations *own*,
And guard with arms *divine the* Britiſh throne.

And here let it not ſeem odd, if, in this myſterious way of writing, we find the ſame perſon, who has before been repreſented by the *Baron*, again deſcribed in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take ſuch a liberty. As for inſtance, I have read in St Evremont, that all the *different* characters in Petronius are but Nero in ſo many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We obſerve in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is poſſeſſed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is abſolutely neceſſary, that this perſon muſt be the miniſter who was neareſt the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treaſurer, may know him by his enſigns in the following line:

He rais'd his azure wand.

His ſitting on the *maſt* of a veſſel ſhews his preſiding over the South-ſea trade. When Ariel aſſigns to his Sylphs all the poſts about Belinda, what is more clearly deſcribed than the treaſurer's diſpoſing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majeſty? But let us hear the lines.

—*Ye*

——Ye ſpirits, to your charge repair,
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majeſty's dreſſer, and impudently given *nick names* to each. To put this matter beyond all diſpute, the Sylphs are ſaid to be *wonderous fond of place*, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermoſt*, and all the reſt take their places *ſubordinately under him.*

Here again I cannot but obſerve the exceſſive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the ſame invidious ſtroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he ſaw his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he ſhould *reſign his place*, which it is probable all miniſters do, with a *ſigh.*

At the head of the Gnomes he ſets Umbriel, a duſky melancholy ſprite, who makes it his buſineſs to give Belinda the ſpleen; a vile and malicious ſuggeſtion againſt ſome *grave* and *worthy miniſter.* The vapours, phantoms, viſions, and the like, are the jealouſies, fears, and cries of danger, that have ſo often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Thoſe who are deſcribed in the houſe of *ſpleen*, under thoſe ſeveral fantaſtical forms, are the ſame whom their ill-willers have ſo often called the *whimſical.*

The two foregoing ſpirits being the only conſiderable characters of the machinery, I ſhall but juſt mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the *ſciſſars* at the loſs of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly underſtood my Lord Townſhend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his employment upon the diſſolution of it: but that ſpirit reunites, and receives no harm; to ſignify that it came to nothing, and his Lordſhip had no real hurt by it.

But

But I muſt not conclude this head of the characters without obſerving, that our author has run through every ſtage of beings in ſearch of topics for detraction. As he has characterized ſome perſons under *angels* and *men*, ſo he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate*: he has even repreſented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former.

——*But* Shock, *who thought ſhe ſlept too long,*
Leapt up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux.

By this *ſhock* it is manifeſt he has moſt audaciouſly and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *ſermon*, which made ſo much *noiſe*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *ſpeech* at his trial, ſince immediately thereupon, our author ſays, her *eyes opened* on a *billet-doux*. Billet-doux being addreſſes to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted thoſe addreſſes of loving ſubjects to her Majeſty, which enſued that trial.

The other inſtance is at the end of the third Canto.

Steel *did the labours of the gods deſtroy,*
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy.
Steel *could the works of mortal pride confound,*
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he moſt impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleaſure of her Majeſty, or of her miniſtry, but to the frequent inſtigations of his friend Mr Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now conſidered the general intent and ſcope of the poem, and opened the characters, I ſhall next diſcover the malice which is covered under the epiſodes, and particular paſſages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a myſtical repreſentation of the late

late *war*, which is hinted by his making *ſpades* the trump; *ſpade* in Spaniſh ſignifying a *ſword*, and being yet ſo painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her ſucceſs in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play againſt her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not queſtion but every particular card has its perſon and character aſſigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I ſhall only inſtance in the deſcription of the diſgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then ſuffered, which is ſo apparent in theſe verſes:

Ey'n mighty pam, *that kings and queens o'erthrew,*
And mow'd down armies in the fights of lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern tranſactions, is very plain, from an unguarded ſtroke towards the end of this game:

And now, as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate,
On one nice trick *depends the gen'ral fate.*

After the concluſion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thankſgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious inſinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly obſerved this ſeditious writer delights in), that the peace ſhould continue but a ſhort time, and that the day ſhould afterwards be curſed, which was then celebrated with ſo much joy:

Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As

As the game at *ombre* is a ſatirical repreſentation of the late *war*, ſo is the *tea-table* that enſues, of the *council-table*, and its conſultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the paſſage, which repreſents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not ſay he means thoſe preſents of rich *gold ſtuff ſuits*, which were ſaid to be made her Majeſty by the king of France, though I cannot but ſuſpect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the ſcandalous John Dunton) repreſents the miniſtry in plain terms taking *frequent cups*,

And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt;

for it is manifeſt he meant ſomething more than common coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the politician wiſe;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems———

I ſhall only further obſerve, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, ſhould the barrier-treaty be diſſolved?

The enſuing *contentions* of the *parties*, upon the loſs of that treaty, are deſcribed in the ſquabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he raſhly expreſſes without any diſguiſe,

All ſide in parties——

and here you have a Gentleman who *ſinks beſide the chair*: a plain alluſion to a noble Lord, who loſt his chair of *preſident* of the *council*.

I come next to the *bodkin*, ſo dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the Britiſh *ſceptre*, ſo revered in the hand of our late auguſt Princeſs. His own

note

note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a ſceptre; and the verſes are ſo plain, they need no remark.

The ſame (his antient perſonage to deck)
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck
In three ſeal rings, *which, after melted down,*
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open ſatire upon *hereditary right!* The *three ſeal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

Theſe are the chief paſſages in the battle, by which, as hath before been ſaid, he means the ſquabble of parties. Upon this occaſion he could not end the deſcription without teſtifying his malignant joy at thoſe diſſenſions, from which he forms the proſpect that *both* ſhould be diſappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accompliſhed,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are croſt,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt.

The lock at length is turn'd into a *ſtar*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace*. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to eſcape the puniſhment for the reſt of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with theſe lines:

God ſave the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagine it the moſt *extraordinary ſtar* that ever appeared in our hemiſphere. A ſtar, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whoſe influence, not Mr John Partridge alone (whoſe worthy labours this writer

writer ſo ungenerouſly ridicules) but all true Britons, may, with no leſs authority than he, prognoſticate *the fall of Lewis* in the reſtraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now conſidered this poem in its political view, wherein we have ſhown, that it hath two different walks of ſatire; the one in the ſtory itſelf, which is a ridicule on the *late tranſactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a ſatire on the *miniſters of ſtate in particular*. I ſhall now ſhew that the ſame poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is ſecretly inſinuated thro' the whole.

In the firſt place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of *guardian angels* and *patron ſaints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popiſh ſuperſtition that hath been exploded ever ſince the reformation, he would revive under this diſguiſe. Here are all the particulars which they believe of thoſe beings, which I ſhall ſum up in a few heads.

1*ſt*, The ſpirits are made to concern themſelves with all human actions in general.

2*dly*, A diſtinct guardian ſpirit or patron is aſſigned to each perſon in particular.

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite ———

3*dly*, They are made directly to inſpire dreams, viſions, and revelations.

Her guardian Sylph prolonged her balmy reſt,
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream ———

4*thly*, They are made to be ſubordinate in different degrees, ſome preſiding over others. So Ariel has his ſeveral under-officers at command,

Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5*thly*, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office aſſigned him.

Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe, etc.

6*thly*, He hath given his ſpirits the charge of the ſeveral parts of *dreſs*; intimating thereby, that the ſaints preſide over the ſeveral parts of *human bodies*. They have one ſaint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and ſo of the reſt.

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign, etc.

7*thly*, They are repreſented to know the thoughts of men:

As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind.

8*thly*, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of ſhock.

So St Anthony preſides over hogs, *&c.*

9*thly*, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of theſe the chief, the care of nations own.

So St George is imagined by the *papiſts* to defend England, St Patrick Ireland, St James Spain, *&c.* Now, what is the conſequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we muſt be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *maſs*, and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome*. The *unveiling* of the *altar*, the *ſilver vaſes* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the prieſts are upon the chief feſtivals, and the *head uncovered*, are manifeſt marks of this.

A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends ———

plainly denotes *image worſhip*.

The

The *goddeſs*, who is decked with *treaſures, jewels*, and the various *offerings of the world*, manifeſtly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incenſe-pot* in the following line.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, repreſents the popiſh religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is deſcribed in the ſtate this malevolent author wiſhes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overſpreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the purple main,
Then iſſuing forth the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.

She is dreſſed with a *croſs* on her breaſt, the enſign of popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs *ſhe wore,*
Which Jews might kiſs, *and infidels* adore.

Next he repreſents her as the *univerſal church*, according to the boaſts of the papiſts:

And like the ſun ſhe ſhines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on here face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it ſhould be granted ſome errors fall to her ſhare, look on the pompous figure ſhe makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the ſacrifice following you have theſe two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the firſt of them he plainly hints at their riſing to *ma-*

tins; in the ſecond, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of ſaints*.

Belinda's viſits are deſcribed with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always uſed in the cerimonial part of the Romiſh worſhip.

——*Viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,*
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar ſphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is ſeen in the following line:

Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd *there.*

It is a popiſh doctrine, that ſcarce any perſon quits this world, but he muſt touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here alſo repreſented as the *treaſury* of the *Romiſh church*. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* ſhould be *purgatory*, when a learned divine hath in a late treatiſe proved the *ſun* to be *hell* *.

I ſhall now, before I conclude, deſire the reader to compare this key with thoſe upon any other pieces, which are ſuppoſed to have been ſecret ſatires upon the ſtate, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true Hiſtory, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the juſtice to acknowlege, that the explanations here laid down, are reduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *ſcope* and *bent* of the work, and from the ſeveral *particulars*: furthermore, that they are every way as conſiſtent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretation of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the moſt eminent and able *ſtate decypherers* themſelves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more ſafely *ſworn* to?

To ſum up my whole charge againſt this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the preſent miniſtry and the laſt; abuſed great ſtateſmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not eſcaped him, nor has the royal dignity itſelf been omitted in the progreſs

* The Reverend Dr Swinden.

of

of his ſatire; and all this he has done juſt at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made uſe of to bring him to condign puniſhment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the perſons moſt concerned would but order Mr Bernard Lintot, the printer and publiſher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into cuſtody and examined, many farther diſcoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettor's ſecret deſigns, which are doubtleſs of the utmoſt importance to the *government*.

MEMOIRS of P. P. Clerk of this Pariſh.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatiſe conſiſted in two large volumes in folio; which might juſtly be entitled, The importance of a man to himſelf: *but, as it can be of very little uſe to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort abſtract of it, as a taſte of the* true ſpirit of memoir writers.

IN the name of the LORD. Amen. I P. P. by the grace of GOD, clerk of this pariſh, writeth this hiſtory.

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a pariſh-clerk: and to that end, it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the pariſh-clerks of this land; ſuch I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now, it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſquire Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, "That one and the ſame day did give to this our church "two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter, in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as the lady and death, the children in the wood, and chevy-chaſe; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the pſalm next after maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who

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(it muſt be confeſſed to the glory of God) was a moſt excellent pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to ringing; inſomuch, that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſet of bells in the whole *country*: neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat, that was edged with ſilver galoon: but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Gummins weaver, and behold my head was broke a ſecond time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trinkled therefrom. But I adminiſtred to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "what man is "there, howſoever dextrous in any craft, who is for "aye on his guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantaſies: thus was I led into ſin by the comelineſs of Suſanna Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame; for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye, and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and, to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the miniſter (who had long looked on Suſanna as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good maſter William Harris.

Here ends the firſt chapter; after which follow fifty

or

or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Suſanna his preſent wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Than mayeſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the Prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt before "men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr. Juſtice Freeman, "the grave Mr. Juſtice Thompſon, the good Lady Jones, "and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, "the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and "my young maſter the Eſquire, who ſhall one day be "Lord of this manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes, which had crept into the church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes in tearing from them the half eaten apples, which they privily munched

at

at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs ears throughout our great bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fiftly and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurpliee to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water), and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linen.

Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us, he did not neglect his uſual occupations as a handy-craftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed: how that, being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lamp black powdered his peruke. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I had once the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Francis her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: he was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And thirdly, I was intruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit; for it muſt be owned, that when he ſpeaks as a ſhoemaker, he is very abſurd.

abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the* bulls *of Baſon, of Simon the* tanner, *&c.; and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

The next relates how he diſcovered a thief *with a bible and key, and experimented verſes of the pſalms, that had cured* agues.

I paſs over many others, which informs us of pariſh affairs only, ſuch as of the ſucceſſion of curates; *a liſt of the* weekly texts; *what* pſalms *he chuſe on proper occaſions; and what children were* born *and* buried: *the laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of baſtards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh: even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Pſalms of K. David ſhould be hymned unto the ſame tunes, to which he played them upon his harp; (ſo was I informed by my ſinging maſter, a man right cunning in pſalmody.) Now was our over abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the ſolfa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his majeſty's chapel. We had London ſinging maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto exciſemen; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow-pariſhioners in this new manner of worſhip. What though they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril as a ſackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony,

mony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the law-suits *of the parson and his parishioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the* history might be compleated by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.

The next contains an account of the briefs *read in the church, and the sums collected upon each.* For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2 *s.* and 7 *d.* $\frac{3}{4}$. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1 *s.* $\frac{1}{2}$. For an inundation, a King Charles groat, given by Lady Francis, *&c.*

In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, *and celebrates the benefits arising from those at* funerals, *concluding with these words:* Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but, after great encomiums, concludes, that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was conſtantly admitted to all the feaſts and banquets of the church officers, and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pariſh. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himſelf. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the uſe of texts. Let a preacher, ſaith he, conſider the aſſembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-ſerving men. "*The heads of the land judge "for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and "the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean "upon the Lord and ſay, Is not the Lord among us?*" Were the firſt miniſter to appoint a preacher before the houſe of commons, would not he be wiſe to make choice of theſe words? "*Give, and it ſhall be given unto ye.*" Or before the lords, "*Giving no offence, that the miniſtry "be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3." Or praiſing the warm zeal of an adminiſtration, "*Who maketh his miniſters a "flaming fire,* Pſal. civ. 4." We omit many others of his texts as too tedious.

From this period the ſtile of the book riſes extremely. Before the next chapter was paſted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with politics.

P We are now, ſays he, arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our high-church at heart, neither would I, at any ſeaſon, mingle myſelf in the ſocieties of fanatics, whom I, from my infancy, abhored more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf, that much profit might accrue unto our pariſh, and even unto the nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did

did inſtitute a weekly aſſembly of divers worthy men at the roſe and crown ale-houſe, over whom myſelf, though unworthy, did preſide. Yea, I did read to them the poſt-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves.

Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciſe-man; Thomas White, wheel-wright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed an horſe of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of ſpeech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle by the mother's ſide had formerly been ſervitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace the miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other miniſters at the viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto other miniſters at London, ſo that even the biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, ſpake of the ſame unto other members of parliament, who ſpake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counſels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

After this, the book is turned on a ſudden from his own life, *to a* hiſtory *of all the* public tranſactions *of Europe, compiled from the news-papers of thoſe times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at laſt, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that all the meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, together with the peace of Utrecht, which have been uſually attributed to the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lords Ha-*

court and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcock, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the country on purpoſe; but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident I met an old clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all we could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood, was, that he had been taken notice of for ſwallowing loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white cur with one ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this ſtone:
Do all we can, death is a man
That never ſpareth none.

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

PARTY is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

II.

There never was any party, faction, ſect, or cabal whatſoever, in which the moſt ignorant were not the moſt violent: for a bee is not a buſier animal than a block-head. However, ſuch inſtruments are neceſſary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with ſtates as with clocks, which muſt have ſome dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more uſeful parts.

III.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

IV.

Fine ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo uſeful as common ſenſe: there are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he, that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of readier change.

V.

Learning is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, the moſt miſchievous.

VI.

The niceſt conſtitutions of government are often like the fineſt pieces of clock-work; which depending on ſo many motions, are therefore more ſubject to be out of order.

VII.

Every man has juſt as much vanity, as he wants underſtanding.

VIII.

Modeſty, if it were to be recommended for nothing elſe, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at eaſe, whereas boaſting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have ſenſe, modeſty beſts proves it to others; if we have none, it beſt hides our want of it. For, as bluſhing will ſometimes make a whore paſs for a virtuous woman, ſo modeſty may make a fool ſeem a man of ſenſe.

IX.

It is not ſo much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if deſtroyed and conſumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever ſprung there.

X.

To pardon thoſe abſurdities in ourſelves which we cannot ſuffer in others, is neither better nor worſe than to be more willing to be fools ourſelves, than to have others ſo.

XI.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but ſaying, in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

XII.

Our paſſions are like convulſion-fits, which, though they make us ſtronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

XIII.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourſelves.

XIV.

A brave man thinks no one his ſuperior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himſelf ſuperior to the other, by forgiving it.

XV.

To relieve the oppreſſed is the moſt glorious act a man is capable of; it is in ſome meaſure doing the buſineſs of God and Providence.

XVI.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

XVII.

Atheiſts put on a falſe courage and alacrity in the midſt of their darkneſs and apprehenſions; like children, who when they go in the dark will ſing for fear.

XVIII.

An atheiſt is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a ſober jeſt of God and religion. He finds it eaſier to be upon his knees than to riſe to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor without ever paying what he owes.

XIX.

What Tully ſays of war, may be applied to diſputing: it ſhould be always ſo managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but generally true diſputants are like true ſportſmen, their whole delight is in the purſuit; and a diſputant no more cares for the truth, than the ſportſman for the hare.

XX.

The ſcripture, in time of diſputes, is like an open town in time of war, which ſerves indifferently the occaſions of both parties; each man makes uſe of it for the preſent turn, and then reſigns it to the next comer to do the ſame.

XXI.

Such as are ſtill obſerving upon others, are like thoſe who are always abroad at other mens houſes, reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

XXII.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a ſacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

XXIII.

When we are young, we are ſlaviſhly employed in procuring ſomething whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we propoſed.

XXIV.

People are ſcandalized, if one laughs at what they call a ſerious thing. Suppoſe I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a buſtle is here about my head?

XXV.

The greateſt advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

XXVI.

We ought in humanity no more to deſpiſe a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for thoſe of the body, when they are ſuch as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly conſidered, we ſhould no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

XXVII.

A man of wit is not capable of buſineſs, but above it. A ſprightly generous horſe is able to carry a pack-ſaddle as well as an aſs, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

XXVIII. Where-

XXVIII.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

XXIX.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons and ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

XXX.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes leaſt.

XXXI.

He who tells a lie, is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes, for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

XXXII.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of ſaying a fooliſh thing one's ſelf, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

XXXIII.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who firſt beſpatter thoſe that go before, and then tread on their heels.

XXXIV.

Falſe happineſs is like falſe money, it paſſes for a time as well as the true, and ſerves ſome ordinary occaſions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightneſs and allay, and feel the loſs.

XXXV.

Daſtardly men are like ſorry horſes, who have but juſt ſpirit and mettle enough to be miſchievous.

XXXVI. Some

XXXVI.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

XXXVII.

A perſon who is too nice an obſerver of the buſineſs of the croud, like one who is too curious in obſerving the labour of the bees, will often be ſtung for his curioſity.

XXXVIII.

A man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy, a man who has none may practiſe it.

XXXIX.

There are ſome ſolitary wretches, who ſeem to have left the reſt of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

XL.

The vanity of human life is like a river, conſtantly paſſing away, and yet conſtantly coming on.

XLI.

I ſeldom ſee a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to ſatisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea of an immortal ſoul!

XLII.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never ſo eaſy or ſo little impoſed upon, as among people of the beſt ſenſe: it coſts far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have leſs underſtanding to be employed, ſo they have more vanity to be pleaſed; and to keep a fool conſtantly in good humour with himſelf and with others, is no very eaſy taſk.

XLII.

The difference betwixt what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the ſame things ſaid in a little room, or in a large ſalon, at ſmall

ſmall tables, or at great tables, before two candles or twenty ſconces.

XLIV.

It is with narrow-ſouled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the leſs they have in them, the more noiſe they make in pouring it out.

XLV.

Many men have been capable of doing a wiſe thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

XLVI.

Since it is reaſonable to doubt moſt things, we ſhould moſt of all doubt that reaſon of ours which would demonſtrate all things.

XLVII.

To buy books, as ſome do who make no uſe of them, only becauſe they were publiſhed by an eminent printer; is much as if a man ſhould buy cloaths that did not fit him, only becauſe they were made by ſome famous taylor.

XLVIII.

It is as offenſive to ſpeak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill-manners to whiſper in it; he is diſpleaſed at both for the ſame reaſon, becauſe he is ignorant of what is ſaid.

XLIX.

Falſe critics rail at falſe wits, as quacks and impoſtors are ſtill cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry others cheats only to make more way for their own.

L.

Old men, for the moſt part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of times paſt, and are worth knowing only on that ſcore.

LI.

There ſhould be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman

woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his proſperity; both being equally ſubject to change.

LII.

We ſhould manage our thoughts in compoſing any work, as ſhepherds do their flowers in making a garland; firſt ſelect the choiceſt, and then diſpoſe them in the moſt proper places, where they give a luſtre to each other.

LIII.

As handſome children are more a diſhonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, becauſe unlike himſelf; ſo good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more ſhame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

LIV.

Human beaſts, like other beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their deſtruction.

LV.

The moſt poſitive men are the moſt credulous; ſince they moſt believe themſelves, and adviſe moſt with their falſeſt flatterer, and worſt enemy, their own ſelf-love.

LVI.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is ſo much your ſecond-ſelf, that he will judge too like you.

LVII.

Women uſe lovers as they do cards; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps loſe by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

LVIII.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth

of

of a gameſter, is ever moſt uſed as their truth is moſt queſtioned.

LIX.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, ſo generally reſemble them in this, that they pleaſe us no longer when once we know them.

LX.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reaſon to wiſh himſelf her huſband, than one who admired the *Heſperian* fruit would have had to wiſh himſelf the dragon that kept it.

LXI.

He who marries a wife, becauſe he cannot always live chaſtly, is much like a man, who, finding a few humours in his body, reſolves to wear a perpetual bliſter.

LXII.

Married people, for being ſo cloſely united, are but the apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the ſooner.

LXIII.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants; what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but ſo many ſeparate and claſhing intereſts: the ſon wiſhes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the ſiſters portions; when any of them marry, there are new diviſions, and new animoſities. It is but natural and reaſonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

LXIV.

Authors in France ſeldom ſpeak ill of each other, but when they have a perſonal pique; authors in England ſeldom ſpeak well of each other, but when they have a perſonal friendſhip.

LXV. There

LXV.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

LXVI.

Men are grateful in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

LXVII.

The longer we live, the more we ſhall be convinced, that it is reaſonable to love God, and deſpiſe man, as far as we know either.

LXVIII.

The character in converſation which commonly paſſes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falſhood.

LXIX.

A ſhort and certain way to obtain the character of a reaſonable and wiſe man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

LXX.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought ſo in men; a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

LXXI.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenneſs.

LXXII.

Thoſe people only will conſtantly trouble you with doing little offices for them who leaſt deſerve you ſhould do them any.

LXXIII.

We are ſometimes apt to wonder to ſee thoſe people proud who have done the meaneſt things; whereas a con-

conſciouſneſs of having done poor things, and a ſhame of hearing of them, often make the compoſition we call pride.

LXXIV.

An excuſe is worſe and more terrible than a lie, for an excuſe is a *lie guarded*.

LXXV.

Praiſe is like ambergreaſe: a little whiff of it, and by ſnatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your noſe, it is a ſtink, and ſtrikes you down.

LXXVI.

The general cry is againſt ingratitude, but ſure the complaint is miſplaced, it ſhould be againſt vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almoſt every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deſerves, while the other thinks he hath received leſs than he deſerves.

LXXVII.

I never knew any man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Chriſtian.

LXXVIII.

Several explanations of caſuiſts, to multiply the catalogue of ſins, may be called *amendments* to the *ten commandments*.

LXXIX.

It is obſervable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies: the reaſon may be, that in tragedy their ſex is deified and adored, in comedy expoſed and ridiculed.

LXXX.

The character of covetouſneſs is what a man generally acquires more through ſome niggardlineſs, or ill grace, in little and inconſiderable things, than in expences of any conſequence. A very few pounds a-year would eaſe that man of the ſcandal of avarice.

EXXXI.

Some men's wit is like a dark lanthorn, which ſerves their own turn, and guides them their own way: but is never known (according to the ſcripture phraſe) either to ſhine forth before men, or to glorify their father in heaven.

LXXXII.

It often happens, that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers, as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been picking at.

LXXXIII.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal ſpirits to the heart; a ſymptom that the conſtitution is in danger.

LXXXIV.

The wonder we often expreſs at our neighbours keeping dull company, would leſſen, if we reflected, that moſt people ſeek companions leſs to be talked to, than to talk.

LXXXV.

Amuſement is the happineſs of thoſe that cannot think.

LXXXVI.

Never ſtay dinner for a clergyman, who is to make a morning viſit ere he comes; for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that aſks him.

LXXXVII.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himſelf with running eternally after the ball, but ſtays till it comes to him.

LXXXVIII.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reaſon, and not the object of reaſoning: the wiſdom of God and the madneſs of man.

LXXXIX. Ma-

LXXXIX.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end so, after disappointment.

XC.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

XCI.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

XCII.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough: a scare-crow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

XCIII.

The greatest things and the most praise-worthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty well advised.

XCIV.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers or men of parts in business so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad, it is generally more from a necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

XCV.

Whatever may be ſaid againſt a premier or ſole miniſter, the evil of ſuch an one, in an abſolute government, may not be great: for it is poſſible, that almoſt any miniſter may be a better man than a king born and bred.

XCVI.

A man coming to the water-ſide is ſurrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his ſervices; the whole buſtle of the place ſeems to be only for him. The ſame man going from the water-ſide, no noiſe is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him paſs with utter neglect! the picture of a miniſter when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

Law

Law is a bottomleſs Pit:

O R,

The HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

Publiſhed from a manuſcript found in the cabinet of the famous Sir H. Poleſworth, in the year 1712.

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was firſt called to the office of hiſtoriographer to John Bull, he expreſſed himſelf to this purpoſe: "Sir Humphrey Poleſworth *, I know you are "a plain-dealer; it is for that reaſon I have choſen you "for this important truſt; ſpeak the truth, and ſpare not." That I might fulfil thoſe his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his moſt ſecret retirements; and I put the journals of all tranſactions into a ſtrong box, to be opened at a fitting occaſion, after the manner of the hiſtoriographers of ſome *eaſtern* monarchs: this I thought was the ſafeſt way; though I declare I was never afraid to be *choped* † by my maſter for telling of truth. It is from thoſe journals that my memoirs are compiled: therefore let not poſterity, a thouſand years hence, look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the ſecret ſprings of great actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be *nebuſed* ‡.

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the

* A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his converſation; of which there is a good deal in this book.

† A cant word of Sir Humphrey's.

‡ Another cant word, ſignifying *deceived*.

ſeveral beauties of the * ancient and modern hiſtorians; the impartial temper of Herodotus; the gravity, auſterity, and ſtrict morals of Thucydides, the extenſive knowledge of Xenophon, the ſublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius; and, to avoid the careleſs ſtyle of Polybius, I have borrowed conſiderable ornaments from Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus and Diodorus Siculus. The *ſpecious gilding* of Tacitus I have endeavoured to ſhun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are thoſe among the moderns whom I thought moſt worthy of imitation; but I cannot be ſo diſingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progreſs of John Bunyan, and the Tenter Belly of the reverend Joſeph Hall.

From ſuch encouragement and helps, it is eaſy to gueſs to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipt in the bud by ſome illiterate people in both *houſes of parliament*, who envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under pretence of raiſing money for the war, have padlocked† all thoſe very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by ſilencing at once the whole univerſity of Grub-ſtreet. I am perſuaded that nothing but the proſpect of an approaching *peace* could have encouraged them to make ſo bold a ſtep. But ſuffer me, in the name of the reſt of the matriculates of that famous univerſity, to aſk them ſome plain queſtions: Do they think that peace will bring along with it the golden age? Will there be never a dying ſpeech of a traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turned ſo tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the ſtreets, *a dangerous plot?* Will peace bring ſuch plenty, that no gentleman will have occaſion to go upon the highway, or break into a houſe; I am ſorry, that the world ſhould be ſo much impoſed upon by the dreams of a *falſe prophet*, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grub-ſtreet! thou fruitful nurſery of towering genius's! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to Engliſh *liberty*: no modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory: whether in

* A parody on Boyer's preface to his *hiſtory of* Queen Anne.

† Act reſtraining the liberty of the preſs, *etc.* which was paſſed in 1712; and the peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713.

ſoft

oft paſtorals thou didſt ſing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids; or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to Maeonian ſtrains thou raiſed'ſt thy voice, to record the ſtratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal ſcalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, deſcribing the powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the ſecret caverns and grotto's of Vulcan ſweating at his forge, and ſtamping the queen's image on viler metals, which he retails for beef, and pots of ale: or if thou wert content, in ſimple narrative, to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of raviſhed virgins, bluſhing to tell their adventures before the liſtening croud of city damſels; whilſt in thy faithful hiſtory thou intermingleſt the graveſt counſels and the pureſt morals. Nor leſs acute and piercing wert thou in thy ſearch and pompous deſcription of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didſt paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the ſtupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian ſagacity, thou unravelleſt intrigues of ſtate, and the traiterous conſpiracies of rebels, giving wiſe counſel to monarchs. How didſt thou move our terror and our pity with thy paſſionate ſcenes between Jack Catch and the heroes of the Old-Bailey! How didſt thou deſcribe their intrepid march up Holborn-hill! Nor didſt thou ſhine leſs in thy theological capacity, when thou gaveſt ghoſtly counſel to dying felons, and didſt record the guilty pangs of ſabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts of John Overton's * painting and ſulpture now languiſh! where rich invention, proper expreſſion, correct deſign, divine attitudes, and artful contraſt, heightened with the beauties of *Clar-Obſcur.* embelliſhed thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and aſtoniſhment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, perſuaſive eloquence! the quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively ſimile, are fled for ever! Inſtead of theſe, we ſhall have, *I know not what! — The illiterate will tell the reſt with pleaſure* †!

I hope,

* The engraver of the cuts before the Grub-ſtreet papers.

† Vid. the preface to four ſermons by William Fleetwood, biſhop

I hope, the reader will excuſe this digreſſion, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub-ſtreet, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overſpread all its regions, by this oppreſſive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and ſo long as I preſerved ſome figure and rank amongſt the learned of that ſociety, I ſcorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it *gratis* by the profeſſors in thoſe univerſities.

And now, that poſterity may not be ignorant in what age ſo excellent a hiſtory was written (which would otherwiſe, no doubt, be the ſubject of its enquiries), I think it proper to inform the learned of future times, that it was compiled when Lewis the XIVth was king of France, and Philip his grandſon, of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the *emperor* and the *allies*, entered into a war againſt theſe two princes, which laſted ten years under the *management* of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a concluſion by the treaty of Utrecht, under the miniſtry of the Earl of Oxford, in the year 1713.

biſhop of St. Aſaph, printed in 1712; where having diſplayed the *beautiful and pleaſing proſpect* which was opened by the war, he complains that the ſpirit of diſcord had given us in its ſtead—*I know not what — Our enemies will tell the reſt with pleaſure.* This preface was, by order of the Houſe of Commons, burnt by the hangman in Palace-yard, Weſtminſter. *Hawkeſ.*

Many at that time did imagine the hiſtory of John Bull, and the perſonages mentioned in it, to be *allegorical*, which the author would never own. Notwithſtanding, to indulge the reader's fancy and curioſity, I have printed at the bottom of the page the *ſuppoſed* alluſions of the moſt obſcure parts of the ſtory.

The

The HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

The occaſion of the law-ſuit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels, that have happened in our neighbourhood ſince the death of the late Lord Strutt *; how the parſon †, and a ‡ cunning attorney, got him to ſettle his eſtate upon his couſin || Philip Baboon, to the great diſappointment of his couſin * Eſquire South. Some ſtick not to ſay, that the parſon and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and eſtate have continued ever ſince in the perſon of Philip Baboon.

You know, that the Lord Strutts have for many years been poſſeſſed of a very great landed eſtate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, ſalt, tin, copper, iron, *etc.* all within themſelves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their ſtewards, tradeſmen, and inferior ſervants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the ſame time, their not abating of their expenſive way of living has forced them to

* Charles II. of Spain died without iſſue, and

† Card. Portocarero, and the

‡ Marſhal of Harcourt, employed, as is ſuppoſed, by the *houſe of* Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he ſettled the ſucceſſion of the Spaniſh monarchy upon

|| Philip of Bourbon Duke of Anjou, though his right had, by the moſt ſolemn renunciations, been barred in favour of

* The Archduke Charles of Auſtria;

mortgage

mortgage their beſt manors: it is credibly reported, that the butchers and bakers bill of a Lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came firſt to the poſſeſſion of the Lord Strutt's eſtate, his tradeſmen, as is uſual upon ſuch occaſions, waited upon him to wiſh him joy and beſpeak his cuſtom: the two chief were * John Bull the clothier, and † Nic. Frog the linen-draper: they told him, that the Bulls and the Frogs had ſerved the Lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honeſt and fair dealers; that their bills had never been queſtioned; that the Lord Strutts lived generouſly, and never uſed to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordſhip might depend upon their honeſty; that they would uſe him as kindly, as they had done his predeceſſors. The young Lord ſeemed to take all in good part, and diſmiſſed them with a deal of ſeeming content, aſſuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predeceſſors.

CHAP. II.

How Bull *and* Frog *grew jealous, that the Lord* Strutt *intended to give all his cuſtom to his grandfather* Lewis Baboon ‡.

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young Lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) *a falſe loon*, of a grandfather, that one might juſtly call a Jack *of all trades* *; ſometimes you would ſee him behind his counter ſelling broad-cloth, ſometimes meaſuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware; high-heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he underſtood to a nicety; Charles

* the Engliſh, and

† the Dutch, congratulated Philip upon a ſucceſſion, which they were not able to prevent: but to diſappoint the ambition of

‡ Lewis the XIV. and hinder the French nation, whoſe

* *trade and character* are thus deſcribed, and whoſe king had a

Mather

Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would deſcend even to the ſelling of tape, garters, and ſhoe buckles. When ſhop was ſhut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By theſe methods he had acquired immenſe riches, which he uſed to ſquander* away at back ſword, and quarter-ſtaff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleaſure, and challenged all the country. You will ſay it is no wonder if Bull and Frog ſhould be jealous of this fellow. "It is not "impoſſible (ſays Frog to Bull) but this old rogue will "take the management of the young Lord's buſineſs into "his hands; beſides the raſcal has good ware, and will "ſerve him as cheap as any body. In that caſe, I leave "you to judge what muſt become of us and our families; "we muſt ſtarve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Ba-"boon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it adviſeable, that "we writ to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of "this matter."

CHAP. III.

A copy of Bull *and* Frog's *Letter to lord* Strutt.

MY LORD,

I Suppoſe your lordſhip knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have ſerved the Lord Strutts with all ſorts of drapery-ware time out of mind; and whereas we are jealous, not without reaſon, that your lordſhip intends henceforth to buy of your grandſire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your lordſhip, that this proceeding does not ſuit with the circumſtances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generoſity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordſhip, that you muſt find ſufficient *ſecu-*

* *Strong diſpoſition to war*,, from becoming too potent, an alliance was formed to "procure a reaſonable ſatisfaction to the "houſe of Auſtria for its pretenſions to the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, "and ſufficient

rity

rity * to us, our heirs and aſſigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or elſe we will take our remedy at *law*, clap an action upon you of 20,000 *l.* for old debts, ſeize and diſtrain your goods and chattels, which, conſidering your lordſhip's circumſtances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be eaſy to extricate yourſelf; therefore we hope, when your lordſhip has better conſidered on it, you will comply with the deſire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends adviſed him to take gentle methods with the young Lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impoſſible to expreſs the ſurprize of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not fluſh in *ready*, either to go to law, or clear old debts; neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promiſed, upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpoſe, for Bull and Frog ſaw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

CHAP. IV.

How Bull *and* Frog *went to law with Lord* Strutt *about the premiſes, and were joined by the reſt of the tradeſmen.*

ALL endeavours of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers, proved vain; jealouſies increaſed, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that Lord Strutt had beſpoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon.

* "*ſecurity* to England and Holland for their dominions, na-
" vigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the
" two monarchies, France and Spain." To effect theſe purpoſes Queen Anne was by

This

This coming to Mrs Bull's * ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs Bull, you muſt know, was very apt to be choleric. "You "ſot, ſays ſhe, you loiter about ale-houſes and taverns, "ſpend your time at billiards, nine-pins, or puppet-ſhows, "or flaunt about the ſtreets in your new gilt chariot, ne- "ver minding me nor your numerous family. Don't "you hear how Lord Strutt has beſpoke his liveries at "Lewis Baboon's ſhop? Don't you ſee how that old fox "ſteals away your cuſtomers, and turns you out of your "buſineſs every day, and you ſit like an idle drone with "your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't! up man, "rouze thyſelf; I'll ſell to my ſhirt, before I'll be ſo u- "ſed by that knave." You muſt think Mrs Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimouſly aſſured them both of the juſtice and infallible ſucceſs of their law-ſuit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a ſort of a Jack *of all trades*, which made the reſt of the tradeſmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining againſt old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the ſuit; even lying Ned †, the chimney-ſweeper of Savoy, and Tom ‡, the Portugal duſtman, put in their claims; and the cauſe was put into the hands of Humphrey Hocus the attorney **.

A declaration was drawn up to ſhew, "That Bull and "Frog had undoubted right by preſcription to be dra- "pers to the Lord Struts; that there were ſeveral old "contracts to that purpoſe; that Lewis Baboon had "taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without ſer- "ving his time or purchaſing his freedom; that he ſold "goods, that were not marketable, without the ſtamp;

* *the parliament* precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her allies were

† the Duke of Savoy, and

‡ the King of Portugal; and

** John Churchill Duke of Marlborough was appointed general in chief of the confederate army.

" that he himſelf was more fit for a bully than a tradeſ-
" man, and went about through all the country-fairs
" challenging people to fight prizes, wreſtling and cud-
" gel-play; and abundance more to this purpoſe."

CHAP. V.

The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

FOR the better underſtanding the following hiſtory, the reader ought to know, that Bull, in the main, was an honeſt plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconſtant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-ſword, ſingle faulchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his beſt friends, eſpecially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his ſpirits roſe and fell with the weather-glaſs. John was quick, and underſtood his buſineſs very well; but no man alive was more careleſs in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and ſervants. This was occaſioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diverſion; for, to ſay truth, no man kept a better houſe than John, nor ſpent his money more generouſly. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired ſome plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy law-ſuit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning ſly whoreſon, quite the reverſe of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domeſtic affairs; would pinch his belly to ſave his pocket; never loſt a farthing by careleſs ſervants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any ſort of diverſions, except tricks of *high german* artiſts, and *leger-de-main*: no man exceeded Nic. in theſe; yet it muſt be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immenſe riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the firſt conſiderable ſuit that ever he was engaged in, he ſhewed himſelf ſuperior in addreſs to moſt of his pro-

profeſſion: he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was ſmooth-tongued, gave good words, and ſeldom loſt his temper: he was not worſe than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himſelf better than them all: the neighbours reported, that he was hen-pecked; which was impoſſible by ſuch a mild-ſpirited woman as his wife was.

CHAP. VI.

Of the various ſucceſs of the law ſuit.

LAW *is a bottomleſs pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours every thing.* John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his ſuit would not laſt above a year or two at moſt; that before that time he would be in quiet poſſeſſion of his buſineſs: yet ten long years did Hocus ſteer his cauſe through all the *meanders* of the law, and all the courts. No ſkill, no addreſs was wanting; and, to ſay truth, John did not ſtarve his cauſe; there wanted not *yellow boys* to fee council, hire witneſſes, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally caſt, never had one verdict in his favour; * and John was promiſed that the next, and the next would be a final determination; but alas! that final determination and happy concluſion was like an inchanted iſland, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points ſtill aroſe; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in ſhort, lawyers ſeldom part with ſo good a cauſe till they have got the oyſter, and their clients the ſhell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: then John began to borrow money upon Bank-ſtock and Eaſt-India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot: at laſt

* The war was carried on againſt France and Spain with great ſucceſs, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the Spaniſh dominions in favour of the houſe of Auſtria, and an engagement that the ſame perſon ſhould never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought ſufficient.

it was thought a good expedient to ſet up Eſquire South's title *, to prove the *will forged*, and diſpoſſeſs Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cauſe grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; where ever he met any of Lord Strutt's ſervants, he tore off their cloaths: now and then you would ſee them come home naked, without ſhoes, ſtockings, or linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his laſt ſhift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich ſilks to Doily ſtuffs, his ſervants in rags, and bare footed; inſtead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: in ſhort, no-body got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAP. VII.

How John Bull was ſo mightily pleaſed with his ſucceſs, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.

IT is wiſely obſerved by a great philoſopher, that habit is a ſecond nature: this was verified in the caſe of John Bull, who, from an honeſt and plain tradeſman, had got ſuch a haunt about the courts of juſtice, and ſuch a jargon of law-words, that he concluded himſelf as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or ſat on the bench: he was overheard one day talking to himſelf after this manner. "How capriciouſly † does fate or chance "diſpoſe of mankind? How ſeldom is that buſineſs allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature? It "is plain, I was intended for a man of law: how did "my guardians miſtake my genius in placing me, like a "mean ſlave, behind a counter? Bleſs me! what im"menſe eſtates theſe fellows raiſe by the law? Beſides,

* It was inſiſted, that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he ſhould be dethroned.

† The manners and ſentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

"it

" it is the profeſſion of a gentleman. What a pleaſure " is it to be victorious in a cauſe? to ſwagger at the bar? " What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen " trade? for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will " be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over ſuch a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; theſe he uſed to babble indifferently in all companies, eſpecially at coffee-houſes; ſo that his neighbour tradeſmen began to ſhun his company as a man that was cracked. Inſtead of the affairs of Blackwell-hall, and price of broad-cloath, wool and bayſes, he talks of nothing but *actions upon the caſe, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, ſuperſedeas's, certiorari's, writs of error, actions of trover and converſion, treſpaſſes, precipe's and dedimus.* This was matter of jeſt to the learned in law; however, Hocus, and the reſt of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, aſſuring him, that he had a great genius for law; that they queſtioned not, but in time they might raiſe money enough by it to reimburſe him all his charges; that if he ſtudied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord chief Juſtice *: as for the advice of honeſt friends and neighbours, John deſpiſed it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have ſold a bale of broad-cloath. As for Nic. Frog, to ſay the truth, he was more prudent; for though he followed his law-ſuit cloſely, he neglected not his ordinary buſineſs, but was both in court and in his ſhop at the proper hours.

* Hold the balance of power.

CHAP. VIII.

How John *discovered, that* Hocus *had an intrigue with his wife; and what followed thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a-madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, *that the last man of the parish, that knows of his cuckoldom, is himself.* It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that Hocus had dealings with John's wife * that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late: she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats and balls, differed very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravaganey (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Every body said, that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his law-suit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's *country-house* †. This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open, that all the world were scandalized at it; John was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint. The parson ‡ of the parish preached one day with more

* And it was believed, that the General tampered with the parliament,

† Who settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterwards entailed that, with 5000 *l. per annum*, payable out of the post-office to descend with his honours; over and above this an immense sum was expended in building Blenheim-house. About this time (Nov. 6. 1709.)

‡ Dr. Henry Sacheverel preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

zeal

zeal than ſenſe againſt adultery. * Mrs. Bull told her huſband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to uſe ſuch coarſe language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the ſame mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for uſing perſonal reflections; How do you mean, ſays John, by perſonal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you? "No, "thank God, my reputation is too well eſtabliſhed in the "world to receive any hurt from ſuch a foul-mouthed "ſcoundrel as he: his doctrine tends only to make hus-"bands tyrants, and wives ſlaves; muſt we be ſhut up, "and huſbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! "a wife muſt never go abroad with a Platonic to ſee a "play or a ball; ſhe muſt never ſtir without her huſband; "nor walk in Spring-garden with a couſin. I do ſay, "huſband, and I will ſtand by it, that, without the in-"nocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a moſt "intolerable ſtate; and that a wife's virtue ought to be "the reſult of her own reaſon, and not of her huſband's "government; for my part, I would ſcorn a huſband "that would be jealous, if he ſaw a fellow a-bed with "me †." All this while John's blood boiled in his veins: he was now confirmed in all his ſuſpicions; jade, bitch, and whore were the beſt words that John gave her ‡. Things went from better to worſe, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife at John ||, though John threw a bottle ** at her head, very brutally indeed ††; and after this, there was

* The houſe of commons voted this ſermon a libel on her Majeſty and her government, the revolution, the proteſtant ſucceſſion, and the parliament; they impeached him of high crimes and miſdemeanours; he was ſilenced for three years, and the ſermon burnt by the hangman.

† Theſe proceedings cauſed a great ferment in the nation.

‡ The houſe complained of being *aſperſed* and *vilified*; opprobrious terms were uſed by both parties, and one had recourſe to

|| *military power*, becauſe it was aſſaulted by the other with

** *tumult* and *riot*.

†† The confuſion every day increaſed: the whig or low church party in the houſe of commons began to decline; after much contention and debate

nothing

nothing but confuſion: bottles, glaſſes, ſpoons, plates, knives, forks, and diſhes flew about like duſt; the reſult of which was, that Mrs. Bull * received a bruiſe in her right ſide, of which ſhe died half a year after. The bruiſe impoſthumated, and afterwards turned to a ſtinking ulcer, which made every body ſhy to come near her; yet ſhe wanted not the help of many able phyſicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of ſkill could do: but all to no purpoſe, for her condition was now quite deſperate, all regular phyſicians, and her neareſt relations, having given her over.

CHAP. IX.

How ſome quacks undertook to cure Mrs Bull of her ulcer†.

THERE is nothing ſo impoſſible in nature but mountebanks will undertake; nothing ſo incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as deſperate by all the men of art; but there were thoſe that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaiſter, which being applied to the ſore, would cure it in a few days; at the ſame time they would give her a pill, that would purge off all her bad humours, ſweeten her blood, and rectify her diſturbed imagination. In ſpite of all applications, the patient grew worſe every day; ſhe ſtunk ſo, no body durſt come within a ſtone's throw of her, except thoſe quacks who attended her cloſe, and apprehended no danger. If one aſked them, how Mrs. Bull did? Better and better, ſaid they; the parts heal, and her conſtitution mends; if ſhe ſubmits to our government, ſhe will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that ſhe ſhould dance a jigg next October in Weſtminſter-Hall, and that her illneſs had been chiefly owing to bad phyſicians. At laſt, one of them was ſent for in great haſte‡, his patient grew worſe and worſe: when he came,

* the parliament was prorogued;

† and notwithſtanding many attempts to prolong it, particularly ſome difficulties ſtarted by the

‡ Lord Chancellor, it was diſolved on the 21ſt *Sept.* 1710.

he

he affirmed that it was a groſs miſtake, and that ſhe was never in a fairer way: bring hither the ſalve, ſays he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and adminiſtering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghoſt, to the great confuſion of the quack, and the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the houſe in great diſorder, and ſwore there was foul play, for he was ſure his medicines were infallible. Mrs Bull having died without any ſigns of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Chriſtian burial. The relations had once reſolved to ſue John for the murder, but conſidering better of it, and that ſuch a trial would rip up old ſores, and diſcover things not ſo much to the reputation of the deceaſed, they dropt their deſign. She left no will, only there was found, in her ſtrong box, the following words, wrote on a *ſcrip* of paper, *My curſe on John Bull, and all my poſterity, if ever they come to any compoſition with the Lord Strutt.*

She left him three daughters, whoſe names were Polemia, Diſcordia, and Uſuria *.

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's ſecond wife, and the good advice that ſhe gave him †.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and ſeeing that neither his conſtitution, or the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried ſtate, he reſolved to get him another wife; a couſin of his laſt wife's was propoſed, but John would have no more of the breed: in ſhort, he wedded a ſober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverſe of the other in her temper; not but that ſhe loved money; for ſhe was ſaving and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his laſt wife, and this ruinous law-ſuit, had brought

* War, faction, and uſury.

† The new parliament, which was averſe to the war, made him

him into. One day, as ſhe had got her huſband in a good humour, ſhe talked to him after the following manner. "My dear *, ſince I have been your wife, I have "obſerved great abuſes and diſorders in your family; "your ſervants are mutinous and quarrelſome, and cheat "you moſt abominably; your cook-maid is in a combi- "nation with your butcher, poulterer, and fiſh-monger: "your butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer ſells "your hogwaſh; your baker cheats both in weight and "in tale; even your milk-woman and your nurſery-maid "have a fellow feeling; your tailor, inſtead of ſhreads, "cabages whole yards of cloath; beſides, leaving ſuch "long ſcores, and not going to market with ready mo- "ney, forces us to take bad ware of the tradeſmen at "their own price. You have not poſted your books "theſe ten years; how is it poſſible for a man of buſi- "neſs to keep his affairs even in the world at this rate? "Pray God this Hocus be honeſt: would to God you "would look over his bills, and ſee how matters ſtand "between Frog and you †: prodigious ſums are ſpent "in this law-ſuit, and more muſt be borrowed of ſcri- "veners and uſurers at heavy intereſt. Beſides, my "dear, let me beg of you to lay aſide that wild project "of leaving your buſineſs to turn lawyer, for which, let "me tell you, nature never deſigned you. Believe me, "theſe rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your "pocket; obſerve what a parcel of hungry ragged fel- "lows live by your cauſe; to be ſure they will never "make an end of it; I foreſee this haunt you have got "about the courts, will one day or another bring your "family to beggary. Conſider, my dear, how indecent "it is to abandon your ſhop, and follow pettifoggers; "the habit is ſo ſtrong upon you, that there is hardly "a plea between two country eſquires about a barren "acre upon a common, but you draw yourſelf in as bail, "ſurety or ſollicitor ‡." John heard her all this while

* a repreſentation of the miſmanagement in the ſeveral offices, particularly thoſe for victualing and cloathing the navy and army:

† and of the ſums that had been expended on the war,

‡ which was however ſtill a favourite with the people,

with.

with patience, till ſhe pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point; then he broke out into a violent paſſion, "What! I not fit for a lawyer! let me tell "you, my clod-pated relations ſpoiled the greateſt geni- "us in the world, when they bred me a mechanic. Lord "Strutt, and his old rogue of a grandſire, have found, "to their coſt, that I can manage a law-ſuit as well as "another." "I do not deny what you ſay," replied Mrs Bull, "nor do I call in queſtion your parts; but, I "ſay, it does not ſuit with your circumſtances: you and "your predeceſſors have lived in good reputation among "your neighbours by the ſame cloathing trade, and it "were madneſs to leave it off. Beſides, there are few "that know all the tricks and cheats of theſe lawyers; "does not your own experience teach you, how they "have drawn you on from one term to another, and "how you have danced the round of all the courts, ſtill "flattering you with a final iſſue, and, for ought I can "ſee, your cauſe is not a bit clearer than it was ſeven "years ago." "I will be damned, ſays John, if I ac- "cept of any compoſition from Strutt, or his grand- "father; I will rather wheel about the ſtreets an engine "to grind knives and ſciſſars; however, I will take "your advice, and look over my accounts."

CHAP. XI.

How John looked over his attorney's bill.

WHEN John firſt brought out the bills, the ſurprize of all the family was inexpreſſible at the prodi- gious dimenſions of them; they would have meaſured with the beſt bale of cloath in John's ſhop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries, philizers, chirogra- phers, under-clerks, proclamators, council, witneſſes, jury-men, marſhals, tipſtaffs, cryers, porters; for en- rollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, ca- veats, examinations, filings of writs, enteries, declarati- ons, replications, recordats, *noli proſequi's*, *certiorari's*, *mittimus's*, demurrers, ſpecial verdicts, informations, *ſcire facias*, *ſuperſedeas*, *habeas corpus*, coach-hire, treat-

ing

ing of witneſſes, *&c.* "Verily," ſays John, "there are "a prodigious number of learned words in this law; "what a pretty ſcience it is!" "Ay! but huſband, "you have paid for every ſyllable and letter of theſe "fine words; bleſs me, what immenſe ſums are at "the bottom of the account!" John ſpent ſeveral weeks in looking over his bills, and, by comparing and ſtating his accounts, he diſcovered, that, beſides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiouſly cheated; that he had paid for council that were never fee'd, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dreſſed, and journeys that were never made: in ſhort, that the tradeſmen, lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the burden of the law-ſuit upon his ſhoulders.

CHAP. XII.

*How John grew angry, and reſolved to accept a compoſition *; and what methods were practiſed by the lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned Daniel Burgeſs ſay, *that a law-ſuit is a ſuit for life.* He that ſows his grain upon marble, will have many hungry belly before harveſt. This John felt by woeful experience. John's cauſe was a good milk-cow, and many a man ſubſiſted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a couſin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold †, whoſe predeceſſors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as any body; but having left off the profeſſion for ſome time, they took great pleaſure in compounding law ſuits among their neighbours, for which they were the averſion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cauſe in Sir Roger's

* When at length peace was thought to be eligible upon more moderate terms, a treaty was entered into by

† Robert Harley, afterwards E. of Oxford, who was made treaſurer in the ſtead of the Lord Godolphin, and there was now not only a new parliament, but a new miniſtry.

hands,

hands, deſiring him to make the beſt of it: the news had no ſooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the reſt of the tradeſmen upon John: 'Squire South * ſwore he was betrayed, that he would ſtarve before he compounded; Frog ſaid he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-ſweeper, and Tom the duſtman, complained, that their intereſt was ſacrificed. The lawyers, ſolicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms, at the news of the compoſition †; they abuſed him and his wife moſt ſhamefully. "You ſilly, aukward, ill-bred, country-ſow, "quoth one, have you no more manners than to rail at "Hocus, that has ſaved that clodpated numſkulled ninny-hammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? "It is well known, how he has roſe early and ſat up late "to make him eaſy, when he was ſotting at every ale-houſe in town. I knew his laſt wife; ſhe was a woman "of breeding, good humour, and complaiſance; knew "how to live in the world: as for you, you look like a "puppet moved by clock-work; your cloaths hang upon you, as they were upon tenter-hooks, and you "come into a room as if you were going to ſteal away a "piſs-pot: get you gone into the country to look after "your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the "butter, and dreſs up noſegays for a holy-day, and not "middle with matters, which you know no more of "than the ſign-poſt before your door: it is well known, "that Hocus had an eſtabliſhed reputation; he never "ſwore an oath, nor told a lie in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal "to his dependants, and dutiful to his ſuperiors; he "values not your money more than the duſt under his "feet, but he hates to be abuſed. Once for all, Mrs "Mynx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will pull out "thoſe ſaucer eyes of yours, and make that red ſtreak "country face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon a butcher's ſtall: remember, I ſay, that there are pillories "and ducking ſtools." With this away they flung,

* The meaſure was oppoſed by the allies and the general.

† The houſe of commons was cenſured as totally ignorant of buſineſs.

leaving Mrs Bull no time to reply. No ſtone was left unturned to fright John from his compoſition: ſometimes they ſpread reports at coffee-houſes *, that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up houſe, and make over all their eſtate to Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himſelf, and ſeen in the ſtreets without ſhoes or ſtockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his ſervants, after having been the beſt maſter alive: as for his wife, ſhe was a mere natural. Sometimes John's houſe was beſet with a whole regiment of attorney's clerks, bailiff's, and bailiff's followers, and other ſmall retainers of the law, who threw ſtones at his windows, and dirt at himſelf, as he went along the ſtreet. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his ſuit, they adviſed him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull ſhould ſell her linen and wearing-cloaths.

CHAP. XIII.

Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, *incumbent upon wives, in caſe of the tyranny, infidelity and inſufficiency of husbands: being a full anſwer to the* doctor's *ſermon againſt* adultery †.

JOHN found daily freſh proofs of the infidelity and bad deſigns of his deceaſed wife; amongſt other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper.

IT is evident that matrimony is founded upon an *original contract*, whereby the wife makes over the right ſhe has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the huſband; by which he acquires the property of all her poſterity. But then the obligation is mutual: and where the contract is broken on one ſide, it

* And it was ſaid, that the nation would at laſt be ſacrificed to the ambition of France.

† The tories repreſentation of the ſpeeches at Sacheverel's trial.

ceaſes

ceaſes to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there muſt be a power to maintain it, and to puniſh the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the caſes above mentioned. No wife is bound by any law, to which herſelf has not conſented: all œconomical government is lodged originally in the huſband and wife, the executive part being in the huſband; both have their privileges ſecured to them by law and reaſon: but will any man infer from the huſband's being inveſted with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her ſhare, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? And that ſhe has no remedy left, but *preces et lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a ſupreme court of judicature? No leſs frivolous are the arguments that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of a huſband and wife. A huſband denotes ſeveral different ſorts of magiſtracy, according to the uſages and cuſtoms of different climates and countries. In ſome eaſtern nations it ſignifies a tyrant, with the abſolute power of life and death: in Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual impriſonment: in Italy it gives the huſband the power of poiſon and padlocks: in the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal government, ſecuring to the wife, in certain caſes, the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and ſeparate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of huſband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to ſupport a tyrannical doctrine, as that of abſolute unlimited chaſtity, and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chaſtity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary caſes, but they naturally ſuppoſe three conditions of ability, juſtice, and fidelity in the huſband: ſuch an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never be ſuppoſed by reaſonable men; it ſeems a reflection upon the ch—ch, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppreſſion.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is ſuperior to all human laws; and for that I dare appeal to all wives: it

is much to the honour of our Engliſh wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental point*; and that, though in former ages they were muffled up in darkneſs and ſuperſtition, yet that notion ſeemed engraven on their minds, and the impreſſion ſo ſtrong, that nothing could impair it.

To aſſert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatſoever, were to caſt odious colours upon the married ſtate, to blacken the neceſſary means of perpetuating families: ſuch laws can never be ſuppoſed to have been deſigned to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them neceſſary means; for in many caſes what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unſettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and eſtates; for, if the actions from which ſuch ſettlements ſpring, were illegal, all that is built upon them muſt be ſo too: but the laſt is abſurd, therefore the firſt muſt be ſo likewiſe. What is the cauſe that Europe groans at preſent under the heavy load of a cruel and expenſive war, but the tyrannical cuſtom of a certain nation, and the ſcrupulous nicety of a ſilly Queen*, is not exerciſing this indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted ſucceſſion might have been avoided? Theſe are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, *That one muſt not do evil, that good may come of it.*

The aſſertors of this indefeaſible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for, if the true legal foundation of the married ſtate be once ſapped, and inſtead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what muſt follow but elopements, inſtead of ſecret and peaceable cuckoldom?

From all that has been ſaid, one may clearly perceive the abſurdity of the doctrine of this ſeditious, diſcontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, aſſerting, *That the grand ſecurity of the matrimonial ſtate, and the pillar upon which it ſtands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an abſolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's*

* The Queen of Charles II. of Spain, upon whoſe death without iſſue the war broke out.

bed:

bed: by which bold aſſertion he ſtrikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the baſis, upon which the happineſs of a married ſtate is built. As for his perſonal reflections, I would gladly know who are thoſe *wanton wives* he ſpeakes of; who are thoſe ladies of high ſtations, that he ſo boldly traduces in his ſermon? It is pretty plain, who theſe aſperſions are aimed at, for which he deſerves the pillory or ſomething worſe.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wiſeſt wives in all ages, who by theſe means have preſerved their huſbands families from ruin and oblivion by want of poſterity: but what has been ſaid, is a ſufficient ground for puniſhing this pragmatical parſon.

CHAP. XIV.

The two great parties of wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts *.

THE doctrine of unlimited chaſtity and fidelity in wives was univerſally eſpouſed by all huſbands; who went about the country, and made the wives ſign papers, ſignifying their utter deteſtation and abhorrence of Mrs Bull's wicked doctrine of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refuſed to part with their native liberty; which gave riſe to two great parties amongſt the wives, the Devoto's and the Hitts. Though it muſt be owned, the diſtinction was more nominal than real; for the Devoto's would abuſe freedoms ſometimes; and thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed by the name of Hitts, were often very honeſt. At the ſame time there came out an ingenious treatiſe with the title of *good advice to husbands;* in which they are counſelled not to truſt too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and ſo to neglect family-duty, and a due watchfulneſs over the manners of their wives; that the greateſt ſecurity to huſbands was a vigorous conſtitution,

* Thoſe who were for and againſt the doctrine of *non-reſiſtance.*

good uſage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many huſbands having been ſufferers by their truſting too much to general profeſſions, as was exemplified in the caſe of a fooliſh and negligent huſband, who truſting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

CHAP. XV.

An account of the conference between Mrs Bull and Don Diego.

THE lawyers, as their laſt effort to put off the compoſition, ſent Don Diego to John *. Don Diego, was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and preſent wife; and therefore ſuppoſed to have ſome influence over her: he had been ill uſed himſelf by John's lawyers, but, becauſe of ſome animoſity to Sir Roger †, was againſt the compoſition ‡: the conference between him and Mrs Bull was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it poſſible, couſin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honeſt beſt-meaning perſons in the world, Eſquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have ſacrificed their intereſts to yours? It is baſe to take advantage of their ſimplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at laſt.

Mrs *Bull.* I am ſure they have left my family in a bad condition; we have hardly money to go to the market; and no body will take our words for a ſix-pence. A very fine ſpark this Eſquire South! My huſband took him in, a

* Amongſt other obſtacles to the treaty, was the oppoſition of the Earl of Nottingham, a tory nobleman, who had great influence in the houſe of commons.

† The cauſe of his animoſity, from which this conduct is ſuppoſed to proceed, was Mr. Harley's being choſen to ſucceed him as principal ſecretary of ſtate, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

‡ He expoſtulated againſt the peace with great warmth in the houſe, when the Queen was preſent *incog.*

dirty,

dirty, ſnotty-noſed boy; it was the buſineſs of half the ſervants to attend him; the rogue * did bawl and make ſuch a noiſe: ſometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, ſometimes broke his ſhins clambering over the benches, often piſſed a-bed, and always came in ſo dirty, as if he had been dragged thro' the kennel at a boarding-ſchool. He loſt his money at chuck farthing, ſhuffle-cap, and all fours; ſold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are ſo in love with bagpipes and puppet-ſhows! I wiſh you knew what my huſband has paid at the paſtry-cook's, and confectioner's for Naples biſcuit, tarts, cuſtards, and ſweet-meats. All this while my huſband conſidered him as a gentleman of a good family, that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has ſettled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him by his intereſt, one of the beſt places of the country: and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my huſband a good word, or a civil expreſſion: inſtead of *Sir* and *Madam* † (which, though I ſay it, is our due) he calls us *goody* and *gaffer* ſuch a-one: ſays, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at ſuch a rate, becauſe we will not ſpend the little we have left to get him the title and eſtate of Lord Strutt; and then, forſooth, we ſhall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers. Beſides, Eſquire South will be Eſquire South ſtill; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himſelf ſo, when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man ſay what he will do when he is got above the world?

D. Diego. And would you loſe the honour of ſo noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this ſcandalous compoſition, and truſt that old rogue, Lewis Baboon?

Mrs *Bull.* Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on till Lewis turns honeſt, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell-hall. I wiſh every man had his own; but I ſtill ſay, that Lord Strutt's money ſhines as bright, and

* Something relating to the manners of a great Prince, ſuperſtition, love of operas, ſhows, &c.

† Something relating to forms and titles.

chinks

chinks as well as Eſquire South's. I do not know any other hold, that we tradeſmen have of theſe great folks, but their intereſt; buy dear and ſell cheap, and I will warrant ye you will keep your cuſtomer. The worſt is, that Lord Strutt's ſervants have got ſuch a haunt about that old rogue's ſhop, that it will coſt us many a firkin of ſtrong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor Frog, what has he done! On my conſcience, if there be an honeſt, ſincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs *Bull.* I think, I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood *; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help. Ever ſince the commencement of this law-ſuit, it has been the buſineſs of Hocus, in ſharing our expences, to plead for Frog. "Poor "Frog, ſays he, is in hard circumſtances, he has a nu- "merous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his "children do not eat a bit of good victuals from one "year's end to the other, but live upon ſalt herring, "ſower curd, and borecole; he does his utmoſt, poor "fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exert- "ed himſelf beyond his ability in this law ſuit; but he "really has not wherewithal to go on. What ſignifies "this hundred pounds? place it upon your ſide of the "account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle "to you." This has been Hocus's conſtant language, and I am ſure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego. No doubt Hocus meant all this for the beſt, but he is a tender hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumſtances.

Mrs *Bull.* Hard circumſtances! I ſwear this is provoking to the laſt degree †. All the time of the law-ſuit, as faſt as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchaſed: from

* On the other ſide complaint was made of the unequal burden of the war,

† and of the acquiſitions of the Dutch in Flanders: during theſe debates the houſe took in conſideration.

a plain tradeſman with a ſhop, warehouſe, and a country hutt, with a dirty fiſh-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed eſtate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever maſter of. Is it not ſtrange, when my huſband diſburſed great ſums every term, Frog ſhould be purchaſing ſome new farm or manor? So that if this law-ſuit laſts, he will be far the richeſt man in his country. What is worſe than all this, he ſteals away my cuſtomers every day; twelve of the richeſt and the beſt have left my ſhop by his perſuaſion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. Frog is indeed pretty cloſe in his dealings, but very honeſt: you are ſo touchy, and take things ſo hotly, I am ſure there muſt be ſome miſtake in this.

Mrs *Bull.* A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus, and thoſe rogues kept my huſband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and ſtrong waters; I am ſure he never went one night ſober to bed, till they got him to ſign the ſtrangeſt deed, that ever you ſaw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I will tell you another time; at preſent I will read only nhe writing.

ARTICLES of AGREEMENT betwixt JOHN BULL, *clothier, and* NICHOLAS FROG, *linen-draper* *.

I. THAT for maintaining the antient good correſpondence and friendſhip between the ſaid parties, I Nicholas Frog do ſolemnly engage and promiſe to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor

* a treaty which had been concluded by the Lord Townſhend at the Hague between the Queen and the States, in 1709, for ſecuring the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and for ſettling a barrier for Holland againſt France. And it was reſolved, that ſeveral articles of this treaty were deſtructive to the trade and intereſt of Great Britain, that Lord Townſhend had no authority to agree to them, and that he and all thoſe, who adviſed ratifying the treaty, were enemies to their country.

ſervants

ſervants give him any trouble, diſturbance, or moleſtation whatſoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their reſpective ſtations: and whereas the ſaid John Bull, from the aſſured confidence that he has in my friendſhip, has appointed me executor of his laſt will and teſtament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and aſſigns, to ſee the ſame duly executed and performed, and that it ſhall be unalterable in all its parts, by John Bull, or any body elſe: for that purpoſe it ſhall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his houſe at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, cheſts of drawers, and ſtrong boxes, in order to ſecure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to ſee his will duly executed.

II. In conſideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleaſed to accept of the aforeſaid truſt, I John Bull, having duly conſidered, that my friend, Nicholas Frog, at this time lives in a marſhy ſoil and unwholeſome air, infeſted with fogs and damps, deſtructive of the health of himſelf, wife, and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs and aſſigns, to purchaſe for the ſaid Nicholas Frog, with the beſt and readieſt of my caſh, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattles, a landed eſtate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, conſiſting of as large extent as the ſaid Nicholas Frog ſhall think fit. And whereas the ſaid Nicholas Frog is at preſent hemmed in too cloſe by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, maſter of the ſcience of defence, I the ſaid John Bull do oblige myſelf, with the readieſt of my caſh, to purchaſe and incloſe the ſaid grounds, for as many fields and acres as the ſaid Nicholas ſhall think fit; to the extent that the ſaid Nicholas may have free egreſs and regreſs, without lett or moleſtation, ſuitable to the demands of himſelf and family.

III. Furthermore, the ſaid John Bull obliges himſelf to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog, aliot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the ſaid landed eſtate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eaſed of all charges.

IV. And whereas the ſaid Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceaſed Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the poſſeſſion of the

ſaid

ſaid John Bull; I the ſaid John Bull do freely by theſe preſents, renounce, quit, and make over to the ſaid Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The ſaid John Bull obliges himſelf, his heirs and aſſigns, not to ſell one rag of broad or coarſe cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the ſaid Nicholas, except in ſuch quantities, and at ſuch rates, as the ſaid Nicholas ſhall think fit.

Signed and ſealed,
JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

The reading of this paper put Mrs Bull in ſuch a paſſion, that ſhe fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the ſpirit of hartſhorn before ſhe recovered.

D. Dieg. Why in ſuch a paſſion, couſin? conſidering your circumſtances at that time, I do not think this ſuch an unreaſonable contract. You ſee Frog, for all this, is religiouſly true to his bargain; he ſcorns to hearken to any compoſition without your privacy.

Mrs *Bull.* You know the contrary *. Read that letter.

[*Reads the ſuperſcription.*] For Lewis Baboon, maſter of the noble ſcience of defence.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND, that you are, at this time, treating with my friend John Bull, about reſtoring the Lord Strutt's cuſtom, and beſides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fiſh-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that ſimple fellow. He has been my bubble theſe twenty years, and, to my certain knowledge, underſtands no more of his own affairs than a child in ſwadling cloaths. I know

* In the mean time the Dutch were ſecretly negotiating with France.

he

he has got a ſort of a pragmatical ſilly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands: but you and ſhe both will find yourſelves miſtaken; I will find thoſe that ſhall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one ſtep in his affairs without my conſent. If you will give me what you promiſed him, I will make all things eaſy, and ſtop the deeds of ejectment againſt Lord Strutt: if you will not, take what follows: I ſhall have a good action againſt you for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, couſin Diego, you are one of thoſe that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have ſaid you will carry a green bag yourſelf, rather than we ſhall make an end of our law-ſuit: I will teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's ſake, Madam, why ſo choleric? I ſay this letter is ſome forgery; it never entered into the head of that honeſt man, Nic. Frog, to do any ſuch thing.

Mrs *Bull.* I cannot abide you: you have been railing theſe twenty years at Eſquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honeſteſt fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how came you to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego.

Mrs *Bull.* So, ſo, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in ſeveral weighty affairs, and have found him truſty and honeſt, and the poor man always ſcorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profeſs great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My huſband and I are now in ſuch circumſtances, that we muſt be ſerved upon cheaper terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, couſin, I find I can do no good with you; I am ſorry that you will ruin yourſelf by truſting this Sir Roger.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How the guardians of the deceaſed Mrs Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein are briefly treated, the characters of the three daughters: alſo John Bull's anſwer to the three guardians.

I Told you in a former chapter, that Mrs Bull, before ſhe departed this life, had bleſſed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly uſe any ſcandalous reflections upon young ladies, whoſe reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of theſe were ſo well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury to make a ſhort deſcription of them.

The eldeſt † was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed: ſhe uſed to rantipole about the houſe, pinch the children, kick the ſervants, and torture the cats and the dogs; ſhe would rob her father's ſtrong box, for money to give the young fellows that ſhe was fond of: ſhe had a noble air, and ſomething great in her mein, but ſuch a noiſome infectious breath, as threw all the ſervants that dreſſed her, into conſumptions; if ſhe ſmelt to the freſheſt noſe-gay, it would ſhrivel and wither as it had been blighted: ſhe uſed to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking-glaſſes: and was of ſuch an irregular temper, and ſo intirely given up to her paſſion, that you might argue as well with the *north* wind, as with her Ladyſhip: ſo expenſive, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to ſupply her extravagance. Hocus loved her beſt, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs Bull.

The ſecond daughter ‡, born a year after her ſiſter, was a peeviſh, froward, ill conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with ſau-

* The debates in parliament were however ſtill continued.

† Polemia, war. ‡ Diſcordia, faction.

cer eyes, a ſharp noſe, and hunch-backed: but active, ſprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occaſioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night: ſhe never reſted quietly a-bed; but uſed to diſturb the whole family with ſhrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for ſhe took them all for goſpel: ſhe would cry out murder, and diſturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down ſtairs to enquire what the matter was; nothing, forſooth, only her maid had ſtuck a pin wrong in her gown: ſhe turned away one ſervant for putting too much oil in her ſallad, and another for putting too little ſalt in her water-gruel; but ſuch, as by flattery had procured her eſteem, ſhe would indulge in the greateſt crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach ſwung but the leaſt to one ſide, ſhe uſed to ſhriek ſo loud, that all the ſtreet concluded ſhe was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, ſhe was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then ſhe uſed to carry tales and ſtories from one to another, till ſhe had ſet the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diverſion ſhe took pleaſure in. She never went abroad, but ſhe brought home ſuch a bundle of monſtrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but ſuch as knew her: of a whale that had ſwallowed a fleet of ſhips; of the lions being let out of the Tower to deſtroy the Proteſtant religion; of the Pope's being ſeen in a brandy-ſhop at Wapping; and of a prodigious ſtrong man, that was going to ſhrove down the cupola of St Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces, that Eſquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing ſtars, flying dragons, and abundance of ſuch ſtuff. All the ſervants in the family made high court to her, for ſhe domineered there, and turned out and in whom ſhe pleaſed; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom ſhe mortally hated, and uſed to hire fellows to ſquirt kennel water upon him, as he paſſed along the ſtreets; ſo that he was forced conſtantly to wear a ſurtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the ſurtout was a little ſcanty.

As

As for the third *, ſhe was a thief, and a common mercenary proſtitute, and that without any ſolicitation from nature, for ſhe owned ſhe had no enjoyment. She had no reſpect of perſons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, ſhe would leave the fineſt gentleman in the world to go to an ugly pocky fellow for ſixpence more. In the practice of her profeſſion ſhe had amaſſed vaſt magazines of all ſorts of things; ſhe had above five hundred ſuits of fine cloaths, and yet went abroad like a cynder-wench: ſhe robbed and ſtarved all the ſervants, ſo that no-body could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will ſay were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will ſhew itſelf; no body could blame their relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the intereſt of the three girls, and give John their beſt advice before he compounded the law-ſuit.

Hocus. What makes you ſo ſhy of late, my good friend? There is no-body loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope to be ſaved I would do any thing to ſerve you; I would crawl upon all fours to ſerve you; I have ſpent my health and paternal eſtate in your ſervice. I have, indeed, a ſmall pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conſcience as any man; but the thoughts of this diſgraceful compoſition ſo touches me to the quick, that I cannot ſleep: after I had brought the cauſe to the laſt ſtroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis, and Lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet poſſeſſion of every thing; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cauſe was my favourite, I had ſet my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it ſhould miſcarry: for God's ſake conſider only to what a diſmal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his caſh; his attorneys have hardly one trick left: they are at an end of all their *chicane*; beſides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon truſt. Hold out only one term longer, and I will warrant you, before the next we ſhall have him in the *fleet*. I will bring him to the pillory;

* Uſuria, uſury.

his ears ſhall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God do not compound: let me be damned if you have a friend in the world, that loves you better than I: there is nobody can ſay I am covetous, or that I have any intereſt to purſue, but yours.

2d Guardian. There is nothing ſo plain, as that this Lewis has a deſign to ruin all his neighbouring tradeſmen; and at this time he has ſuch a prodigious income, by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not ſome ſtop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing: no-body will be able to ſell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himſelf. I then hold it adviſeable, that you continue the law-ſuit, and burſt him at once. My concern for the three poor motherleſs children obliges me to give you this advice; for their eſtates, poor girls! depend upon the ſucceſs of this cauſe.

2d Guardian. I own this writ of ejectment has coſt dear; but then conſider it is a jewel well worth the purchaſing at the price of all you have. None but Mr Bull's declared enemies can ſay, he has any other ſecurity for his cloathing trade, but the ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only queſtion then that remains to be decided, is, who ſhall ſtand the expences of the ſuit? To which the anſwer is as plain; who but he that is to have the advantage of the ſentence? When Eſquire South has got poſſeſſion of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who then, but John, ought to put him in poſſeſſion? Aſk but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily anſwer, his tradeſmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and, with the ſame generous ſpirit you have begun it, compleat the good work. If you perſiſt in the bad meaſures you are now in, what muſt become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent perſons; but give me leave to tell you, you expreſs a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my intereſt ought to be conſidered in the firſt place. As for you, Hocus, I cannot but ſay you have managed my law-ſuit with great addreſs, and much to my honour;

and

and though I ſay it, you have been well paid for it. Why muſt the burden be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my ſhoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my eſtate: his note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richeſt tradeſman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from ſcriveners and uſurers, that ſuck the heart, blood, and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have not I preſented you nobly? Have not I clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the fineſt cloth in my ſhop? Why muſt the reſt of the tradeſmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own buſineſs, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conſcience, has not that been your conſtant diſcourſe theſe ſix years, *one term more and old Lewis goes to pot.* If thou art ſo fond of my cauſe, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thouſands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a ſous to ſave me from goal, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to ſtir out of my doors but to be pulled by the ſleeve by ſome raſcally dun or other? "Sir, remember my bill: there is a ſmall "concern of a thouſand pounds, I hope you think on it, "Sir.' And to have theſe uſurers tranſact my debts at coffee-houſes, and ale houſes, as if I were going to break up ſhop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, ſhould be brought to compounds his debts for five ſhillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertiſement for a ſtatute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read ſomewhere in the Apocrypha, that one ſhould not *conſult with a woman touching her of whom ſhe is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of ſelling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindneſs*, &c. I could have added one thing more, *nor with an attorney about compounding a law-ſuit.* The ejectment of Lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is ſcrimp; the witneſſes ſwear backwards and forwards,

and contradict themſelves; and his tenants ſtick by him. One tells me, that I muſt carry on my ſuit, becauſe Lewis is poor; another, becauſe he is ſtill too rich: whom ſhall I believe? I am ſure of one thing, that a penny in the purſe is the beſt friend John can have at laſt; and who can ſay that this will be the laſt ſuit I ſhall be engaged in? Beſides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reaſonable, that when Eſquire South is loſing his money to ſharpers and pick-pockets, going about the country with fidlers and buffoons, and ſquandering his income with hawks and dogs, I ſhould lay out the fruits of my honeſt induſtry in a law-ſuit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cauſe is over, I ſhall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man; but John Bull knows when he is ill uſed. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups: but it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakneſs, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas, and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers cleavers, never let me cool, and make me ſet my hand to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the ſmall remainder of a very great eſtate.

CHAP. XVII.

Eſquire South's meſſage and letter to Mrs Bull.

THE arguments uſed by Hocus and the reſt of the guardians had hitherto proved inſufficient *: John and his wife could not be perſuaded to bear the expence of Eſquire South's law-ſuit. They thought it reaſonable,

* But as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the houſe of Auſtria, the Archduke ſent a meſſage and letter.

that

that ſince he was to have the honour and advantage, he ſhould bear the greateſt ſhare of the charges; and retrench what he loſt to ſharpers, and ſpent upon country dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that uſe. This was not very grateful to the Eſquire; therefore, as the laſt experiment, he reſolved to ſend Signior Benenato *, maſter of his fox-hounds, to Mrs Bull, to try what good he could do with her. This Signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any perſon in the world could have perſuaded her, it was he. But ſuch was her unſhaken fidelity to her huſband, and the conſtant purpoſe of her mind to purſue his intereſt, that the moſt refined arts of gallantry that were practiſed, could not ſeduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond croſſes, and rich bracelets that were offered, ſhe rejected with the utmoſt ſcorn and diſdain. The muſic and ſerenades that were given her, ſounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noiſe of a ſcreech-owl; however, ſhe received Eſquire South's letter by the hands of Signior Benenato, with that reſpect which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will obſerve he changes a little his uſual ſtile.

MADAM,

THE writ of ejectment againſt Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt) is juſt ready to paſs: there want but a few neceſſary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet poſſeſſion of my honour and eſtate: I queſtion not, but that according to your wonted generoſity and goodneſs you will give it the finiſhing ſtroke; an honour that I would grudge any body but yourſelf. In order to eaſe you of ſome part of the charges, I promiſe to furniſh pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the ſtamps. Beſides, I have ordered my ſtewards to pay out of the readieſt and beſt of my rents, five pounds ten ſhillings a-year, till my ſuit is finiſhed.

* By Prince Eugene, urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expence.

I wiſh

I wiſh you health and happineſs, being with due reſpect,

MADAM,

Your aſſured friend,

SOUTH.

What anſwer Mrs Bull returned to this letter, you ſhall know in the ſecond part, only they were at a pretty good diſtance in their propoſals; for as Eſquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs Bull refuſed any more than to lend her barge * to carry his council to Weſtminſter-hall.

* This proportion was however thought to be ſo inconſiderable, that the letter produced no other effect, than the convoy of the forces by the Engliſh fleet to Barcelona.

Law is a Bottomleſs Pit:

OR,

The HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

PART II.

The PUBLISHER's PREFACE.

THE world is much indebted to the famous Sir Humphry Poleſworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's law-ſuit; yet there is juſt cauſe of complaint againſt him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and will not give us the whole work: this forces me, who am only the publiſher, to beſpeak the aſſiſtance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aſide that ſtingy humour, and gratify the curioſity of the public at once. He pleads in excuſe, that they are only private memoirs, wrote for his own uſe, in a looſe ſtile, to ſerve as a help to his ordinary converſation *. I repreſented to him the good reception the firſt part had met with; that though calculated only for the meridian of Grub-ſtreet, it was yet taken notice of by the better ſort; that the world was now ſufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and intereſted itſelf in his concerns. He anſwered, with a ſmile, that he had indeed ſome trifling things to impart, that concerned John Bull's relations and domeſtic affairs; if theſe would ſatisfy me, he gave me free leave to make uſe of them, becauſe they would ſerve to make the hiſtory of the law-ſuit more intelligible. When I had looked over the the manuſcript, I found likewiſe ſome further account of the compoſition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to ſuch as have read the former part.

* This excuſe of Sir Humphry can only relate to the ſecond part, or ſequel of the hiſtory. See the preface to the firſt part.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The character of John Bull's mother *.

JOHN had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely, a diſcreet, grave, ſober, good-conditioned, cleanly, old gentlewoman as ever lived; ſhe was none of your croſs-grained, termagant, ſcolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the houſe with, ſuch as are always cenſuring the conduct, and telling ſcandalous ſtories of their neighbours; extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing thoſe of others. On the contrary, ſhe was of a meek ſpirit, and as ſhe was ſtrictly virtuous herſelf, ſo ſhe always put the beſt conſtruction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcileable to the rules of honeſty and decency. She was neither one of your preciſe *prudes*, nor one of your fantaſtical old *belles*, that dreſs themſelves like girls of fifteen: as ſhe neither wore a ruff, fore-head cloth, nor high-crowned hat, ſo ſhe had laid aſide feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dreſs, furbelow ſcarfs, and hooped petticoats. She ſcorned to patch and paint, yet ſhe loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though ſhe wore no flaunting laced ruffles, ſhe would not keep herſelf in a conſtant ſweat with greaſy flannel: though her hair was not ſtuck with jewels, ſhe was aſhamed of a diamond croſs; ſhe was not like ſome ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-caſes, pocket-glaſſes, and eſſence bottles; ſhe uſed only a gold watch and an almanack, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon gouſt*. As ſhe affected not the grandeur of ſtate with a canopy, ſhe thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; ſhe had laid aſide your carving, gilding, and japan-work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but ſhe never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainſcot and clean hangings. There are ſome ladies, that affect to

* The church of England.

ſmell

ſmell a ſlink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincenſe in their rooms; ſhe was above ſuch affectation, yet ſhe never would lay aſide the uſe of brooms and ſcrubbing-bruſhes, and ſcrupled not to lay her linen in freſh lavender.

She was no leſs genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'ſying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are ſome ladies, that affect a mighty regard for their relations; *We muſt not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my couſin Betty, died this time ten years: let us have a ball to night, it is my neighbour ſuch a one's birth-day*; ſhe looked upon all this as grimace; yet ſhe conſtantly obſerved her huſband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and ſome few more,

Though ſhe was a truly good woman, and had a ſincere motherly love for her ſon John, yet there wanted not thoſe who endeavoured to create a miſunderſtanding between them, and they had ſo far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors †, to his great ſorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at ſixes and ſevens.

She was no leſs judicious in the turn of her converſation and choice of her ſtudies, in which ſhe far exceeded all her ſex: your rakes, that hate the company of all ſober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers; and ſhe would, by her handſome manner of proceeding, ſooner reclaim them than ſome that were more ſower and reſerved: ſhe was a zealous preacher up of chaſtity, and *conjugal fidelity* in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the *indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom*: though ſhe advanced her opinions with a becoming aſſurance, yet ſhe never uſhered them in, as ſome poſitive creatures will do, with dogmatical aſſertions, *this is infallible; I cannot be miſtaken; none but a rogue can deny it.* It has been obſerved, that ſuch people are oftener in the wrong than any body.

Though ſhe had a thouſand good qualities, ſhe was not without her faults, amongſt which one might perhaps

† In the rebellion of 1641.

reckon

indeed, wondered how ſuch a young upſtart jackanapes ſhould grow ſo pert and ſaucy, and take ſo much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was *well-gifted*, as he pretended; I need not tell you what ſecret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a moſt ſcandalous tongue, and perſuaded Peg that all mankind, beſides himſelf, were poxed by that ſcarlet-faced whore Signiora Bubonia *. "As for "his brother, Lord Peter, the tokens were evident on "him, blotches, ſcabs, and the corona: his brother "Martin, though he was not quite ſo bad, had ſome "nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were on-"ly ſcorbutical; but he was ſure it proceeded from a "worſe cauſe." By ſuch malicious inſinuations, he had poſſeſſed the Lady, that he was the only man in the world of a ſound, pure, and untainted conſtitution: tho' there were ſome that ſtuck not to ſay, that Signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that Jack had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark ſtormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outſide of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himſelf out for a man of a great eſtate in the fortunate iſlands; of which the ſole property was veſted in his perſon: by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of ſmall ſums, pretending to make over plantations in the ſaid iſlands; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that Peg was whimſical, and loved any thing that was particular: in that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, ſpoke, dreſſed, nor acted like other mortals: he was for your *bold ſtrokes*, he railed at fops, though he was himſelf the moſt affected in the world; inſtead of the common faſhion, he would viſit his miſtreſs in a mourning cloak, band, ſhort cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which, he ſaid, ſhewed more humility, and leſs

* The whore of Babylon, or the Pope.

affectation:

affectation: where other people ſtood, he ſat; where they ſat, he ſtood; when he went to court, he uſed to kick away the ſtate, and ſit down by his prince cheek by jole; *Confound theſe ſtates*, ſays he, *they are a modern invention*: when he ſpoke to his prince, he always turned his br—ch upon him: if he was adviſed to faſt for his health, he would eat roaſt-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be ſure that day to live upon water gruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jeſts at a funeral.

He was no leſs ſingular in his opinions; you would have burſt your ſides to hear him talk of politics*: "All "government, ſays he, is founded upon the right diſtri- "bution of *puniſhments*; decent executions keep the "world in awe; for that reaſon the majority of mankind "ought to be hanged every year. For example, I ſup- "poſe, the magiſtrate ought to paſs an irreverſible ſen- "tence upon all *blue eyed children* from the cradle †: "but that there may be ſome ſhew of juſtice in this pro- "ceeding, theſe children ought to be trained up by ma- "ſters, appointed for that purpoſe, to all ſorts of villai- "ny; that they may deſerve their fate, and the execu- "tion of them may ſerve as an object of terror to the "reſt of mankind." As to the giving of *pardons*, he had this ſingular method ‡, that when theſe wretches had the rope about their necks, it ſhould be enquired, who believed they ſhould be hanged, and who not? The firſt were to be pardoned, the laſt hanged out-right. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterwards for any crime whatſoever ⸸. He had ſuch ſkill in phyſiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face, *That fellow*, ſays he, *do what he will, cannot avoid hanging; he has a hanging look*. By the ſame art he would prognoſticate a principality to a ſcoundrel.

He was no leſs particular in the choice of his ſtudies; they were generally bent towards exploded chimeras, the *perpetuum mobile* **, the circular ſhot, philoſopher's

* Abſolute predeſtination. † Reprobation.

‡ Saving faith; a belief that one ſhall certainly be ſaved.

⸸ Election. ** The learning of the Preſbyterians.

ſtone, ſilent gun-powder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and inſtruments to unravel cobwebs and ſplit hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a diſtinct account of the methods he practiſed upon Peg. Her brother would now and then aſk her, "What a devil doſt thou ſee in that "pragmatical coxcomb to make thee ſo in love with "him? he is a fit match for a tailor or a ſhoemaker's "daughter, but not for you that are a gentlewoman." "Fancy is free quoth Peg: I will take my own way, "do you take yours. I do not care for you flaunting "beaus, that gang with their breaſts open, and their "ſarks over their waiſtcoats; that accoſt me with ſet "ſpeeches out of Sidney's Arcadia, or the Academy of "Compliments. Jack is a ſober, grave, young man; "though he has none of your ſtudied harangues, his "meaning is ſincere: he has a great regard to his fa-"ther's will; and he that ſhews himſelf a good ſon, will "make a good huſband; beſides, I know he has the o-"riginal deed of conveyance to the fortunate iſlands; "the others are counterfeits." There is nothing ſo obſtinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you croſs her, the worſe ſhe is.

CHAP. IV.

How the relations reconciled John and his ſiſter Peg, and what return Peg made to John's meſſage *.

JOHN BULL, otherwiſe a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his ſiſter Peg, chiefly from an averſion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flouriſhed, kept a warm houſe, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the ſtreets, ſelling knives, ſciſſars, and ſhoe buckles; now and then carried a baſket of fiſh to the market; ſewed, ſpun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were ſore; and when ſhe could not get bread for her family, ſhe was forced to hire them out at journey-work

* The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

to

to her neighbours. Yet in theſe her poor circumſtances ſhe ſtill preſerved the air and mein of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted reſpect from the haughtieſt of her neighbours; when ſhe came into any full aſſembly, ſhe would not yield the *pas* to the beſt of them. If one aſked her, are not you related to John Bull? "Yes, ſays ſhe; he has the honour to be my brother." So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out ſhame upon John for his barbarous uſage of his own fleſh and blood; that it was an eaſy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt but with advantage to himſelf, being ſhe was an induſtrious perſon, and might be ſerviceable to him in his way of buſineſs. "Hang her, jade, quoth John; I cannot endure her, "as long as ſhe keeps that raſcal Jack's company." They told him the way to reclaim her was to take her into his houſe; that by converſation the childiſh humours of their younger days might be worn out. Theſe arguments were inforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his *will* *, and *entailing his eſtate*, the very ſame in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now, his ſiſter Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough ſettlement without her conſent. There was, indeed, a malicious ſtory went about, as if John's wife had fallen in love with Jack as he was eating cuſtard on horſeback †; that ſhe perſuaded John to take his ſiſter into the houſe, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his miſtreſs Peg. All I can infer from this ſtory, is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe any thing of one, true or falſe. But to return to my ſtory; when Peg received John's meſſage, ſhe huffed and ſtormed like the

* The ſucceſſion to the crown having been ſettled by act of parliament in England, upon the houſe Hanover, and no ſuch act having paſſed in Scotland, then a ſeparate kingdom, it was thought a proper time to complete the union which had been often attempted, and which was recommended to the Scots by K. William III.

† A Preſbyterian Lord Mayor of London.

devil *: "My brother John, quoth she, is grown wonderous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair for his own conveniency than for my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I must set my hand to them, unsight unseen. I like the young man he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his park wall: ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling, through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts? the little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends, he'll e'n use me as he did before. I am sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge; I shall be set to tend the bairns, dearn the hose, and mend the linen. Then there's no living with that old carlin his mother; she rails at Jack, and Jack's an honester man than any of her kin: I shall be plagued with her spells and her *Pater nosters*, and silly old-world ceremonies; I mun never pare my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-day; and I mun stand becking and binging, as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his get; I'll have nothing to do with him; I'll stay, like the poor country mouse, in my awn habitation." So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and *Peg taken into the house* upon certain articles: one of which was, that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation †, and

* The Scots expressed their fears for the Presbyterian government, and of being burdened with the English national debts.

† The act of toleration.

might

might take him for better and for worſe, if ſhe pleaſed; provided always, he did not come into the houſe at unſeaſonable hours, and diſturb the reſt, or the old woman, John's mother.

CHAP. V.

Of ſome quarrels, that happened after Peg was taken into the family *.

IT is an old obſervation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not ſo eaſily obliterated. This is cunningly repreſented by one of your old ſages, called Æſop, in the ſtory of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as alſo of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world leſs ſubject to rancour than John Bull, conſidering how often his good-nature had been abuſed; yet I do not know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his ſiſter Peg, on purpoſe to ſow jealouſies, and ſet them together by the ears. They ſay that there were ſome hardſhips put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the buſineſs of good people to reſtrain the injuries on one ſide, and moderate the reſentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

The purchaſe money of Peg's farm was ill paid †; then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the ſervants ſhut up the wine-cellar; but for that Peg found a trick, for ſhe made a falſe key ‡. Peg's ſervants complained that

* Quarrels about ſome of the articles of union, particularly the peerage.

† By the 15th article of the treaty of union, it was agreed that Scotland ſhould have an equivalent for ſeveral cuſtoms and exciſes to which ſhe would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

‡ Run wine.

they

they were debarred from all manner of buſineſs, and never ſuffered to touch the leaſt thing within the houſe * ; if they offered to come into the warehouſe, then ſtrait went the yard ſlap over their noddle ; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head ; if they came into the beſt apartment, to ſet any thing there in order, they were ſaluted with a broom ; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle ; one that would have got into the ſtables, was met by two raſcals, who fell to work with him with a bruſh and a curry-comb ; ſome climbing up into the coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive ; then ſlap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained, that Peg's ſervants were always aſking for drink-money † ; that they had more than their ſhare of the Chriſtmas-box : to ſay the truth, Peg's lads buſtled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fiſts, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, ſhillings, and ſix-pences. Others in the ſcramble picked up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happened a worſe thing than all this ; it was complained that Peg's ſervants had great ſtomachs, and brought ſo many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of houſe and home. Inſtead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thruſt away from the table ; then there was the devil and all to do ; ſpoons, plates, and diſhes flew about the room like mad : and Sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg ſaid, this was contrary to agreement, whereby ſhe was in all things to be treated like a child of the family ; then ſhe called upon thoſe that had made her ſuch fair promiſes, and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour ; but, alas! to her coſt ſhe found, that they were the firſt and readieſt to do her the injury. John at laſt agreed to this regu-

* By the teſt-act diſſenters are excluded from places and employments.

† Endeavoured to get their ſhare of places.

lation

lation; that Peg's footmen * might ſit with his book-keeper, journey-men, and apprentices; and Peg's better ſort of ſervants might ſit with his footmen, if they pleaſed.

Then they began to order plumb-porridge and minced-pyes for Peg's dinner: Peg told them ſhe had an averſion to that ſort of food; that upon forcing † down a meſs of it ſome years ago, it threw her into a fit, till ſhe brought it up again. Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the ſame meſs ſhould be ſerved up again for ſupper, and breakfaſt next morning; others would have made uſe of a horn; but the wiſer ſort bid let her alone, and ſhe might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

The converſation between John Bull and his wife.

Mrs Bull. THOUGH our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, ſince you ſeemed to be convinced of the ill courſe you have been in, and are reſolved to ſubmit to proper remedies. But when I conſider your immenſe debts, your fooliſh bargains, and the general diſorder of your buſineſs, I have a curioſity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull. I wiſh you would talk of ſome other ſubject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family muſt have their run.

Mrs Bull. But ſuch a ſtrange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had lawſuits; but though they ſpent the income, they never mortgaged the ſtock. Sure you muſt have ſome of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Pithee give me ſome account of theſe matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not ſuch a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the moſt cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the

* Articles of union, whereby they could make a Scots Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

† Introducing Epiſcopacy into Scotland, by Charles I.

earth.

earth. You muſt know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his Champagne, and ſo one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being uſed to ſuch heady ſtuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the ſtrength of his brain, or flinching his glaſs, kept himſelf ſober as a judge. "My "worthy friends, quoth Lewis, henceforth let us live "neighbourly; I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, "of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to "live among quarrelſome neighbours. There is but "one thing can make us fall out, and that is the *inheri-* "*tance of Lord Strutt's eſtate*; I am content, for "peace ſake, to wave my right, and ſubmit to any ex- "pedient to prevent a law-ſuit; I think an *equal diviſi-* "*on** will be the faireſt way." *Well moved, old Lewis,* quoth Frog! *and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory.* At the ſame time he clapped me on the back, and ſlabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. *Do as you pleaſe gentlemen,* quoth I; *it is all one to John Bull.* We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park-wall with our ſurveying inſtruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a ſemicircle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at ſome diſtance with a long pole. We began firſt with ſurveying the meadow grounds; afterwards, we meaſured the corn fields, cloſe by cloſe; then we proceeded to the wood-lands, the copper and tin-mines †. All this while Nic laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finiſhed the land, we were going to break into the houſe and gardens to take an inventory of his plate, pictures and other furniture.

Mrs Bull. What ſaid Lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almoſt finiſhed our concern, we were accoſted by ſome of Lord Strutt's ſervants: "Hey "day! What's here? what a devil's the meaning of all

* A treaty for preſerving the balance of power in Europe by a partition of the Spaniſh dominions.

† The Weſt Indies.

"theſe

" theſe trangrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? what in " the name of wonder are you going about, jumping " over my maſter's hedges, and running your lines croſs " his grounds? If you are at any field paſtime, you " might have aſked leave, my maſter is a civil well-bred " perſon as any is."

Mrs Bull. What could you anſwer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly, my neighbour Frog and I were ſtill hot-headed; we told him his maſter was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own buſineſs; that we were ſurveying his eſtate, and ſettling it for him, ſince he would not do it himſelf. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being ſtronger than they, ſent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their maſter*, " My Lord, ſaid they, there are three " odd ſort of fellows going about your grounds with the " ſtrangeſt machines that ever we beheld in our life: I " ſuppoſe they are going to rob your orchard, fell your " trees, or drive away your cattle: they told us ſtrange " things of ſettling your eſtate: one is a luſty old fel- " low, in a black wig, with a black beard, without " teeth; there's another thick ſquat fellow, in trunk- " hoſe: the third is a little, long-noſed thin man." (I was then lean, being juſt come out of a fit of ſickneſs.) " I ſuppoſe it is fit to ſend after them, leſt they carry " ſomething away."

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo, ſwore and bounced about the room, " 'Sdeath! " what am I come to, to be affronted ſo by my tradeſ- " men? I know the raſcals: my barber, clothier, and " linen-draper diſpoſe of my eſtate! bring hither my " blunderbuſs. I'll warrant ye, you ſhall ſee day light " through them. Scoundrels! dogs! the ſcum of the " earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy, " he pretend to meddle with my eſtate! with my will! " Ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at laſt? Thou " haſt lived too long in the world, to ſee thy age and

* This partition of the King of Spain's dominions was made without his conſent or even his knowledge.

" infirmity

"infirmity ſo deſpiſed: how will the ghoſts of my noble "anceſtors receive theſe tidings? They cannot, they "muſt not ſleep quietly in their graves." In ſhort, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the reſt of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken the other bottle of Champagne, we quarrelled a little about the diviſion of the eſtate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one ſide, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment in pieces. At laſt Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailors ſheers, and clipt a corner for himſelf, which he ſaid was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the reſt to diſpoſe of as we pleaſed. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with ſo little, not ſmelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened indeed an incident that gave us ſome diſturbance: a cunning fellow, one of my ſervants, two days after peeping through the key-hole, obſerved, that old Lewis had ſtole away our part of the map, and ſaw him fidling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: he was muttering ſomething to himſelf, which we did not well hear, only theſe words, *It is is great pity! it is great pity!* My ſervant added, that he believed this had ſome ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiſer than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends, he is an honeſt fellow, and I dare ſay will ſtand to his bargain. The ſequel of the ſtory proved this fellow's ſuſpicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis * revealed our whole ſecret to the deceaſed Lord Strutt, who, in reward of his treachery, and revenge to Frog and me, ſettled his whole eſtate upon the preſent Philip Baboon. Then we underſtood what he meant by piecing the map.

Mrs Bull. And was you ſurprized at this? Had not

* It is ſuſpected, that the French king intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the ſecret to the court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandſon.

Lord

Lord Strutt reaſon to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been ſo uſed yourſelf?

J. Bull. Why truly, wife, it was not eaſily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the faſhion to do ſuch things. I have read of your golden age, your ſilver age, *&c.* one might juſtly call this the age of *lawyers.* There was hardly a man of ſubſtance in all the country, but had a *counterfeit* *, *that pretended to his eſtate.* As the philoſophers ſay, that there is a duplicate of every terreſtrial animal at ſea, ſo it was in this age of the lawyers, there were at leaſt two of every thing; nay, on my conſcience, I think there were three Eſquire Hackums † at one time. In ſhort, it was uſual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and diſpoſe of the whole eſtates in the country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom: thou wouldſt do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it.* So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body elſe was undone. It was a common thing for an honeſt man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his ſervants, calling for ſupper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every houſe you might obſerve two Soſia's quarrelling who was maſter. For my own part, I am ſtill afraid of the ſame treatment, and that I ſhould find ſomebody behind my counter ſelling my broad-cloath.

Mrs. Bull. There are a ſort of fellows, they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play ſuch tricks; but, it ſeems, theſe fellows were in earneſt.

J. Bull. I begin to think, that *juſtice* is a better rule than *conveniency*, for all ſome people make ſo ſlight on it.

* Several pretenders at that time.

† Kings of Poland.

CHAP. VII.

Of the hard ſhifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preſerve the manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns.*

AS John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were ſurprized with a ſudden knocking at the door: "Thoſe wicked ſcriveners and lawyers, no doubt," quoth John; and ſo it was: ſome aſking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a curſed life do I lead? quoth John. "Debt is like deadly ſin: for God's ſake, Sir Roger, get "me rid of the fellows." "I'll warrant you, quoth "Sir Roger; leave them to me." And indeed it was pleaſant enough to obſerve Sir Roger's method with theſe importunate duns; his ſincere friendſhip for John Bull made him ſubmit to many things for his ſervice, which he would have ſcorned to have done for himſelf. Sometimes he† would ſtand at the door with his long ſtaff to keep off the duns, 'till John got out at the back door. When the lawyers and tradeſmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger uſed to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off the quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleaſed; he wore a pair of ſciſſars in his pocket for this purpoſe, and would ſnip it off ſo nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldſmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar: when ready money was ſcarce, he would ſet them a telling a thouſand pounds

* After the diſſolution of the parliament, the ſinking miniſtry endeavoured to ſupport themſelves, by propagating a notion, that the public credit would ſuffer if the Lord Treaſurer Godolphin was removed; the dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to ſell their ſhares in the bank; the governor, deputy governor, and two directors applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually ſunk. Perhaps by Bullock's-Hatch the author meant the crown-lands: ſee p. 241.

† Manners of the Earl of Oxford.

in

in ſix-pences, groats, and three-penny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have ſeen him charge through an army of lawyers, attornies, clerks, and tradeſmen; ſometimes with ſword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow ſtuck like a bur, that there was no ſhaking him off, he uſed to be mightily inquiſitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would ſend away to ſee ſome ſtrange ſight, as the dragon of *Hockley in the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would ſee him in the kitchen*, weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing of them, ſell damaged and light meat. Another time he would ſlip into the cellar, and gauge the caſks. In his leiſure minutes he was poſting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were neceſſary, where money was ſo ſcarce, and duns ſo numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could ſhew his head both at 'Change and Weſtminſter-hall; no man proteſted his bill, nor refuſed his bond; only the ſharpers and the ſcriveners, the lawyers and other clerks, pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The ſquirters were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loſs of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger ſhook his ears, and nuzzled along, well ſatisfied within himſelf, that he was doing a charitable work in reſcuing an honeſt man from the claws of *harpies* and *bloodſuckers*. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good houſewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indiviſible lines; it is impoſſible to march up cloſe to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parſimony. Your good houſewives are apt to look into the minuteſt things: therefore ſome blamed Mrs Bull for new heel-piecing of her ſhoes†, grudging a quarter of

* Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen's family.

† Too great ſavings in the houſe of commons.

a pound of *ſoap* and *ſand* to ſcower the rooms; but eſpecially, that ſhe would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan *, the London Apprentices, or the Seven Champions in the black-letter.

CHAP. VIII.

A continuation of the converſation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs Bull. IT is a moſt ſad life we lead, my dear, to be ſo teiſed, paying intereſt for old debts, and ſtill contracting new ones. However, I do not blame you for vindicating your honour, and chaſtizing old Lewis: to curb the inſolent, protect the oppreſſed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law: the only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finiſhed your ſuit.

J. Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my ſuit ſtood upon three firm pillars; *more money for more law, more law for more money*, and *no compoſition*. More money for more law, was plain to a demonſtration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what compoſition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he ſaid?

Mrs Bull. I think you are moſt likely to get out of this labyrinth by the ſecond door, by want of ready money to purchaſe this precious commodity; but you ſeem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; elſe, how was it poſſible to run ſo much in debt, when, at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to thoſe uſurers, would diſcharge Hocus's bills, and give you your belly-full of law for all your life, without running one ſixpence in debt? You have been bred up to buſineſs; I ſuppoſe you can cypher; I wonder you never uſed your pen and ink.

* Reſtraining the liberty of the preſs by act of parliament.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppoſe a young heir, heedleſs, raw, and unexperienced, full of ſpirit and vigour, with a favourite paſſion, in the hands of money ſcriveners: ſuch fellows are like your wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at laſt, 'till they ſqueeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money *, half a dozen of theſe fellows were always waiting in my anti-chamber with their ſecurities *ready* drawn. I was tempted with the ready, ſome farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like ſo many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and ſcarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got poſſeſſion of my beſt rents, they were able to ſupply me with my own money. But what was worſe, when I looked into the ſecurities, there was no clauſe of redemption.

Mrs Bull. No clauſe of redemption, ſay you? that's hard.

J. Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worſe trick than that; the ſame man bought and ſold to himſelf, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the ſame man was butcher and graſier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is ſomething ſtill worſe than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to diſcharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb woman dunned me as I went along the ſtreets. (Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, elſe I muſt have gone to goal.) When I aſked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the lawyers; counſel won't tick, Sir; Hocus was urging: my book-keeper ſat ſotting all day, playing at *put* and *all-fours*: in ſhort, by griping uſurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent ſervants, I am brought to this paſs.

Mrs Bull. This was hard uſage! but methinks, the leaſt reflection might have retrieved you.

* Methods of preying upon the neceſſities of the government.

J. Bull. It is true: yet conſider my circumſtances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; beſides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern; to ale-houſes and brandy-ſhops, and brought me acquainted with ſuch ſtrange dogs! "There goes the prettieſt fellow in the world *, ſays one, for managing a jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up witneſſes: ſerjeant ſuch-a-one has a ſilver tongue at the bar." I believe, in time, I ſhould have retained every ſingle perſon within the inns of court. The night after a trial, I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the attornies and their clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing, *Long live John Bull, the glory and ſupport of the law!*

Mrs. Bull. Really, Huſband, you went through a very notable courſe.

J. Bull. One of the things that firſt alarmed me, was, that they ſhewed a ſpite † againſt my poor old mother. "Lord, quoth I, what makes you ſo jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers, and her practice of piety: ſhe never meddles in any of your concerns? Foh, ſay they, to ſee a handſome, briſk, genteel, young fellow, ſo much governed by a doating old woman! why don't you go and ſuck the bubby? Do you conſider ſhe keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the beſt of your eſtate ſettled upon her for a rent-charge: hang her, old thief, turn her out of doors, ſeize her land, and let her go to law if ſhe dares." "Soft and fair, gentlemen, quoth I; my mother's my mother; our family are not of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't ſeize her jointure; long may ſhe enjoy it, good woman; I don't grudge it her, ſhe allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my law ſuit; that's pretty fair." About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd ſort of a diſ-

* Hiring ſtill more troops.

† Railing againſt the church.

temper;

temper*; it began with a coldneſs and numb'dneſs in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves (I think the phyſicians call them), ſeized the brain, and at laſt ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itſelf at firſt in a ſort of indifference and careleſsneſs in all her actions, coldneſs to her beſt friends, and an averſion to ſtir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanlieſt creature in the world, never ſhrunk now, if you ſet a cloſe-ſtool under her noſe. She, that would ſometimes rattle off her ſervants pretty ſharply, now, if ſhe ſaw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Inſtead of her uſual charities to deſerving perſons†, ſhe threw away her money upon roaring, ſwearing bullies and beggars, that went about the ſtreets. "What "is the matter with the old gentlewoman, ſaid every "body, ſhe never uſed to do in this manuer?" At laſt the diſtemper grew more violent‡, and threw her downright into raving fits; in which ſhe ſhrieked out ſo loud, that ſhe diſturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits ſhe called upon Sir William: "Oh! Sir William ||, "thou haſt betrayed me! killed me! ſtabbed me! ſold "me to the cuckold of Dover-ſtreet! See, ſee, Clum "with his bloody knife! ſeize him, ſeize him, ſtop "him! Behold the fury with her hiſſing ſnakes! "Where's my ſon John! Is he well, is he well! poor "man, I pity him;" and abundance more of ſuch ſtrange ſtuff, that no-body could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the anſwer was, "that ſhe was in a good mo-"derate way." Phyſicians were ſent for in haſte: Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the firſt meſſage. There were ſeveral others called in; but, as uſual upon ſuch occaſions, they differed ſtrangely at the conſultation. At laſt they divided into two parties, one ſided with Garth, the other with Rat-

* Careleſſneſs in forms and diſcipline.

† Diſpoſing of ſome preferments to libertine and unprincipled perſons.

‡ The too violent clamour about the danger of the church.

|| Sir William, a cant name of Sir Humphrey's, for Lord Treaſurer Godolphin.

cliff,

cliff. Dr. Garth*, "This caſe ſeems to me to be plain-
"ly hyſterical; the old woman is whimſical; it is a
"common thing for your old women to be ſo; I'll pawn
"my life, bliſters, with the ſteel diet, will recover her."
Others ſuggeſted ſtrong purging and letting of blood,
becauſe ſhe was plethoric. Some went ſo far as to ſay the
old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than
a little corporal correction. Ratcliff, "Gentlemen, you
"are miſtaken in this caſe; it is plainly an acute di-
"ſtemper, and ſhe cannot hold out three days, unleſs
"ſhe is ſupported with ſtrong cordials." I came into the
room with a good deal of concern, and aſked them what
they thought of my mother? "In no manner of danger,
"I avow to Gad, *quoth Garth*, the old woman is hyſte-
"rical, fanciful, Sir, I avow to Gad." "I tell you,
"Sir, *ſays Ratcliff*, ſhe cannot live three days to an end,
"unleſs there is ſome very effectual courſe taken with
"her; ſhe has a malignant fever." Then fool, pup-
py, and blockhead, were the beſt words they gave. I
could hardly reſtrain them from throwing the ink-bottles
at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one
party of the phyſicians deſired, I would take my ſiſter
Peg into the houſe to nurſe her, but the old gentlewoman
would not hear of that. At laſt one phyſician aſked, if
the Lady had ever been uſed to take laudanum? Her
maid anſwered, not that ſhe knew; but indeed there was
a High German livery-man of hers, one Yan Ptſchirnſook-
er †, that gave her a ſort of quack powder. The phy-
ſician deſired to ſee it: "Nay, ſays he, there is opium
"in this, I am ſure."

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examined a little into this mat-
ter.

J. Bull. I did indeed, and diſcovered a great myſtery
of iniquity. The witneſſes made oath, that they had
heard ſome of the livery-men ‡ frequently railing at
their miſtreſs. "They ſaid, ſhe was a troubleſome fiddle-
"faddle old woman, and ſo ceremonious, that there was

* Garth, the low church party: Ratcliff, high-church party.

† Yan Ptſchirnſooker, a biſhop at that time, a great dealer in politics and phyſic.

‡ The clergy.

"no

" no bearing of her. They were ſo plagued with bow-
" ing and cringing as they went in and out of the room,
" that their backs ached. She uſed to ſcold at one for
" his dirty ſhoes, at another for his greaſy hair, and not
" combing his head: that ſhe was ſo paſſionate and fiery
" in her temper, that there was no living with her, ſhe
" wanted ſomething to ſweeten her blood: that they ne-
" ver had a quiet night's reſt, for getting up in the morn-
" ing to early ſacraments; they wiſhed they could find
" ſome way or another to keep the old woman quiet in
" her bed." Such diſcourſes were often overheard a-
mong the livery-men, while the ſaid Yan Ptſchirnſooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, " That ſhe had ſeen the ſaid Yan Ptſchirnſooker, one of
" the livery-men, frequently making up of medicines,
" and adminiſtring them to all the neighbours; that ſhe
" ſaw him one morning make up the powder, which her
" miſtreſs took; that ſhe had the curioſity to aſk him,
" whence he had the ingredients? They come, ſays he,
" from ſeveral parts of de world; dis I have from Ge-
" neva, dat from Rome, this white powder from Am-
" ſterdam, and the red from Edinburgh; but the chief
" ingredient of all comes from Turkey." It was like-
wiſe proved, that the ſaid Yan Ptſchirnſooker had been frequently ſeen at the Roſe with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate ſpite to his miſtreſs: that he brought a certain powder to his miſtreſs, which the examinant believes to be the ſame, and ſpoke the following words: " Ma-
" dam, here is grand ſecret van de world, my ſweeten-
" ing powder, it does temperate de humour, deſpel the
" windt, and cure de vapour, it lulleth and quieteth
" the animal ſpirits, procuring reſt and pleaſant dreams:
" it is de infallible receipt for de ſcurvy, all heats in
" de bloodt, and breaking out upon de ſkin: it is de
" true blood-ſtancher, ſtopping all fluxes of de bloodt:
" if you do take dis, you will never ail any ding: it
" it will cure you of all diſeaſes:" and abundance more to this purpoſe, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his ſtory by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A copy of Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull *.

[*John Bull reads.*]

FRIEND JOHN,

"WHAT ſchellum is this that makes thee jealous "of thy old friend Nicholas? Haſt thou for"got how ſome years ago he took thee out of the ſpung"ing houſe †?" [*It is true, my friend Nic. did ſo, and I thank him; but he made me pay a ſwinging reckoning.*] "Thou beginneſt now to repent thy bargain, that thou "waſt ſo fond of; and, if thou durſt, would forſwear thy "own hand and ſeal. Thou ſay'ſt, that thou haſt pur"chaſed me too great an eſtate already; when, at the "ſame time, thou knoweſt I have only a mortgage: "it is true I have poſſeſſion, and the tenants own me "for maſter; but has not Eſquire South the equity of "redemption?" [*No doubt, and will redeem it very ſpeedily; poor Nic. has only poſſeſſion, eleven points of the law!*]. "As for the turnpikes ‡, I have ſet up, they are "for other people, not for my friend John; I have or"dered my ſervant conſtantly to attend, to let thy car"riages through without paying any thing; only I hope "thou wilt not come too heavy laden to ſpoil my ways. "Certainly I have juſt cauſe of offence againſt thee, my "friend, for ſuppoſing it poſſible that thou and I ſhould "ever quarrel: what hound's foot is it that puts theſe "whims in thy head? Ten thouſand laſt of devils haul "me, if I don't love thee as I love my life." [*No queſtion, as the devil loves holy water!*] "Does not thy own hand "and ſeal oblige thee to purchaſe for me, till I ſay it is "enough? Are not theſe words plain? I ſay it is not "enough Doſt thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog "made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy con-

* A letter from the S——s G——l.

† Alluding to the Revolution.

‡ The Dutch prohibition of trade.

"tract,

" tract, *tota pecunia*, with all thy money." [*Very well! I have purchaſed with my own money, my childrens, and my grand-children's money, is not that enough? Well,* tota pecunia *let it be, for, at preſent I have none at all: he would not have me purchaſe with other people's money, ſure: ſince* tota pecunia *is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchaſe*] " And whatever " the world may ſay, Nicholas Frog is but a poor man in " compariſon of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great " clothier of the world. I have had many loſſes, ſix of " my beſt ſheep were drowned, and the water has come " into my cellar, and ſpoiled a pipe of my beſt brandy: " it would be a more friendly act in thee to carry a brief " about the country to repair the loſſes of thy poor " friend. Is it not evident to all the world, that I am " ſtill hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not juſt upon " my borders?" [*And ſo he will be, if I purchaſe a thouſand acres more, unleſs he get ſomebody betwixt them.*] " I tell thee, friend John, thou haſt flatterers that per- " ſuade thee that thou art a man of buſineſs; do not be- " lieve them: if thou wouldſt ſtill leave thy affairs in my " hands, thou ſhouldſt ſee how handſomely I would deal " by thee. That ever thou ſhouldſt be dazzled with the " inchanted iſlands and mountains of gold, that old " Lewis promiſes thee! 'D'ſwounds! Why doſt thou not " lay out thy money to purchaſe a place at court, of " honeſt Iſrael? I tell thee, thou muſt not ſo much as " think of a compoſition." [*Not think of a compoſition, that's hard indeed; I cannot help thinking of it if I would.*] " Thou complaineſt of want of money; let " thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace of their " petticoats; ſell thy fat cattle; retrench but a ſirloin " of beef and a peck-loaf in a week from thy gorman- " dizing guts." [*Retrench my beef, a dog! retrench my beef! then it is plain the raſcal has an ill deſign up- on me, he would ſtarve me*] " Mortgage thy manor of " Bullock's-hatch, or pawn thy crop for ten years." [*A rogue! part with my country ſeat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world: I'll ſee him hanged firſt.*] " Why haſt thou changed thy attorney? Can any man " manage thy cauſe better for thee? [*Very pleaſant! becauſe a man has a good attorney, he muſt never make*

an

an end of his law-ſuit.] "Ah John! John! I wiſh thou "kneweſt thy own mind; thou art as fickle as the wind. "I tell thee, thou hadſt better let this compoſition alone, "or leave it to thy

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG."

CHAP. X.

*Of ſome extraordinary things *, that paſſed at the Salutation tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Eſquire South, and Lewis Baboon.*

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the Salutation to talk of this agreement. Though he durſt not directly break his appointment, he made many a ſhuffling excuſe; one time he pretended to be ſeized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had ſtruck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach horſes fell ſick, and he durſt not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuſe, but hurried him away: "Come Nic. *ſays he*, let's go, and hear at leaſt what "this old fellow has to propoſe! I hope there's no hurt "in that." "Be it ſo, *quoth Nic*, but if I catch any "harm, woe be to you; my wife and children will curſe "you as long as they live." When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was ſure then, and that he ſhould be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought every body as plain and ſincere as he was. "Well, neighbours, *quoth he*, let's now make an end "of all matters, and live peaceably together for the "time to come; if every body is as well inclined as I, "we ſhall quickly come to the upſhot of our affair."

* The treaty of Utrecht: the difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the Dutch would not ſpeak their ſentiments, nor the French deliver in their propoſals. The Houſe of Auſtria talked very high.

And

And ſo pointing to Frog to ſay ſomething, to the great ſurprize of all the company, Frog was ſeized with a dead palſy in the tongue. John began to aſk him ſome plain queſtions, and whooped and hollowed in his ear. "Let's "come to the point. Nic! who wouldſt thou have to "be Lord Strutt? Wouldſt thou have Philip Baboon?" Nic. ſhook his head, and ſaid nothing. "Wilt thou "then have Eſquire South to be Lord Strutt?" Nic. ſhook his head a ſecond time. "Then who the devil "wilt thou have? ſay ſomething or another." Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, "A, a, a, a!" which was as much as to ſay he could not ſpeak. John Bull.] "ſhall I ſerve Philip Baboon "with broad-cloth, and accept of the compoſition that "he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fiſh-ponds?" Then Nic. roared like a bull, "O, o, o, o!" John Bull.] "If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou "take them thyſelf?" Then Nic grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himſelf, and ſeemed to be ſo pleaſed, that he fell a friſking and dancing about the room. John Bull.] "Shall I leave all this "matter to thy management, Nic. and go about my buſineſs?" Then Nic. got up a glaſs, and drank to John, ſhaking him by the hand, till he had like to have ſhook his ſhoulder out of joint. John Bull.] "I underſtand thee, Nic. but I ſhall make thee ſpeak be"fore I go." Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *Buck;* which was as much as to ſay, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull.] "I have done Nic. "if thou wilt not ſpeak, I'll make my own terms with "old Lewis here." Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to ſay, kiſs——

John perceiving that Frog would not ſpeak, turns to old Lewis: "Since we cannot make this obſtinate fellow "ſpeak, Lewis, pray condeſcend a little to his humour, "and ſet down thy meaning upon paper, that he may "anſwer it in another ſcrap."

"I am infinitely ſorry, *quoth Lewis*, that it happens "ſo unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels the "other day, a fellow has given me ſuch a rap over the "right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have loſt the uſe

" of my fore-finger and my thumb, ſo that I cannot hold " my pen."

J. Bull. " That's all one, let me write for you."

Lewis. " But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read " any body's hand but my own."

J. Bull. " Try what you can do with your left-hand."

Lewis. " That's impoſſible; it will make ſuch a ſcrawl, " that it will not be legible."

As they were talking of this matter, in came Eſquire South *, all dreſſed up in feathers and ribbons, ſtark ſtaring mad, brandiſhing his ſword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, " Room, room, boys, for the " grand Eſquire of the world! the flower of Eſquires! " What! covered in my preſence? I'll cruſh your ſouls, " and crack you like lice!" With that he had like to have ſtruck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty ſtrong-fiſted, gave him ſuch a ſqueeze as made his eyes water. He went on ſtill in his mad pranks; " When I am Lord of the univerſe, the ſun ſhall pro- " ſtrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, ſhalt be my bai- " liff; Lewis my taylor; and thou, John Bull, ſhalt be " my fool!"

All this while Frog laughed in his ſleeve, gave the Eſquire t'other noggan of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John ſtood in amaze, talking thus to himſelf: " Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One " has a dumb devil, the other a mad devil, and the third " a ſpirit of infirmity. An honeſt man has a fine time " on't among ſuch rogues. What art thou aſking of " them, after all? Some mighty boon one would think! " only to ſit quietly at thy own fire-ſide. 'Sdeath, what " have I to do with ſuch fellows! John Bull, after all " his loſſes and croſſes, can live better without them, " than they can without him. Would to God I lived " a thouſand leagues off them! but the devil's in't, " John Bull is in, and John Bull muſt get out as well as " he can."

As he was talking to himſelf, he obſerved Frog and

* The Archduke was now become Emperor of Germany, being unanimouſly elected upon the death of Joſeph the firſt.

old

old Lewis edging towards one another to whiſper * : ſo that John was forced to ſit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them aſunder.

Some people adviſed John to blood Frog under the tongue, or to take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him ſpeak; to give Eſquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, ſome were for emollient pultesſes, others for opening his arms with an inciſion-knife.

CHAP. XI †.

The apprehending, examination, and impriſonment of Jack for ſuſpicion of poiſoning.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the ſtory of Yan Ptſchirnſooker's powder was interrupted by a meſſage from Frog. I have a natural compaſſion for curioſity, being much troubled with the diſtemper myſelf; therefore to gratify that uneaſy itching ſenſation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptſchirnſooker came off (as rogues uſually do u-

* Some attempts of ſecret negotiation between the French and the Dutch.

† The receiving the holy ſacrament as adminiſtered by the church of England once at leaſt in every year, having been made a neceſſary qualification for places of truſt and profit, many of the diſſenters came to the altar merely for this purpoſe. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the houſe and rejected, under the title of *A bill to prevent occaſional conformity*. But the Earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with the addition of ſuch clauſes as were ſaid to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further ſecurity to the proteſtant ſucceſſion, the whigs, whoſe cauſe the Earl then appeared to eſpouſe, were perſuaded to concur; ſome, becauſe they were indeed willing that the bill ſhould paſs, and others, becauſe they believed the Earl of Oxford would at laſt procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the hiſtory of this tranſaction.

then he was never out of the way: that he was extremely diligent about every body's buſineſs, but his own: that the ſaid Timothy, while he was in the family, uſed to be playing roguiſh tricks; when his miſtreſs's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like a Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and geſtures; but if his miſtreſs looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he uſed often to trip up ſtairs ſo ſmoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and ſervants, when he met them in the dark, ſo hard, that he left the print of his fore-finger and thumb in black and blue, and then ſlunk into a corner, as if no body had done it: out of the ſame malicious deſign he uſed to lay chairs and joint-ſtools in their way, that they might break their noſes by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he uſed to teach to talk ſaucily, and call names: during his ſtay in the family, there was much plate miſſing; being catched with a couple of ſilver ſpoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he ſaid, he was only going to carry them to the goldſmith's to be mended: that the ſaid Timothy was hated by all the honeſt ſervants for his ill-conditioned, ſplenetic tricks, but eſpecially for his ſlanderous tongue; traducing them to their miſtreſs, as drunkards, thieves, and whore-maſters: that the ſaid Timothy by lying ſtories uſed to ſet all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day ſitting at table *, he ſpoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion, *quoth he*, that little ſhort "fellows, ſuch as we are, have better hearts, and could "beat the tall fellows; I wiſh it came to a fair trial; I "believe theſe long fellows, as ſlightly as they are, "ſhould find their jackets well thwacked"

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themſelves affronted by the diſcourſe, took up the quarrel, and to it they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues ſtill a fiction in the family, to the great diſorder of

* The original of the diſtinction in the names of Low-church-men and High-church-men.

our

our miſtreſs's affairs: the ſaid Timothy carried this frolic ſo far, that he propoſed to his miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhould entertain no ſervant that was above four foot ſeven inches high; and for that purpoſe had prepared a gauge, by which they were to be meaſured. The good old gentlewoman was not ſo ſimple, as to go into his project; ſhe began to ſmell a rat. "This Trim, *quoth ſhe*," "is an "odd ſort of a fellow; methinks he makes a ſtrange fi- "gure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under "his livery; cannot he go ſpruce and clean, like the reſt "of the ſervants? the fellow has a roguiſh leer with him, "which I do not like by any means; beſides, he has ſuch "a twang in his diſcourſe, and an ungraceful way of "ſpeaking through the noſe, that one can hardly under- "ſtand him; I wiſh the fellow be not tainted with ſome "bad diſeaſe." The witneſſes farther made oath, that the ſaid Timothy lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unſeaſonable hours; and it was credibly reported, he did buſineſs in another family: that he pretended to have a ſqueamiſh ſtomach, and could not eat at table with the reſt of the ſervants, though this was but a pretence to provide ſome nice bit for himſelf; that he refuſed to dine upon ſalt-fiſh, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite diſh) in private; that for all his tender ſtomach, when he was got by himſelf, he could devour capons, turkeys, and ſirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witneſſes gave the following evidence: that in his officious attendance upon his miſtreſs, he had tried to ſlip a powder into her drink; and that he was once catched endeavouring to ſtifle her with a pillow as ſhe was aſleep: that he and Ptſchirnſooker were often in cloſe conference, and that they uſed to drink together at the Roſe, where it ſeems he was well enough known by his true name Jack.

The priſoner had little to ſay in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himſelf *alibi*; ſo that the trial turned upon this ſingle queſtion, whether the ſaid Timothy Trim and Jack were the ſame perſon; which was proved by ſuch plain tokens, and particulary by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withſtanding the evidence; there-

therefore the worſhipful Mr Juſtice committed him in order to his trial.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's friends came to viſit him in priſon, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had paſſed in the world for a poor, ſimple, well meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were ſtrangely ſurprized to find him in ſuch a roguery; that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf under a falſe name, hire himſelf out for a ſervant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poiſon her. They ſaid, that it was more generous to profeſs open enmity, than, under a profound diſſimulation, to be guilty of ſuch a ſcandalous breach of truſt, and of the ſacred rights of hoſpitality. In ſhort, the action was univerſally condemned by his beſt friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his looſe life, his gluttony, drunkenneſs, and avarice; for laying aſide his father's *will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning ſtock-jobber, news-monger, and buſy-body, meddling with other people's affairs, ſhaking off his old ſerious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's ſworn enemies: that he had beſt throw himſelf upon the mercy of the court; repent and change his manners. To ſay truth, Jack had heard theſe diſcourſes with ſome compunction; however, he reſolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they ſent Habbakkuk Slyboots *, who delivered him the following meſſage, at the peremptory commands of his truſty companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear Jack, I am ſorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due ſecrecy; however we muſt make the beſt of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmoſt jeopardy, that is certain; hang, draw, and

* Habbakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who perſuaded the diſſenters to conſent to the bill againſt *occaſional conformity*, as being for their intereſt.

quarter,

quarter, are the gentleſt things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy ſecurity, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to ſave thy life: thou muſt know, we have got into ſome underſtanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he aſſures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to eſcape; it is indeed ſomewhat out of the common road; however, be aſſured it is the reſult of moſt mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is ſunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you *make as if you hanged yourſelf* *; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of priſon in a bier; and John Bull, being buſied with his law-ſuit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myſelf?

Hab. Nay, you muſt really hang yourſelf up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the reſt to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of ſome concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a rope and a nooſe are no jeſting matters!

Hab. Why ſo miſtruſtful? haſt thou ever found us falſe to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I preſume to aſk who it is, that is entruſted with ſo important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy how's and thy why's? *That's a ſecret.*

Jack. A ſecret, perhaps, that I may be ſafely truſted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no ſtrange thing for a man, before he hangs himſelf up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou ſuſpicious creature! if thou muſt needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger †: he has been in

* Conſent to the bill againſt *occaſional conformity.*

† It was given out, that the Earl of Oxford would oppoſe the occaſional bill, and ſo loſe his credit with the tories; and the diſſenters did believe he would not ſuffer it to paſs.

tears

tears ever ſince thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it ſo, that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is well about thy neck, reſt ſatisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: fear not, old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I muſt hang myſelf up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego: a fine ſtratagem indeed to ſave my life, that depends upon hanging, Don Diego, and Sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *myſtery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *policy*; if thou kneweſt what good this will do to the *common cauſe*, thy heart would leap for joy: I am ſure thou wouldſt not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of *all for the better*. What's your cauſe to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not truſt thy friends, take what follows; know aſſuredly, before next ful-moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the moſt conſpicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of impaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou chuſeſt that, before a gentle ſuſpending of thyſelf for one minute. Hanging is not ſo painful a thing as thou imagineſt. I have ſpoke with ſeveral, that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneaſineſs: be ſure thou take good notice of the ſymptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry-mouth or ſo: Sir Roger will be with thee in the twi kling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger ſhould not come; will my friends be there to ſuccour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing againſt to-morrow morning; do thou keep thy own ſecret; ſay nothing: I tell thee, it is abſolutely neceſſary for the common good, that thou ſhouldſt go through this operation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Jack hanged himſelf up by the perſuaſion of his friends, who broke their words, and left his neck in the nooſe.

JACK was a profeſſed enemy to *implicit faith*, and yet I dare ſay it was never more ſtrongly exerted, nor more baſely abuſed, than upon this occaſion. He was now with his old friends, in the ſtate of a poor diſbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded ſoldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning miniſter after the job is over; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in queſt of new game; or like a hundred ſuch things, that one ſees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchaſe of Diego's friendſhip *, much good may it do them. The intereſt of Hocus and Sir William Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack abſolntely neceſſary. You may eaſily gueſs, that his reſt that night was but ſmall, and much diſturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as the cuſtom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or linging a double verſe of a pſalm; but amuſed himſelf with diſpoſing of his bank-ſtock. Many a doubt, many a qualm overſpread his clouded imagination: "Muſt I "then, *quoth he*, hang up my own perſonal, natural, "individual ſelf, with theſe two hands! *Durus ſermo*! "What if I ſhould be cut down, as my friends tell me? "There is ſomething infamous in the very attempt; the "world will conclude, I had a guilty conſcience. Is it "poſſible that good man, Sir Roger, can have ſo much "pity upon an fortunate ſcoundrel, that has perſecut-"ed him ſo many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love "favours that paſs through Don Diego's hands. On "the other ſide, my blood chills about my heart at the

* The Earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the whigs to bring in and carry this bill, one of the conditions of his engaging in their cauſe.

"thought

"thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grab-
"bling in my guts, and pulling out my very intrails:
"hang it, for once I'll trust my friends." So Jack re-
solved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip; wit-nesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or pro-secution stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to see it put in practice. Hab-bakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, com-pactly twisted together, with a noose that slipt as glib as a bird-catcher's gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it; he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron-bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist; nay, the very colour did not please him. "Will
"nothing less than hanging serve, *quoth Jack*? Won't
"my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will
"not they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory
"and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burn-
"ing in the cheek?"

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprizing the rogues: how they will be disappoint-ed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their re-venge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack That's true; but what if I should do it in effi-gies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common lyar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strange-

ſtrangely: beſides, I don't like this running-knot, it holds too tight; I may be ſtifled all of a ſudden.

Hab. Thou haſt ſo many *if's* and *and's*; prithee diſpatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain ſettle ſome affairs, for fear of the worſt: have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art ſuch a faintling, ſilly creature.

Jack. O thou moſt deteſtable, abominable *paſſive obedience!* did I ever imagine I ſhould become thy votary in ſo pregnant an inſtance! How will my brother Martin laugh at this ſtory, to ſee himſelf out-done in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No ſooner had he uttered theſe words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the nooſe, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inſide of which he had often graced in his proſperous days. This footſtool Habbakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack ſwinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal nooſe performed its office, and with the moſt ſtrict ligature ſqueezed the blood into his face, till it aſſumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habbakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and ſcoffs inſtead of pity. "Jack has hanged himſelf, *quoth they!* let us go "and ſee how the poor rogue ſwings." Then they called Sir Roger. "Sir Roger, *quoth Habbakkuk*, Jack has "hanged himſelf, make haſte and cut him down." Sir Roger turned firſt one ear, and then the other, not underſtanding what he ſaid.

Hab. I tell you, Jack has hanged himſelf up.

Sir Roger. Who's hanged?

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himſelf.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad theſe twenty years. With this he flung away.

Then Jack's friends begun to hunch and puſh one another,

other, "Why don't you go, and cut the poor fellow "down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not "I, *quoth one;* Not I *quoth another;* Not I, *quoth a* "*third*; he may hang till doomsday before I relieve "him." Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptschirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advised and justified before, *viz.* his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. "This gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack; "what must be done with it?" Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham-College *, and it is called *Jack's rope* to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest, supposing him to be dead, brought him in *non compos.*

CHAP. XIV.

The conferences between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing transactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of Sir Roger.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

* Since removed with the royal society into Crane-Court in Fleet-street.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Conſider then, who is your beſt friend; he that would have brought him to condign puniſhment, or he that has ſaved him. By my perſuaſion Jack had hanged himſelf, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you, that Sir Roger has done ſo?

D. Diego. You ſeem to receive me coldly; methinks my ſervices deſerve a better return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourſelf upon hanging this poor ſcoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging-work, I'll ſend for thee: I have ſome better employment for Sir Roger: in the mean time, I deſire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he firſt came out of the north-country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow ſeemed to mind his loom and his ſpinning-wheel, 'till ſomebody turned his head; then he grew ſo pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family: I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he muſt be always giving his counſel, forſooth: nevertheleſs, tell him, I will forgive what is paſt; and if he would mind his buſineſs for the future, and not meddle out of his own ſphere, he will find, that John Bull is not of a cruel diſpoſition.

D. Diego. Yet all your ſkilful phyſicians ſay, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her ſoup.

J. Bull. Thoſe are quacks: my mother abhors ſuch cannibal's food: ſhe is in perfect health at preſent: I would have given many a good pound to have had her ſo well ſome time ago. There are indeed two or three troubleſome old nurſes *, that, becauſe they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's reſt with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your mother is taken ex-"tremely ill! ſhe is fallen into a fainting fit! ſhe has a "great emptineſs, wants ſuſtenance!" This is only to recommend themſelves for their great care: John Bull, as ſimple as he is, underſtands a little of a pulſe.

* New clamours about the danger of the church.

CHAP XV.

The ſequel of the meeting at the Salutation *.

WHERE I think I left John Bull, ſitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms akimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. aſunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to ſteal a whiſper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to ſlip a ſhort note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as ſlily put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curioſity to retire into a corner to peruſe theſe *billet doux* † of Nic's; wherein he found, that Nic. had uſed great freedoms both with his intereſt and reputation. One contained theſe words: "Dear Lewis, thou ſeeſt clearly, "that this blockhead can never bring matters to bear: "let thee and me talk to night by ourſelves at the Roſe, "and I'll give thee ſatisfaction." Another was thus expreſſed; "Friend Lewis, has thy ſenſe quite forſaken "thee, to make Bull ſuch offers? Hold faſt, part with "nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll "warrant thee."

In ſome of his billets he told Lewis, "That John Bull "was under his guardianſhip; that the beſt part of his "ſervants were at his command; that he could have John "gagged and bound whenever he pleaſed by the people "of his own family." In all theſe epiſtles, blockhead, dunce, aſs, coxcomb, were the beſt epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatened, "That he ‡, Eſquire "South, and the reſt of the tradeſmen, would lay Lewis "down upon his back and beat out his teeth, if he did "not retire immediately, and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often

* At the congreſs of Utrecht.

† Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

‡ Threatening that the allies would carry on the war, without the help of the Engliſh.

changed

changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good ſlap on the chops; but he wiſely moderated his choleric temper. "I ſaved this fellow, *quoth* "*he*, from the gallows, when he run away from his laſt "maſter *, becauſe I thought he was harſhly treated; "but the rogue was no ſooner ſafe under my protection, "than he began to lie, pilfer, and ſteal like the devil †. "When I firſt ſet him up in a warm houſe, he had hard-"ly put up his ſign, when he began to debauch my beſt "cuſtomers from me. Then it was his conſtant practice "to rob my fiſh-ponds ††, not only to feed his family, "but to trade with the fiſhmongers: I connived at the "fellow, till he began to tell me, that they were his as "much as mine. In my manor of Eaſtcheap †, becauſe "it lay at ſome diſtance from conſtant inſpection, he "broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat "my ſervants. When I uſed to reprimand him for his "tricks, he would talk ſaucily, lye and brazen it out, "as if he had done nothing amiſs. Will nothing cure "thee of thy pranks, Nic. *quoth I?* I ſhall be forced "ſome time or other to chaſtiſe thee. The rogue got "up his cane and threatened me, and was well thwack-"ed for his pains. But I think his behaviour at this time "worſt of all; after I have almoſt drowned myſelf to "keep his head above water, he would leave me ſticking "in the mud, truſting to his goodneſs to help me out. "After I have beggared myſelf with his troubleſome "law ſuit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty "dudgeon, becauſe I have brought him here to end "matters amicably, and becauſe I won't let him make "me over by deed and indenture as his lawful only; "which to my certain knowledge he has attempted ſe-"veral times. But, after all, canſt thou gather grapes "from thorns? Nic. does not pretend to be a gentle-"man; he is a tradeſman, a ſelf ſeeking wretch; but "how cameſt thou to bear all this, John? The reaſon

* The King of Spain, whoſe yoke the Dutch threw off with the aſſiſtance of the Engliſh.

†† Complaints againſt the Dutch for incroachments in trade, fiſhery, Eaſt Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on theſe accounts.

" is plain; thou conferreſt the benfits, and he receives " them; the firſt produces love, and the laſt ingratitude " Ah! Nic. Nic thou art a damned dog, that's certain; " thou knoweſt too well, that I will take care of thee; " elſe thou wouldſt not uſe me thus. I won't give thee " up, 'tis true; but as true it is, thou ſhalt not ſell " me, according to thy laudable cuſtom." While John was deep in this ſoliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following proteſtation.

GENTLEMEN,

" I believe, every body here preſent will allow me to " be a very juſt and diſintereſted perſon. My friend " John Bull here is very angry with me, forſooth, be- " cauſe I won't agree to his fooliſh bargains. Now, I " declare to all mankind, I ſhould be ready to ſacrifice " my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his in- " tereſt, and that of the honeſt *tradeſmen* * that are em- " barked with us, keeps me from entering into this com- " poſition. What ſhall become of thoſe poor creatures? " the thought of their impending ruin diſturbs my night's " reſt, therefore I deſire they may ſpeak for themſelves. " If they are willing to give up this affair, I ſhan't make " two words of it."

John Bull begged him to lay aſide that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the intereſt of thoſe tradeſmen had not ſat quite ſo heavy upon him ſome years ago, on a like occaſion. Nic. anſwered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatſwain's whiſtle. Upon the firſt whiff, the *tradeſmen* came jumping into the room, and began to ſurround Lewis, like ſo many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to uſe a modeſter ſimile, like duns at a great Lord's levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his ſleeve another by the ſkirt, a third hollowed in his ear: they began to aſk him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by ſtealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchaſe: ſome aſked for manors, others for acres that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his

* The allies.

fences, level his ditches: all agreed in one common demand, that he ſhould be purged, ſweated, vomited, and ſtarved, till he came to a ſizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: one modeſtly aſked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fiſhmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furniſh the kitchen. John's ſiſter Peg only deſired, that he would let his ſervants ſing pſalms a Sundays. Some deſcended even to the aſking of old cloaths, ſhoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

"Monſieur Bull, *quoth Lewis*, you ſeem to be a man "of ſome breeding; for God's ſake uſe your intereſt "with theſe meſſieurs, that they would ſpeak but one at "once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as "many tongues, he cannot ſatisfy them all at this rate." John begged they might proceed with ſome method; then they ſtopped all of a ſudden, and would not ſay a word. "If this be your play, *quoth John*, that we may not be "be like a quaker's dumb meeting, let us begin ſome di-"verſion; what d'ye think of rouly-pouly, or a country "dance? What if we ſhould have a match at foot ball? "I am ſure we ſhall never end matters at this rate."

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog ſettled their accounts.

J. Bull. DURING this general ceſſation of talk, what if you and I, Nic. ſhould enquire how money-matters ſtand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was diſburſed.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at preſent; we'll ſettle it between ourſelves: fair and ſquare, Nic. keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this lawſuit, at one time, 36,000 pounds, and 40,000 crowns: in ſome caſes I, in others you, bear the the greateſt proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greateſt num-

ber, and you pay two thirds of the leſſer number: I think this is fair and ſquare, as you call it.

J. Bull. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36,000 pounds are 24,000 pounds for your ſhare, and there remains 12,000 for mine. Again, of the 40,000 crowns I pay 24,000, which is three fifths, and you pay only 16,000, which is two fifths; 24,000 crowns make 6000 pounds; and 16,000 crowns make 4000 pounds; 12,000 and 6000 make 18 000; 24,000 and 4000 make 28,000. So there are 18,000 pounds to my ſhare of the expences, and 28,000 to yours.

After Nic. had bambouzled John a while about the 18,000 and the 28,000, John called for counters; but what with ſlight of hand, and taking from his own ſcore, and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own ſide.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend Nic. though I am not quite ſo nimble in the fingers, I underſtand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my accounts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: and here I begin with the firſt. You muſt excuſe me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[*John reads.*]

For the *expences ordinary* of the ſuits, fees, to judges, puny judges, lawyers, innumerable of all ſorts.
Of *extraordinaries*, as follows, *per* accompt.

To Eſquire South's accompt for *poſt terminums* -
To *ditto* for *non eſt factums* - - -
To *ditto* for *noli proſequi's*, *diſcontinuance*, and *retraxit*
For *writs of error* - - - -
Suits of *conditions unperformed* - - -
To Hocus for *dedimus poteſtatem* - -
To *ditto* for *a capias ad computandum* - -
To Frog's new tenants *per* accompt to Hocus, for *audita querela's* - - - - -
On the ſaid account for *writs of ejectment* and *diſtringas*.
To Eſquire South's quota for a return of a *non eſt invent.* and *nulla habet bona* - - -
To ——— for a pardon *in forma pauperis* - -
To Jack for a *melius inquirendum* upon a *felo de ſe* -

To

To coach-hire - - - -
For treats to juries and witneſſes - - -

John having read over his articles, with the reſpective ſums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance 3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket and began to read:

Nicholas Frog's accompt.

Remains to be deducted out of the former accompt.

Paid by Nic. Frog, for his ſhare of the *ordinary expences* of the ſuit - - - -
To Hocus for entries of a *rege inconſulto* - - -
To John Bull's nephew for a *venire facias*, the money not yet all laid out - - - -
The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-ſuit -
For the extraordinary expences of feeding my family during this law-ſuit - - -
To Major Ab. - - - -
To Major Will. - - - -
And ſumming all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog, 09 04 06

J. Bull. As for your *venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be non-ſuited. I'll take care of my nephew myſelf. Your *coach-hire* and family charges are moſt unreaſonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are thoſe two *Majors*, that conſume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honeſt gentlemen, I aſſure you, that have done me ſome ſervice. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy greater *ability*, and Major Will. thy greater *willingneſs* to carry on this law-ſuit. It was but reaſonable that thou ſhouldſt pay both for thy *power* and thy *poſitiveneſs*.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. I believe, I ſhall have thoſe two honeſt Majors diſcount on my ſide in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about ſuch a paltry ſum? Does this become the generoſity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not aſhamed. Oh Hocus! Hocus! where art thou! It uſed to go another-guiſe manner in thy time. When a poor man has almoſt undone himſelf for thy ſake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy conſcience, John?

J. Bull. Very pleaſant indeed! It is well known thou retaineſt thy lawyers by the year, ſo a freſh law-ſuit adds but little to thy expences; they are thy cuſtomers*; I hardly ever ſell them a farthing's worth of any thing: nay, thou haſt ſet up an eating-houſe, where the whole tribe of them ſpend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou getteſt more of my money, than thou ſpendeſt of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at leaſt, that thy accompts are falſe.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I; I refer myſelf to theſe honeſt gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let Eſquire South ſpeak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-ſuit.

J. Bull. Conſult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Doſt think, that John Bull will be tried by Piepowders†? I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his ſhoe pinches: none of your Eſquires ſhall give him the law, as long as he wears this truſty weapon by his ſide, or has an inch of broad-cloath in his ſhop.

Nic. Frog. Why, there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am ſorry thou diſcovereſt ſo much of thy

* The money ſpent in Holland and Flanders.

† Court of Piepowders (*curia pedis pulverizati*) is a court of record incident to every fair; whereof the ſteward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is ſo called, becauſe it is moſt uſual in the ſummer; and becauſe of the expeditions in hearing cauſes; for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard and determined the ſame day, that is, before the duſt goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

head-

head-ſtrong humour before theſe ſtrange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin ſome time or other: let it never be ſaid, that the famous John Bull has departed in deſpite of court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic. to turn barretter in thy old days; a ſtirrer up of quarrels amongſt thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic. ſome time or other thou wilt repent this.

But John ſaw clearly he ſhould have nothing but wrangling, and that he ſhould have as little ſucceſs in ſettling his accompts, as ending the compoſition. "Since "they will needs overload my ſhoulders, *quoth John,* I "ſhall throw down the burden with a ſquaſh amongſt "them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of "it amongſt a combination of ſharpers, that vouch for "one another's honeſty. John, look to thyſelf; old "Lewis makes reaſonable offers; when thou haſt ſpent "the ſmall pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glo-"rious figure, when thou art brought to live upon Nic. "Frog and Eſquire South's generoſity and gratitude: "when they uſe thee thus when they want thee, what "will they do when thou wanteſt them? I ſay again, "John, look to thyſelf."

JOHN wiſely ſtifled his reſentments, and told the company, that in a little time he ſhould give them law, or ſomething better.

All. Law! law! Sir, by all means *. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finiſhing a law-ſuit? For the love of God more law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands, how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while farewel.

* Clamours for continuing the war.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there diſpoſing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himſelf now of age to look after his own affairs. He reſolved to traverſe this new project, und to make him uneaſy in his own *family*. He had corrupted or deluded moſt of his ſervants into the moſt extravagant conceits in the world; that their maſter was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poiſon in the other; that he had ſold his wife and children to Lewis, diſinherited his heir, and was going to ſettle his eſtate upon a *pariſh-boy*; that if they did not look after their maſter, he would do ſome very miſchievous thing. When John came home, he found a more ſurprizing ſcene than any he had yet met with, and that you will ſay was ſomewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to beſpeak his dinner: Betty told him, "That ſhe begged his pardon, ſhe could "not dreſs dinner, till ſhe knew what he intended to do "with his will." "Why, Betty, *quoth John*, thou "art not run mad, art thou? My will at preſent is to "have dinner." "That may be, *quoth Betty*, but "my conſcience won't allow me to dreſs it, till I know "whether you intend to do righteous things by your "heir?" "I am ſorry for that, Betty, *quoth John*, "I muſt find ſome body elſe then." Then he called John the barber. "Before I begin, *quoth John*, I hope "your honour won't be offended, if I aſk you, whether "you intend to alter your will? If you don't give me "a poſitive anſwer, your beard may grow down to your "middle, for me." "'Igad ſo it ſhall, *quoth Bull*, "for I will never truſt my throat in ſuch a mad fellow's "hands. Where's Dick the butler?" "Look ye, "*quoth Dick*, I am very willing to ſerve you in my cal-

* Clamours about the danger of the ſucceſſion.

"ling

" ling, d'ye ſee; but there are ſtrange reports, and plain-
" dealing is beſt, d'ye ſee; I muſt be ſatisfied if you in-
" tend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is
" ſtill your executor, d'ye ſee; if you will not ſatisfy me
" as to theſe points, you may drink with the ducks."
" And ſo I will, *quoth John*, rather than keep a butler
" that loves my heir better than myſelf." Hope the ſhoe-
maker, and Pricket the taylor told him, " They would
" moſt willingly ſerve him in their ſeveral ſtations, if
" he would promiſe them never to talk with Lewis Ba-
" boon, and let Nicholas Frog linen-draper manage his
" concerns; that they could neither make ſhoes nor
" cloaths to any that were not in good correſpondence
" with their worthy friend Nicolas."

J. Bull. Call Andrew my journeyman. How goes affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken poſſeſſion of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only deſire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Juſt as other dead folks do, Andrew.—— This is amazing! [*Aſide.*

Andrew. I mean, if your nephew ſhall inherit your eſtate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himſelf. I ſhall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it ſure?

J. Bull. Thou meaneſt, that I ſhould put him in poſſeſſion, for I can make it no ſurer without that; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed poſſeſſion, as you ſay, would make it much ſurer; they ſay, it is eleven points of the law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all inchanted; he inquired about the age of the moon; if Nic. had not given them ſome intoxicating *potion*, or if old mother Jeniſa was ſtill alive? " No, o'my faith, *quoth Harry*, " I believe there is no *potion* in the caſe, but a little *au-*
" *rum potabile*. You will have more of this by and by."
He had ſcarce ſpoke the word, when another friend of John's accoſted him after the following manner.

" Since thoſe worthy perſons, who are as much con-
" cerned for your ſafety as I am, have employed me as
" their orator, I deſire to know whether you will have

" it by way of *ſyllogiſm*, *enthymem*, *dilemma*, or *ſori-*
" *tes*."

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *ſorites* by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all who are verſed in hiſtory, that there were two *ſiſters* that played the whore two thouſand years ago: therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourſe with Lewis Baboon: if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourſe (correſpondence, if you will, that is much the ſame thing), then *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the ſaid John to make over his wife and children to the ſaid Lewis: if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratſbane in his *pockets*: if he wears a dagger and ratſbane, it muſt be to do miſchief to himſelf, or ſomebody elſe: if he intends to do miſchief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none ſo fit as myſelf, and ſome other worthy perſons, who have a commiſſion for that purpoſe from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and teſtament.

J. Bull. And this is your *ſorites*, you ſay,——With that he ſnatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandiſh it; then happy was the man that was firſt at the door: crouding to get out, they tumbled down ſtairs; and it is credibly reported, ſome of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

" That any of theſe rogues, *quoth John*, ſhould ima-
" gine, I am not as much concerned as they about ha-
" ving my affairs in a ſettled condition, or that I would
" wrong my heir for I know not what! Well, Nic. I
" really cannot but applaude thy diligence; I muſt own
" this is really a pretty ſort of a trick, but it ſhan't do
" thy buſineſs for all that."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Lewis Baboon came to viſit John Bull, and what paſſed between them *.

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphrey himſelf, but by another very able *pen* of the univerſity of Grubſtreet.

JOHN had (by ſome good inſtructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himſelf up to a great ſteadineſs of mind to purſue his own intereſt through all impediments that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off ſome of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the ſtreets; he put on a ſerious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very conſiderable progreſs in politics, conſidering that he had been kept a ſtranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help diſcovering ſome remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a foot-ball, or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was ſure to take him to taſk. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a moſt thoughtful countenance: his ſervant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to ſpeak with him. John had got an impreſſion, that Lewis was ſo deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himſelf alone with him: at laſt he took heart of grace; "Let him come up, *quoth he*, "it is but ſticking to my point, and he can never over-"reach me."

Lewis Baboon. Monſieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been ſomewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with uſage accordingly. I was fond of back-ſword and cudgel-play from my youth, and now I bear in my body many a black and blue gaſh and ſcar, God knows. I had as good a warehouſe, and as fair poſ-

* Private negotiations about Dunkirk.

ſeſſions, as any of my neighbours, though I ſay it; but a contentious temper, flattering ſervants, and unfortunate ſtars, have brought me into circumſtances that are not unknown to you. Theſe my misfortunes are heightened by domeſtic calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: but, alas! I ſee but ſmall hopes of that, for every new circumſtance affords an argument to my enemies to purſue their revenge; formerly I was to be hanged, becauſe I was too ſtrong, and now becauſe I am too weak to reſiſt; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppreſſed when too poor. Nic. Frog has uſed me like a *ſcoundrel*; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myſelf in your hands to diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Maſter Baboon, as to your uſage of your neighbours, you had beſt not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it ſuffice at preſent, that you have been met with: you have been rolling a great ſtone up hill all your life, and at laſt it has come tumbling down till it is like to cruſh you to pieces: plain-dealing is beſt. If you have any particular mark, Mr Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you ſpeak truth, you had beſt tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but ſince at preſent I know of none ſuch, it is better that you ſhould truſt me, than that I ſhould truſt you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongſt us tradeſmen, but intereſt; and it is manifeſtly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may ſafely truſt me, I can aſſure you.

J. Bull. The truſt I give is in ſhort this; I muſt have ſomething in hand, before I make the bargain, and the reſt before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To ſhew you I deal fairly, name your ſomething.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou canſt gueſs.

L. Baboon. Eccleſdown-caſtle *, I'll warrant you, becauſe it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you ſhall have it.

J. Bull. I ſhall have it to m'own ſelf?

* Dunkirk.

L. Baboon.

L. Baboon. To thy n'own ſelf.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Eccleſdown-caſtle, you ſay!

L. Baboon. Juſt ſo.

J. Bull. Every ſingle ſtone of Eccleſdown-caſtle, to m'own ſelf, ſpeedily!

L. Baboon. When you pleaſe; what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, haſt thou laid aſide all thy *equivocals* and *mentals* in this caſe?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; ſeeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talkeſt to the purpoſe; let us ſhake hands, old boy. Let me aſk thee one queſtion more; what haſt thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family? to diſpoſe of my eſtate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Juſt as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my intereſt was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot-point, whether I am more likely to make a Maſter Bull, or you a Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I muſt have ſecurity, that I ſhall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you ſhall: Eccleſdown-caſtle! Eccleſdown! remember that: why wouldſt thou not take it, when it was offered thee ſome years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, becauſe they told me thou wouldſt not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monſieur Bull be ſo groſsly abuſed by downright nonſenſe? they that adviſed you to refuſe, muſt have believed I intended to give, elſe why would they not make the experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at preſent.

J. Bull. But what ſayeſt thou as to the Eſquire, Nic. Frog, and the reſt of the tradeſmen? I muſt take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou haſt but ſmall obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge: he has not uſed me like a gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony; he is clowniſh, as a man may ſay: belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by preſcription: but however, we are engaged in one common cauſe, and I muſt look after him.

L. Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the reſt of the plaintiffs in this law-ſuit, I will refer to your juſtice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-ſuit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was reſolved to leave no ſtone unturned to recover his bubble: amongſt other artifices he wrote a moſt obliging letter, which he ſent him printed in a fair character.

DEAR FRIEND *,

"WHEN I conſidered the late ill uſage I have met "with from you, I was reflecting what it was "that could provoke you to it; but upon a narrow in-"ſpection into my conduct, I can find nothing to re-"proach myſelf with, but too partial a concern for "your intereſt. You no ſooner ſet this compoſition a-"foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your "very wiſhes; and the affair might have been ended be-"fore now, had it not been for the greater concerns of "Eſquire South, and the other poor creatures imbarked "in the ſame common cauſe, whoſe ſafety touches me "to the quick. You ſeemed a little jealous, that I had "dealt unfairly with you in money-matters, till it ap-"peared by your own accounts, that there was ſome-"thing due to me upon the balance. Having nothing to "anſwer to ſo plain a demonſtration, you began to com-"plain, as if I had been familiar with your reputation; "which it is well known, not only I, but the meaneſt

* Subſtance of the States letter.

"ſervant

" ſervants in my family, talk of you with the utmoſt re-
" ſpect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted
" your ſervants and tenants to be dutiful; not that I
" any way meddle in your domeſtic affairs, which were
" very unbecoming for me to do. If ſome of your ſer-
" vants expreſs their great concern for you in a manner
" that is not ſo very polite, you ought to impute it to
" their extraordinary zeal, which deſerves a reward, ra-
" ther than a reproof. You cannot reproach me for
" want of ſucceſs at the Salutation, ſince I am not
" maſter of the paſſions and intereſts of other folks. I
" have beggared myſelf with this law-ſuit, undertaken
" merely in complaiſance to you; and if you would
" have had but a little patience, I had ſtill greater things
" in reſerve, that I intended to have done for you. I
" hope, what I have ſaid will prevail with you to lay a-
" ſide your unreaſonable jealouſies, and that we may
" have no more meetings at the ſalutation, ſpending our
" time and money to no purpoſe. My concern for your
" welfare and proſperity almoſt makes me mad. You
" may be aſſured I will continue to be

" Your affectionate

" Friend and ſervant,

NIC. FROG."

John received this with a good deal of *ſang froid*: *Tranſeat*, quoth John, *cum cæteris erroribus*. He was now at his eaſe; he ſaw he could now make a very good bargain for himſelf, and a very ſafe one for other folks. " My ſhirt, *quoth he*, is near me, but my ſkin is nearer: " whilſt I take care of the welfare of other folks, no-
" body can blame me to apply a little balſam to my own
" ſores. It is a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do
" his own buſineſs; a man has ſuch a tender concern for
" himſelf, there's nothing like it. This is ſomething
" better, I trow, than for John Bull to be ſtanding in
" the market, like a great dray-horſe, with Frog's paws
" upon his head.——*What will you give me for this beaſt?*
" Serviteur Nic. Frog, you may kiſs my backſide, if you
" pleaſe. Though John Bull has not read your Ariſtotles,
" Platos, and Machiavels, he can ſee as far into a mill-

" ſtone

"ſtone as another." With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burſt his ſides.

CHAP. XX.

The diſcourſe that paſſed between Nic. Frog and Eſquire South, which John Bull overheard.*

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into Eccleſdown-caſtle; he repairs to the Salutation, with a deſign to break the matter gently to his partners: before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the Eſquire in a very pleaſant conference.

Eſq. South. Oh the ingratitude and injuſtice of mankind! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendſhip and protection ſo long, ſhould flinch at laſt, and pretend that he can diſburſe no more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his ſneaking temper, ſhould be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worſhip, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue ſhould be compelled to his duty.

Eſq. South. That he ſhould prefer his ſcandalous pelf, the duſt and dregs of the earth, to the proſperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is miſtaken there too; for he would quickly lick himſelf whole again by his vails. It is ſtrange he ſhould prefer Philip Baboon's cuſtom to Eſquire South's.

Eſq. South. As you ſay, that my clothier, that is to get ſo much by the purchaſe, ſhould refuſe to put me in poſſeſſion; did you ever know any man's tradeſman ſerve him ſo before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, it is a very unuſual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your Honour had not a great ſtock of moderation and p ence, you would not bear it ſo well as you do

Eſq. South. It is moſt intolerable, that's certain, Nic. and I will be revenged.

* Negotiations between the Emperor and the Dutch for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

Nic.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is ſtrange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your Honour's part, conſidering how good and gentle a maſter you are.

Eſq. South. True, Nic. but few are ſenſible of merit in this world: it is a great comfort, to have ſo faithful a friend as thyſelf in ſo critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world ſhould forſake you, be aſſured Nic. Frog never will; let us ſtick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Eſq. South. Let me kiſs thee, dear Nic. I have found one honeſt man among a thouſand at laſt.

Nic. Frog. If it were poſſible, your Honour has it in your power to wed me ſtill cloſer to your intereſt.

Eſq. South. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my leaſe and an inheritance is ſuch a trifle, as I am ſure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; beſides, it will make Bull as mad as the devil: you and I ſhall be able to manage him then to ſome purpoſe.

Eſq. South. Say no more, it ſhall be done, Nic. to thy heart's content.

JOHN all this while was liſtening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his ſleeve at the pride and ſimplicity of the Eſquire, and the ſly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a ſudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reaſonable terms, if they would pleaſe to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No compoſition, "long live Eſquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed, ſome roared, ſome ſtamped with their feet, others ſtopt their ears with their fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen, *quoth John*, if you will but ſtop proceeding for a while, you ſhall judge yourſelves whether Lewis's propoſals are reaſonable *.

All. Very fine indeed, ſtop proceeding, and ſo loſe a term.

J. Bull. Not ſo neither; we have ſomething by way of advance, he will put us in poſſeſſion of his manour and caſtle of Eccleſdown.

* Propoſals for ceſſation of arms, and delivery of Dunkirk.

Nic.

Nic. Frog. What doſt thou talk of *us*, thou meaneſt *thyſelf.*

J. Bull. When Frog took poſſeſſion of any thing, it was always ſaid to be for *us*, and why may not John Bull be *us*, as well as Nic. Frog was *us?* I hope John Bull is no more confined to ſingularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it ſo, the conſtant doctrine that thou haſt preached up for many years, was, that thou and I are one; and why muſt we be ſuppoſed two in this caſe, that were always one before? it is impoſſible that thou and I can fall out, Nic. we muſt truſt one another; I have truſted thee with a great many things, prithee truſt me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main, but there is ſome *ſpecialty* in this caſe, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both.*

J. Bull. Thoſe are your jealouſies, that the common enemies ſow between us; how often haſt thou warned me of thoſe rogues, Nic. that would make us miſtruſtful of one another!

Nic. Frog. This Eccleſdown-caſte is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it ſo, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you conſider the unwholeſomeneſs of the air and ſoil, the expenſes of reparations and ſervants? I would ſcorn to accept of ſuch a quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, Nic. but in my circumſtances, I muſt be even content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really ſo ſilly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I ſtand and fall by that, I am reſolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And ſo relinquiſh the hopefulleſt cauſe in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchaſe it, Nic.? thou ſhalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than that we ſhould differ, I'll give thee ſomething to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldſt but moderate that haſty, impatient temper of thine, thou ſhouldſt quickly ſee a better thing than all that. What ſhouldſt thou think to find

old

old Lewis turned out of his paternal eſtates, and the manſion-houſe of Clay-pool * ? Would not that do thy heart good, to ſee thy old friend Nic. Frog, Lord of Clay-pool ? then thou and thy wife and children ſhould walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we ſhould have a country-dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve ſee myſelf in Eccleſdown-caſtle, as thee in Clay-pool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his ſincerity; if you won't ſtop proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. XXI.

The reſt of Nic's fetches † to keep John out of Eccleſdown-caſtle.

WHEN Nic. could not diſſuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be ſick and like to die, that he ſhould leave his wife and children in a ſtarving condition, if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far leſs capable to look after ſuch a troubleſome buſineſs as this law-ſuit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he ſaw that John was ſtill inexorable, he pulled out a caſe-knife, with which he uſed to ſnicker-ſnee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his wind-pipe with a moſt determined threatening air. "What ſignifies life, *quoth he*, in this "languiſhing condition? It will be ſome pleaſure, that "my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous "man, that has been the cauſe of it." All this while John looked ſedate and calm, neither offering in the leaſt to ſnatch the knife, nor ſtop his blow, truſting to the tenderneſs Nic. had for his own perſon: when he perceived, that John was immoveable in his purpoſe, he applied himſelf to Lewis.

"Art thou, *quoth he*, turned bubble in thy old age,

* Clay-pool, Paris. Lutetia

† Attempts to hinder the ceſſation, and taking poſſeſſion of Dunkirk.

"from

" from being a ſharper in thy youth? What occaſion " haſt thou to give up Eccleſdown-caſtle to John Bull? " his friendſhip is not worth a ruſh; give it me, and I'll " make it worth thy while. If thou diſlikeſt that pro- " poſition, keep it thyſelf, I'd rather thou ſhouldſt have " it than he. If thou hearkeneſt not to my advice, take " what follows; Eſquire South and I will go on with " our law-ſuit in ſpite of John Bull's teeth."

L. Baboon. Monſieur Bull has uſed me like a gentleman, and I am reſolved to make good my promiſe, and truſt him for the conſequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doting fool---With that, Nic. bounced up with a ſpring equal to that of one of your nimbleſt tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John Bull, to ſnatch the *cudgel he had in his hand**, that he might thwack Lewis with it: John held it faſt, ſo that there was no wrenching it from him. At laſt 'Squire South buckled too, to aſſiſt his friend Nic: John haled on one ſide, and they two on the other; ſometimes they were like to pull John over; then it went all of a ſudden again on John's ſide; ſo they went ſeeſawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glaſſes, and tobacco-pipes: the wine and the tobacco were all ſpilt about the room, and the little fellows were almoſt trod under foot, till more of the tradeſmen joining with Nic. and the 'Squire, John was hardly able to pull againſt them all, yet would he never quit hold of his truſty cudgel: which by the contrary force of two ſo great powers broke ſhort in his hands†. Nic. ſeized the longer end, and with it began to baſtinado old Lewis, who had ſlunk into a corner, waiting the event of this ſquabble. Nic. came up to him with an inſolent menacing air, ſo that the old fellow was forced to ſkuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to Nic. " Thou in- " ſolent jackanapes! time was when thou durſt not have " uſed me ſo, thou now takeſt me unprovided, but, old " and infirm as I am, I ſhall find a weapon by and by " to chaſtiſe thy impudence."

* The army.
† The ſeparation of the army.

When

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parley with Nic. "Friend Nic. I am glad to find thee "ſo ſtrong after thy great compl[illegible]s: really thy moti- "ons, Nic. are pretty vigorous for a conſumptive man. "As for thy worldly affairs, Nic. if it can do thee any "ſervice, I freely make over to thee this *profitable law-* "*ſuit*, and I deſire all theſe gentlemen to bear witneſs to "this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine "has been the charges; I have brought it to bear finely: "however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, "thou ſhalt have it with all its appurtenances, I aſk no- "thing but leave to go home."

Nic. Frog. The counſel are fee'd, and all things prepared for a trial, thou ſhalt be forced to ſtand the iſſue: it ſhall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: go home if thou canſt, the gates are ſhut, the turnpikes locked*, and the roads barricadoed.

J. Bull. Even theſe very ways, Nic. that thou toldeſt me, were as open to me as thyſelf: if I can't paſs with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied paſſage through thoſe very grounds that I have purchaſed with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may ſerve me in ſome ſtead.

JOHN BULL was ſo overjoyed that he was going to take poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown, that nothing could vex him. "Nic. *quoth he*, I am juſt a going to leave thee, "caſt a kind look upon me at parting."

NIC. looked ſour and grum, and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull. "I wiſh thee all the ſucceſs that thy heart "can deſire, and that theſe honeſt gentlemen of the long "robe may have their belly full of law."

NIC. could ſtand it no longer, but flung out of the room with diſdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. "B'uy, B'uy, Nic. not one poor ſmile at "parting; won't you ſhake your day day, Nic. b'uy "Nic?" With that John marched out of the common road croſs the country to take poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown.

* Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great joy that John expreſſed when he got poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown.*

WHen John had got into his caſtle, he ſeemed like Ulyſſes upon his plank after he had been well ſouſed in ſalt-water; who, as Homer ſays, was as glad as a judge going to ſit down to dinner, after hearing a long cauſe upon the bench. I dare ſay John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he ſkipped from room to room; ran up ſtairs and down ſtairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; ſometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vaſt ſolidity of the maſon's work; at other times he commended the ſymmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens: he bathed himſelf in the canal, ſwimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white ſwan. The hall reſounded with the ſprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tript it about and capered, like *hail-ſtones bounding from a marble floor*. Wine, ale, and October flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: then a frolick took John in the head to call up ſome of Nic. Frog's *penſioners*, that had been ſo mutinous in his family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to ſee your maſter in Eccleſdown-caſtle?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me, that you are ſo.

Then they began to damn and ſink their ſouls to the loweſt pit of hell, if any perſon in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull. Now, hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured raſcals; however, take this bumper of October to your maſter's health.

* Dunkirk.

Then

Then John got upon the battlements, and looking over, he called to Nic. Frog:

"How d'ye do, Nic.? D'ye ſee where I am, Nic.? I "hope the *cauſe* goes on ſwimmingly, Nic. When "doſt thou intend to go to Clay-pool, Nic.? Wilt thou "buy there ſome high heads of the neweſt cut for "my daughters? How comeſt thou to go with thy arm "tied up? Has old Lewis given thee a rap over thy "fingers-ends? Thy weapon was a good one, when I "wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my hands. "I am ſo buſy in packing up my goods, that I have no "time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy "heart good to ſee what waggon-loads I am preparing "for market. If thou wanteſt any good office of mine, "for all that has happened, I will uſe thee well, Nic. "B'uy Nic."

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been diſputed amongſt the literati of Grub-ſtreet, whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther into the hiſtory of John Bull. By diligent inquiry we have found the titles of ſome chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How John was made angry with the* articles of agreement. *How he kicked the parchment through the houſe, up ſtairs and down ſtairs, and put himſelf in a great heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his paſſion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a* cleaver. *Of the ſtrange manner of Sir Roger's eſcaping the blow, by* laying his head upon the dreſſer.

Chap. III. *How ſome of John's ſervants attempted to ſcale his houſe with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the ſame.*

Chap. IV. *Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preſerve the peace amongſt his neighbours: how he kept a pair of* ſtill-yards *to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to* equal bulk *and* ſtrength.

Chap. V. *Of falſe accounts of the* weights *given in by ſome of the* journeymen; *and of the New-market tricks, that were practiſed at the* ſtill-yards.

Chap. VI. *How John's new journeymen brought him other-guiſe accounts of the* ſtill-yards.

Chap. VII. *How Sir Swain Northy* * *was by bleeding, purging, and a ſteel-diet, brought into a* conſumption; *and how John was forced afterwards to give him the* gold cordial.

Chap. VIII. *How Peter Bear* † *was* over-fed, *and afterwards refuſed to ſubmit to the courſe of phyſic.*

Chap. IX. *How John pampered Eſquire South with titbits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with*

* King of Sweden. † Czar of Moſcovy.

Calabrian

Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.

Chap. X. *How the Eſquire from a foul-feeder, grew dainty; how he longed for* mangoes, ſpices, *and* Indian birds-neſts, *&c. and could not* ſleep *but in a chintz bed.*

Chap. XI. *The Eſquire turned tradeſman; how he ſet up a China-ſhop* * *over-againſt Nic. Frog.*

Chap. XII. *How he procured Spaniſh flies to bliſter his neighbours, and as a provocative to himſelf. As likewiſe how he raviſhed Nic. Frog's favourite* daughter.

Chap, XIII. *How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl ſqueak, went to call John Bull as a conſtable: calling of a conſtable no preventive of a rap.*

Chap. XIV. *How John roſe out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between Eſquire South and Lord Strutt; how, to his great ſurpriſe, he found the combatants drinking geneva in a* brandy-ſhop, *with Nic.'s favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, ſo that he was forced to fight his way out.*

Chap. XV. *How John came with his conſtable's ſtaff to reſcue Nic.'s daughter, and break the Eſquire's China-ware.*

Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spaniſh proverb,* Time and I againſt any two; *or, Advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in ſome new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*

Chap. XVII. *A diſcourſe of the delightful game of* quadrille. *How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game* ſolo *in clubs, and was beaſted: how John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner ſhould have too many tricks: and how the ſucceſs and ſkill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

* The Often'd company.

PROPOSALS for printing a very curious diſcourſe, intitled, ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ· or, THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the preſs, a curious piece, intitled, Ψευδολογία Πολιτική· or, *The Art of Political Lying:* conſiſting of two volume, in *quarto.*

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That if the author meets with ſuitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the firſt volume to the ſubſcribers by Hilary term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the ſubſcribers, fourteen ſhillings, ſeven whereof are to be paid down, and the other ſeven at the delivery of the ſecond volume.

III. Thoſe that ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall have a ſeventh *gratis*; which reduces the price to leſs than ſix ſhillings a volume.

IV. That the ſubſcribers ſhall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of ſo uſeful a work, it is thought fit the public ſhould be informed of the contents of the firſt volume, by one who has with great care peruſed the *manuſcript.*

THE

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes ſome very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and ſciences: that at firſt they conſiſt of ſcattered theorems and practics, which are handed about amongſt the maſters, and only revealed to the *filii artis*, till ſuch time as ſome great genius appears, who collects theſe disjointed propoſitions, and reduces them into a regular ſyſtem. That this is the caſe of that noble and uſeful art of *political lying*, which, in this laſt age, having been enriched with ſeveral *new diſcoveries*, ought not to lie any longer in rubbiſh and confuſion, but may juſtly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, eſpecially ſuch as ſerves for a model of education for an able politician. That he propoſes to himſelf no ſmall ſtock of fame in future ages, in being the firſt who has undertaken this deſign; and for the ſame reaſon he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excuſed. He invites all perſons who have any talents that way, or any new diſcovery, to communicate their thoughts, aſſuring them that honourable mention ſhall be made of them in his work.

The firſt volume conſiſts of eleven chapters.

In the *firſt* chapter of his excellent treatiſe, he reaſons philoſophically concerning the nature of the *ſoul of man*, and thoſe qualities which render it ſuſceptible of *lies*. He ſuppoſes the ſoul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical ſpeculum*, or looking-glaſs; that the plain ſide was made by God almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other ſide into a cylindrical figure. The plain ſide repreſents objects juſt as they are; and the cylindrical ſide, by the rules of catoptrics, muſt needs repreſent true objects falſe, and falſe objects true: but the cylindrical ſide, being much the *larger ſurface*, takes in a *great compaſs*

compaſs of viſual rays. That upon the cylindrical ſide of the ſoul of man depends the whole art and ſucceſs of *political lying*. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reaſon upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondneſs of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the ſoul towards the *malicious* ſprings from ſelf-love, or a pleaſure to find mankind more wicked, baſe, or unfortunate, than ourſelves. The deſign of the *miraculous* proceeds from the inactivity of the ſoul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having eſtabliſhed the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *ſecond* chapter, to treat of the *nature* of *political lying*; which he defines to be, *The art of convincing the people of ſalutary falſehoods, for ſome good end.* He calls it an *art*, to diſtinguiſh it from that of telling truth, which does not ſeem to want *art*; but then he would have this underſtood only as to the *invention*, becauſe there is indeed more *art* neceſſary to convince the people of a *ſalutary* truth, than a *ſalutary* falſehood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *ſalutary* falſehoods, of which he gives a great many inſtances, both before and after the revolution; and demonſtrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war ſo long without ſeveral of thoſe *ſalutary* falſehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *political lie*, in pounds, ſhillings, and pence. By *good* he does not mean that which is abſolutely ſo, but what appears ſo to the artiſt, which is a ſufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he diſtinguiſhes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile, dulce, et honeſtum.* He ſhews you, that there are *political lies* of a mixed nature, which include all the *three* in different reſpects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honeſtum* at the Weſtminſter end of the town. One man ſpreads a lie to ſell or buy *ſtock* to greater advantage; a ſecond, becauſe it is honourable to ſerve his party; and a third, becauſe it is ſweet to gratify his *revenge*. Having explained the ſeveral terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *third* chapter, to treat of the *lawfulneſs* of *political lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles,

principles, by inquiring into the ſeveral rights that mankind have to *truth*. He ſhews, that people have a right to *private truth* from their neighbours, and *œconomical truth* from their own family, that they ſhould not be abuſed by their wives, children, and ſervants; but that they have no right at all to *political truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and poſſeſs great eſtates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author with great judgment ſtates the *ſeveral ſhares* of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their ſeveral capacities, dignities, and profeſſions; and ſhews you, that children have hardly any ſhare at all; in conſequence of which, they have very ſeldom any truth told them. It muſt be owned, that the author in this chapter has ſome ſeeming difficulties to anſwer, and *texts of ſcripture* to explain.

The *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this queſtion, *Whether the right of coinage of politicl lies be wholly in the government?* The author, who is a true friend to Engliſh liberty, determines in the negative, and anſwers all the arguments of the oppoſite party with great acuteneſs: that as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, ſo the right of inventing and ſpreading *political lies* is partly in the *people*; and their obſtinate adherence to this juſt privilege has been moſt conſpicuous, and ſhined with great luſtre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England to pull down a miniſtry and government they are weary of, but by exerciſing this their undoubted right: that abundance of *political lying* is a ſure ſign of true Engliſh *liberty*: that as miniſters do ſometimes uſe tools to ſupport their power, it is but reaſonable that the people ſhould employ the ſame weapon to defend themſelves, and pull them down.

In his *fifth* chapter, he divides *political lies* into ſeveral *ſpecies* and *claſſes*, and gives precepts about the *inventing*, *ſpreading*, and *propagating* the ſeveral ſorts of them: he begins with the *rumores*, and *libelli famoſi*, ſuch as concern the reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common miſtake, that takes notice only of one ſort, *viz.* the *detractory* or *defamatory*, whereas

whereas in truth there are three ſorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *tranſlatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger ſhare of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to ſerve ſome good end or purpoſe. The *detractory* or *defamatory* is a lie, which takes from a great man the reputation that juſtly belongs to him, for fear he ſhould uſe it to the detriment of the public. The *tranſlatory* is a lie, that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himſelf more deſerving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author, to a perſon who is in himſelf leſs deſerving. He gives ſeveral inſtances of very great ſtrokes in all the three kinds, eſpecially in the laſt, when it was neceſſary for the good of the public to *beſtow the valour and conduct of* one *man upon* another, *and that of* many *to* one *man*, nay, even *, upon a good occaſion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a perſon that did not command in the action. The reſtoring and deſtroying the public may be aſcribed to perſons who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exerciſe themſelves in the *tranſlatory*, becauſe the *exiſtence* of the

* Major-General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French near Wynendale in the year 1708. He was ſent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army beſieging Liſle; Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24,000 men to intercept them; but Maj.-Gen. Webb diſpoſed his men with ſuch admirable ſkill, that notwithſtanding the vaſt ſuperiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and diſpoſition the French were driven back in two or three ſucceſſive attempts, and after having loſt 6 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may juſtly be reckoned amongſt the greateſt actions of that war: but the Duke of Marlborough's ſecretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to Gen. Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was ſo reſented by Gen. Webb, that he left the army in diſguſt; and coming into England to do himſelf juſtice, received the unanimous thanks of the houſe of Commons for his eminent ſervices by that great action; which was alſo acknowleged in a diſtinguiſhing manner by the King of Pruſſia, who beſtowed on him *the order of generoſity*. Hawkeſ.

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things themſelves being viſible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a *falſe author*, or a *falſe cauſe*; which is no great preſumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the ſecret ſprings of things are for the moſt part unknown.

The author proceeds to give ſome precepts as to the *additory*: that when one aſcribes any thing to a perſon which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French King preſent at a Proteſtant conventicle; nor, like Queen Eliſabeth, reſtore the overplus of taxes to his ſubjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their *quota*. One would not make the ſame perſon zealous for a ſtanding army and public liberty; nor an atheiſt ſupport the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a ſcheme of moderation. But if it is abſolutely neceſſary, that a perſon is to have ſome good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it ſhould not be done at firſt *in extremo gradu*. For example; they ſhould not make a covetous man give away all at once five thouſand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may ſuffice at firſt. They ſhould not introduce a perſon of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for ſome good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a ſervice to a perſon who is capable ſtill to do him another. A man whoſe perſonal courage is ſuſpected, is not at firſt to drive whole ſquadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of ſome ſquabble, or throwing a bottle at his adverſary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known deſpiſer of religion, ſpend whole days in his cloſet at his devotion; but you may with ſafety make him ſit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a juſt debt, ought not all of a ſudden to be introduced making reſtitution of thouſands he has cheated; let it ſuffice at firſt to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has loſt his note.

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He lays down the ſame rules in the *detractory* or *aeſamatory* kind; that they ſhould not be quite oppoſite to the qualities the perſons are ſuppoſed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the ſound rules of *pſeudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce hereſy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deſerve it. You will be unſucceſsful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he ſquanders away the nation's money; but you may ſafely relate that he hoards it: you muſt not affirm he took a bribe; but you may freely cenſure him for being tardy in his payments; becauſe though neither may be true, yet the laſt is credible, the firſt not. Of an open-hearted generous miniſter you are not to ſay, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with ſome probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to theſe precepts; for want of which, many of their lies of late have proved abortive, or ſhort-lived.

In the *ſixth* chapter he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he underſtands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In reſpect of the people it is divided into two ſorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ θυμοειδὲς, *terrifying lies*, and *animating* or *encouraging lies*, both being extremely uſeful on their proper occaſions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν he gives ſeveral rules; one of which is, that terrible objects ſhould not be too *frequently* ſhewn to the people, leſt they grow familiar. He ſays, it is abſolutely neceſſary, that the people of England ſhould be frighted with the French King and the pretender once a-year; but that the bears ſhould be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of obſerving this ſo neceſſary a precept, in bringing out the *raw head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occaſion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *animating* or *encouraging lies* he gives the following rules; that they ſhould not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there ſhould be variety of them; and the ſame lie not obſtinately inſiſted upon: that the promiſſory or prognoſticating lies ſhould not be upon *ſhort days*,

days, for fear the authors ſhould have the ſhame and confuſion to ſee themſelves ſpeedily contradicted. He examines by theſe rules that well-meant, but unfortunate lye of the *conqueſt of France*, which continued near *twenty years* together *; but at laſt, by being too obſtinately inſiſted upon, it was worn thread-bare, and became unſucceſsful.

As to the τὸ τερατῶδες, or the *prodigious*, he has little to adviſe, but that their comets, whales, and dragons ſhould be *ſizeable*; their ſtorms, tempeſts, and earthquakes, without the reach of a *day's journey* of a man and horſe.

The *ſeventh* chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the *two parties* † are the greateſt artiſts in *political lying*. He owns, that ſometimes the one party, and ſometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great genius's amongſt them. He attributes the ill ſucceſs of either *party* to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He propoſes a ſcheme for the recovery of the credit of any *party*, which indeed ſeems to be ſomewhat chimerical, and does nor ſavour of that ſound judgment the author has ſhewn in the reſt of the work. It amounts to this, that the party ſhould agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for ſix months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almoſt impoſſible to find fit perſons to execute this ſcheme. Towards the end of this chapter, he inveighs ſeverely againſt the folly of parties in retaining ſcoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lyes; ſuch as moſt of the preſent newswriters are, who, except a ſtrong bent and inclination towards the profeſſion, ſeem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of *pſeudology*, and not at all qualified for ſo weighty a truſt.

In his next chapter he treats of ſome extraordinary

* During the reigns of K. William and Q. Anne. *Hawkeſ.*

† See the Examiner, N° xiv. vol. 2.

genius's, who have appeared of late years, eſpecially in their diſpoſition towards the *miraculous*. He adviſes thoſe hopeful young men to turn their invention to the ſervice of their country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chaſes, horſe-courſes, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, ſwallowing of peaches, pulling out whole ſets of teeth to clean, *&c.* when their country ſtands ſo much in need of their aſſiſtance.

The *eighth* chapter is a project for uniting the ſeveral ſmaller corporations of lyers into one ſociety. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole ſcheme: what is moſt remarkable is, that this ſociety ought to conſiſt of the heads of each party: that no lye is to paſs current without their approbation, they being the beſt judges of the preſent exigencies, and what ſort of lyes are demanded: that in ſuch a corporation there ought to be men of all profeſſions, that τὸ πρέπον, and the τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be obſerved as much as poſſible: that beſides the perſons above-mentioned, this ſociety ought to conſiſt of the hopeful genius's about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the ſeveral coffee-houſes), travellers, virtuoſos, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old ſeamen and ſoldiers out of the hoſpitals of Greenwich and Chelſea: to this ſociety, ſo conſtituted, ought to be committed the ſole management of *lying*: that in their outer-room there ought always to attend ſome perſons endowed with a great ſtock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this ſoil and climate: he thinks a ſufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the Exchange: theſe are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man ſpreads a lye with ſo good a grace, as he that believes it: that the rule of the ſociety be to invent a lye, and ſometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the ſeaſon of the year: your τερατεὰ, or *terrifying lyes*, do mighty well in November and December, but not ſo well in May and June, unleſs the eaſterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lye of the day: that the ſociety is to maintain a ſufficient number of ſpies

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at court, and other places, to furniſh hints and topics for invention, and a general correſpondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies: that if any one of the ſociety were obſerved to bluſh, or look out of countenance, or want a neceſſary circumſtance in telling the lye, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable: beſides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whiſpers, conſtituted of the ableſt men of the ſociety. Here the author makes a digreſſion in praiſe of the *whig-party*, for the right underſtanding and uſe of *proof-lyes*. A *proof-lye* is like a *proof-charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a ſtandard credulity. Of ſuch a nature he takes tranſubſtantiation to be in the church of Rome, a *proof-article*, which if any one ſwallows, they are ſure he will digeſt every thing elſe: therefore the *whig party* do wiſely to try the credulity of the people ſometimes by *ſwingers*, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties againſt believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious conſequence of late, both a wiſe party and a wiſe nation having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The cauſes of this he ſuppoſes to be too great a zeal and intenſeneſs in the practice of this *art*, and a vehement heat in mutual converſation, whereby they perſuade one another, that what they wiſh, and report to be true, is really ſo: that all parties have been ſubject to this misfortune. The *Jacobites* have been conſtantly infeſted with it; but the *whigs* of late ſeemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakneſs. To this chapter the author ſubjoins a *calendar* of lies, proper for the ſeveral months of the year.

The *ninth* chapter treats of the *celerity* and *duration* of lies. As to the *celerity* of their motion, the author ſays it is almoſt incredible: he gives ſeveral inſtances of lies, that have gone faſter than a man can ride poſt: your *terifying lies* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your *whiſpers* move in a narrow vortex, but very ſwiftly. The author ſays, it is impoſſible to explain ſeveral *phænomena* in relation to the celerity of lies, without the ſuppoſition of *ſynchroniſm* and *combina-*

bination. As to the *duration* of lies, he ſays, there are of all ſorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are ſome, which, like inſects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artiſts, like people who build upon a ſhort leaſe, will calculate the duration of a lie ſurely to anſwer their purpoſe; to laſt juſt as long, and no longer, than the turn is ſerved.

The *tenth* chapter treats of the characteriſtics of lies; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your Dutch, Engliſh, and French ware are amply diſtinguiſhed from one another; an *Exchange lie* from one coined at the other end of the town; great judgment is to be ſhewn as to the place, where the ſpecies is intended to circulate: very low and baſe coin will ſerve for Wapping: there are ſeveral coffee-houſes, that have their particular ſtamps, which a judicious practitioner may eaſily know. All your great men have their proper *phantaſtics*. The author ſays, he has attained by ſtudy and application to ſo great ſkill in this matter, that bring him any lie, he can tell whoſe image it bears ſo truly, as the great man himſelf ſhall not have the face to deny it. The *promiſſory lies* of great men are known by ſhouldering, hugging, ſqueezing, ſmiling, bowing; and their lies in matter of fact by immoderate ſwearing.

He ſpends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one ſimple queſtion, *whether a lie is beſt contradicted by truth, or by another lie?* the author ſays, that, conſidering the large extent of the *cylindrical ſurface* of the *ſoul*, and the great propenſity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the propereſt contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example; if it ſhould be reported, that the Pretender was at London, one would not contradict it, by ſaying, he never was in England; but you muſt prove by eye-witneſſes, that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be ſpread about, that a great perſon were dying of ſome diſeaſe, you muſt not ſay the truth, that they are in health, and never had ſuch a diſeaſe, but that they are ſlowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and ſlavery into England, was ſigned

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the 15th of September; to which another anſwered very judiciouſly, not by oppoſing truth to his lie, that there was no ſuch treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjuſted.

The account of the ſecond volume of this excellent treatiſe is referred for another time.

REASONS humbly offered by the company exerciſing the trade and myſtery of UPHOLDERS, againſt part of the BILL, *for the better viewing, ſearching, and examining drugs, medicines*, &c. 1724 *.

BEING called upon by ſeveral retailers and diſpenſers of *drugs* and *medicines* about town, to uſe our endeavours againſt the bill now depending *for viewing*, &c. In regard of our common intereſt, and in gratitude to the ſaid retailers and diſpenſers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we preſume to lay the following reaſons before the public againſt the ſaid bill.

That the company of upholders *are far from being averſe to the giving of drugs and medicines in general*, provided they may be of ſuch qualities as we require, and adminiſtered by ſuch perſons, in whom our company juſtly repoſe the greateſt confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the conſumption of the *woollen manufacture* of this kingdom.

We beg leave to obſerve, that *there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended*. Our practice, which conſiſts chiefly in outward applications, having been always ſo effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a ſecond operation, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her firſt burial, having burtheued her huſband with a new brood of poſthumous children, her ſecond funeral was by us performed without any farther charges to the ſaid huſband of the deceaſed. And we humbly hope, that one ſingle inſtance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a ſexton in cutting off a

* In the year 1724 the phyſicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries diſpenſing medicine without the preſcription of a phyſician: during which this tract was diſperſed in the court of requeſts. *Hawkeſ.*

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ring, will not be imputed to any want of ſkill, or care in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the *power by this bill lodged in the cenſors of the college of phyſicians*, to reſtrain any of his majeſty's ſubjects from diſpenſing, and well-diſpoſed perſons from taking what medicines they pleaſe. *is a manifeſt incroachment on the liberty and property of the ſubject.*

As the company, exerciſing the trade and myſtery of upholders, have an undiſputed right in and upon the *bodies* of all and every the ſubjects of the kingdom; we conceive the paſſing of this bill, though not abſolutely depriving them of their ſaid right, might keep them *out of poſſeſſion* by unreaſonable *delays*, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be conſidered, that there are multitudes of neceſſitous heirs and penurious parents, perſons in pinching circumſtances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robuſt aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad underſtandings, ſingle heirs of great eſtates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reverſionary patents, and reverſionary promiſes of preferments, leaſes upon ſingle lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the perſons ſo aggrieved have no hope of being ſpeedily relieved any other way, than by the diſpenſing of *drugs* and *medicines* in the manner they *now are*; burying *alive* being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceaſed, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well ordered government: by want of a due *police* in this particular our company have been great ſufferers.

That *frequent funerals* contribute to preſerve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where ſo well illuſtrated as on this ſolemn occaſion; to maintain *neceſſitous clergy*; to enable the *clerks* to appear in decent habits to officiate of Sundays; to feed the great retinue of *ſober* and *melancholy men*, who appear at the ſaid funerals, and who muſt ſtarve without conſtant and regular employment. Moreover,

over, we desire it may be remembered, that by the passing of this bill, the nobility and gentry will have their *old coaches* lye upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of *carrying* some people to *church*.

We are afraid, that by the hardships of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and *practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.*

It is therefore hoped, that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of *art*) as long as they can by the course of *nature*, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to the coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the interests of the several trades and professions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of hearses, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feathermen, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of *snuff*, who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

To

To the Right Honourable the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London.

The humble PETITION of the Colliers, Cooks, Cook-maids, Blackſmiths, Jack-makers, Braſiers, and others,

SHEWETH;

THAT whereas certain *virtuoſi*, diſſaffected to the government, and to the trade and proſperity of this kingdoms, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have preſumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the *ſun-beams*, by the help of certain *glaſſes*, to make, produce, and kindle up ſeveral new *foous's*, or fires, within theſe his Majeſty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, ſtew, fry, and dreſs all ſorts of victuals and proviſions, to brew, diſtil ſpirits, ſmelt oar, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the monopoly of this their ſaid invention: We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your honours,

That ſuch grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, ſervants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid invention, but warming of cellars, and dreſſing of ſuppers in the winter-time. That the aboliſhing ſo conſiderable a branch of the coaſting trade, as that of the colliers, will deſtroy the *navagation* of this kingdom. That whereas the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* talk of making uſe of the *moon* by night, as of the *ſun* by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of *tallow chandlers*, and impair a very conſiderable branch of the *revenue*, which ariſes from the *tax* upon tallow and candles,

That the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the *ſun*, which is appointed to *rule the day*, and not to *roaſt mutton*. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known

known laws of this kingdom, to confine, foreſtall, and monopolize the beams of the ſun. And whereas the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* have undertaken, by burning glaſſes made of ice, to roaſt an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all ſuch practices to be an incroachment upon the rights and privileges of the *company* of *watermen*.

That the diverſity of expoſition of the ſeveral kitchens in this great city, whereby ſome receive the rays of the ſun ſooner, and others later, will occaſion great irregularity as to the *time of dining* of the ſeveral inhabitants, and conſequently great uncertainty and confuſion in the diſpatch of buſineſs: and to thoſe, who, by reaſon of their northern expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to ſuch inequality, as is inconſiſtent with common juſtice: and the ſame inconveniency will affect *landlords* in the *value* of their *rents*.

That the uſe of the ſaid glaſſes will oblige cooks, and cook-maids to ſtudy optics and aſtronomy, in order to know the due diſtances of the ſaid *focus's*, or fires, and to adjuſt the poſition of their glaſſes to the ſeveral altitudes of the ſun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the ſeaſons of the year; which ſtudies, at theſe years, will be highly troubleſome to the ſaid cooks and cook-maids, not to ſay any thing of the utter incapacity of ſome of them to go through with ſuch difficult arts; or (which is ſtill a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *cookery* into the hands of aſtronomers and glaſs-grinders, perſons utterly unſkilled in other parts of that profeſſion, to the great detriment of the *health* of his Majeſty's good ſubjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roaſted with ſun-beams is extremely unwholeſome; witneſs ſeveral that have died ſuddenly after eating the proviſions of the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers*; foraſmuch as the ſun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and aduſt, occaſion great ſweatings, and dry up the rectual moiſture.

The ſun-beams taken *inwardly* ſhed a malignant influence upon the *brain*, by their natural tendency towards the *moon*; and produce madneſs and diſtraction at the time of the full moon. That the conſtant uſe of ſo great

great quantities of this *inward light* will occaſion the growth of *quakeriſm*, to the danger of the *church*, and of *poetry*, to the danger of the ſtate.

That the influences of the conſtellations, through which the ſun paſſes, will, with his beams, be conveyed into the *blood*; and when the ſun is among the horned ſigns, may produce ſuch a ſpirit of *unchaſtity*, as is dangerous to the honour of your worſhips families.

That mankind living much upon the ſeeds and other parts of plants, theſe being impregnated with the ſun-beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous conſequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heavieſt upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and ſickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, *&c.* for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent phyſicians, that the taſte and property of the victuals is much altered to the worſe by the ſaid *ſolar cookery*, fricaſſies being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquired by being dreſſed over charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen by an eclipſe of an extraordinary length, that this city ſhould be deprived of the ſun-beams for ſeveral months: how will his Majeſty's ſubjects ſubſiſt in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, it totally loſt?

In conſideration of theſe, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibite the conſining and manufacturing the *ſun-beams* for any of the uſeful purpoſes of life, or, in the enſuing parliament, procure a *tax to be laid* upon them, which may anſwer both the duty and price of *coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be leſs than thirty ſhilling *per yard ſquare*, reſerving the ſole right and privilege of the *catoptrical cookery* to the *royal ſociety*, and to the commanders and crew of the bomb-veſſels, under the direction of Mr. Whiſton for finding out the longitude, who, by reaſon of the remoteneſs of their ſtations, may be reduced to ſtraits for want of firing.

And

And we likewise beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to *look after the heavenly luminaries*, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

It cannot rain but it pours;

OR,

London ſtrowed with Rarities.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear, at the houſe of Mr Ratcliff in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet; as alſo of Fauſtina, the celebrated Italian ſinging woman; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland. And laſtly, Of the wonderful wild man that was nurſed in the woods of Germany by a wild beaſt, hunted and taken in toils; how he behaveth himſelf like a dumb creature, and is a Chriſtian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great aſtoniſhment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE ſhall begin with a deſcription of Peter the ſavage, deferring our other curioſities to ſome following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orſm that of the moderns, have been juſtly the admiration of all mankind: nor can we preſage leſs of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accompliſhed, is moſt eaſily interpreted:

When Rome ſhall wend to Benevento,
And Eſpagne break the Aſſiento,
When eagle ſplit ſhall fly to China,
And Chriſtian folks adore Fauſtina:
Then ſhall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats ſhall he atchieve ——

The Pope is now going to Benevento: the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the Emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, muſt be convinced, that it was not the Empreſs Fauſtina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident, by ſeveral tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no regiſter of his chriſtening, his age is only to be gueſſed at by his ſtature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being ſo young was the occaſion of the great diſappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of ſome attempt upon their chaſtity: ſo far is true, that he endeavoured to kiſs the young lady Walpole, who, for that reaſon, is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her ſuperior beauty.

Ariſtotle ſaith, that man is the moſt mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philoſopher is ſtrongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his firſt impreſſions at court: his manners are firſt to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thruſt his hand into every body's *pocket*: to climb over people's *heads*; and even to make uſe of the *royal hand* to *take* what he has a mind to. At his firſt appearance he ſeized on the Lord Chamberlain's ſtaff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence ſome have conjectured, that he is either deſcended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kingſale in Ireland. However, theſe are manifeſt tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he diſcovered what wild beaſt had nurſed him: obſerving children to ask bleſſing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a ſow, and muttered ſome ſounds in that humble poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrick's natural brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the ſuperiority of parts and genius in Peter demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Though

Though he is ignorant both of antient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious phyſician, who is intruſted with his education); yet he diſtinguiſhes objects by certain ſounds framed to himſelf, which Mr Rotenberg, who brought him over, underſtands perfectly. Beholding one day the ſhambles with great fear and aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls man by the ſame ſound which expreſſeth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpies and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glaſs, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The firſt ſhip he ſaw, he took to be a great beaſt ſwimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were ſo unlike their dame. He underſtands perfectly the language of all beaſts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one ſpecies. He can bring any beaſt he calls for, and no doubt is much miſſed now in his native woods, where he uſed to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and ſerved as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of ſheep, that were driving to the ſhambles, of their danger; and upon uttering ſome ſounds, they all fled. He takes vaſt pleaſure in converſation with horſes; and going to the Meuſe to converſe with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's ſtables, as he paſſed by, he neighed to the horſe at Charing-croſs, being, as it were, ſurprized to ſee him ſo high: he ſeemed to take it ill, that the horſe did not anſwer him; but I think no-body can undervalue his underſtanding for not being ſkilled in ſtatuary.

He expreſſeth his joy moſt commonly by neighing; and whatever the philoſophers may talk of their riſibility, neighing is a more noble expreſſion of that paſſion than laughing, which ſeems to me to have ſomething ſilly in it; and beſides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are ſenſible they debaſe themſelves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general obſervation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkies and birds; witneſs Harlequins, Scaramouches, and Maſqueraders: on the other hand, monkies, when they would look exremely ſilly, endeavour to bring themſelves down to

mankind. Love he expreſſeth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will ſerve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great inſtruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of ſimples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the cenſors of the college in their viſitation of apothecaries ſhops.

I am told, that the new *ſect* * of *herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen: and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raiſe a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He ſings naturally ſeveral pretty tunes of his own compoſing, and with eqnal facility in the *choromatic*, *inharmonic*, and *diatonic* ſtile, and conſequently muſt be of infinite uſe to the academy in judging of the merits of their compoſers, and is the only perſon that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Fauſtina †

I cannot omit his firſt notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and ſeemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a ſtocking, thinking the poor man was a-flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are diſaffected people, who ſay he is a *pretender*, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the falſe notions they have of wild men, which they frame from ſuch as they ſee about the town, whoſe actions are rather abſurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The ſenſes of this wild man are vaſtly more acute, than thoſe of a tame one; he can follow the tract of a man, or any other beaſt of prey. A dog is an aſs to him for finding *trouſles*; his hearing is more perfect, becauſe his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can

* Dr Cheyne's followers. *Hawkeſ.*

† Two rival ſingers at that time in the Italian operas here. *Hawkeſ.*

move

move them like a drill, and turn them towards the ſonorous object.

Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth, by being brought to court, has been made a Chriſtian; ſo ſuch as are at court, and are no Chriſtians, may lay aſide their ſavage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekneſs of the goſpel.

The NARRATIVE of Dr ROBERT NORRIS, concerning the *ſtrange* and *deplorable frenzy* of Mr JOHN DENNIS *, an officer of the cuſtom-houſe.

Written in the year 1713.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is ſo dear to an honeſt man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the juſt vindication of his character, when it is injuriouſly attacked by any man. The perſon I have at preſent cauſe to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumſtances, it having pleaſed God to deprive him of his ſenſes, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I ſhould be wanting in my duty, not only to myſelf, but alſo to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, ſhould I ſuffer my profeſſion or honeſty to be undeſervedly aſperſed. I have therefore reſolved to give the public an account of all that has paſt between the unhappy gentleman and myſelf.

On the 20th inſtant, while I was in my cloſet, pondering the caſe of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my aſſiſtance her maſter would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her ſorrow, by enquiring her maſter's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr Dennis, an officer of the cuſtom-houſe, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy laſt April, and had continued in thoſe melancholy circumſtances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her ſome queſtions relating to his humour

* The hiſtory of Mr Dennis is to be ſeen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets; or in Mr Pope's Dunciad, among the notes upon which the curious reader may find ſome extracts from his writings. The occaſion of this narrative ſufficiently appears from the Doctor's own words. *Hawkeſ.*

and

and extavagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cauſe of his diſtemper was found out. Alas, Sir, *ſays ſhe*, this day fortnight in the morning, a poor ſimple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no ſooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come.* He often ſtares ghaſtfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or ſome ſuch thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch*, and my poor maſter is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him ſay Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my maſter's underſtanding and great ſcholarſhip, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, ſhould talk ſo outrageouſly. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horſe-ſhoe, which is at this time nailed on the threſhold of his door; but I don't find my maſter is at all the better for it; he perpetually ſtarts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S' death! a meſſenger from the French King! I ſhall die in the Baſtile.*

Having ſaid this, the old woman preſented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore inſtantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-croſs, up *three pair of* ſtairs, (which I ſhould not have publiſhed in this manner, but that this lunatic *conceals* the place of his reſidence, on purpoſe to prevent the good offices of thoſe charitable *friends* and *phyſicians*, who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman ſeated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot bookſeller on the one ſide of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have ſince learned, calls himſelf a *grammarian*; the latitude of whoſe countenance was not a little eclipſed by the fulneſs of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale viſage, and hang my cloaths on ſomewhat ſlovenly, I no ſooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "*S'death, a Frenchman!* I am betrayed "to the tyrant! who could have thought the Queen "would have delivered me up to France in this treaty,

"and

" and leaſt of all that you, my friends, would have been " in a conſpiracy againſt me?"——Sir, *ſaid I*, here is neither plot nor conſpiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your ſenſes requires my attendance, and your friends ſent for me on no other account. I then took a particular ſurvey of his perſon, and the furniture and diſpoſition of his apartment. His aſpect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered ſome matter of importance, but the ſound ſeemed loſt inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not ſuffer to be ſhaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the firſt opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was ſpoken, inſomuch that he ſeemed not to have ſmoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exeeedingly begrimed with ſweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his ſtockings fell down to his ankles.

I obſerved his room was hung with *old tapeſtry*, which had ſeveral holes in it, cauſed, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceneſs of whoſe viſages had much provoked him. On all ſides of his room were pinned a great many ſheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *abſurd*, *monſtrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in ſuch large characters, that I could read them without my ſpectacles. By the fire-ſide lay three farthings worth of ſmall coal in a ſpectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the ſame title, which his nurſe informed me ſhe had conveyed thither out of his ſight, believing they were books of the black art; for her maſter never read in them, but he was either quite *moped*, or in *raving fits*. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except ſome books on his ſhelves, very well bound and gilded, whoſe names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where elſe to be found; ſuch as *Gibraltar*, *a comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *The grounds of criti-*

ciſm

ciſm in poetry; *An eſſay on public ſpirit*. The only one I had any knowlege of was a *Paradiſe Loſt*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuſcripts, as thick as a paſtry-cook's ſhop on a Chriſtmas eve. On his table were ſome ends of verſe and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was caſting mine eyes round on all this odd furniture with ſome earneſtneſs and aſtoniſhment, and in a profound ſilence, I was on a ſudden ſurprized to hear the man ſpeak in the following manner.

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with "your predeceſſor the famous Hippocrates, whom the "miſtaken citizens of Abdera ſent for in this very "manner to cure the philoſopher Democritus; he re-"turned full of admiration at the wiſdom of that perſon, "whom he had ſuppoſed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, "it was thus Ariſtotle himſelf, and all the great antients, "ſpent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticiſm, and "beſet all around with their own writings. As for me, "whom you ſee in the ſame manner, be aſſured I have "none other diſeaſe than a ſwelling in my legs, whereof "I ſay no more, ſince your art may further ſatisfy you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his caſe had been miſrepreſented, and that he was not ſo far gone, but ſome timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the anſwers made to me, I ſhall ſet down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were ſpoken, becauſe I would not omit the leaſt circumſtance in this narrative; and I call my conſcience to witneſs, as if upon oath, that I ſhall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Denn. By a criticiſm.

Dr. A criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I never heard of.

Denn. S'death, Sir, a diſtemper! It is no diſtemper, but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen hours a-day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr.

Dr. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato*.

Old Wom. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs: alas! poor maſter is juſt falling into his fits.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z— what fits! A man may well have ſwelling in his legs, that ſits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Dr. The *Remrks*, what are thoſe?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever publiſhed my advertiſements.

Mr. Lintot. Z—! I publiſhed advertiſement upon advertiſement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear thoſe are the feul that feed the *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this diſcourſe.

I deſire a word in private with this other gentleman, who ſeems a grave and ſenſible man: I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved, ſince he has been under your care! You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage of Celſus, which ſays, if the patient on the third day have an interval, ſuſpend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternutation by hellibore.

Gent. Sir, no ſuch matter, you utterly miſtake.

Dr. Miſtake: am I not a phyſician? and ſhall an apothecary diſpute my *noſtrums*? You may perhaps have filled up a preſcription or two of *Ratcliff's*, which chanced to ſucceed, and with that very preſcription, injudiciouſly preſcribed to different conſtitutions, have deſtroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus ſolus pre-*

* Remarks upon Cato, publiſhed by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

ſcribat.

ſcribat. Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, Sir, my friend and apothecary! a baſe mechanic! He who, like myſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry! Can you think I would ſubmit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public ſpirit*, nay, aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the *furies, and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr Lintot. He is an author; you miſtake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, and no man's elſe.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Muſt our reputation be loſt to all foreign countries! O deſtruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera* !* As poetry once raiſed cities, ſo when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no miſchief.

Denn. O I am ſick, ſick to death!

Dr. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſay the modern phyſicians) is an excellent ſymptom. When a patient is ſenſible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am ſick of the *ſentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protaſis*, of the *epitaſis*, and the *cataſtrophe*.— Alas! what is become of the *drama*, the *drama*?

Old Wom. The *dram*, Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up all the *gin* juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently!

Denn. O ſhameful want, ſcandalous omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increaſes; good Mr. Lintot hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they

* He wrote a treatiſe proving the decay of public ſpirit to proceed from Italian operas.

are

are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the devil would buy the *Remarks?* (*Here Mr. Lintot ſcratched his head.*)

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold bath to morrow—Mr. Lintot, you are a ſenſible man; pray ſend for Mr. Verdier's ſervant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this evening, whilſt he is cupped on the head. The ſymptoms of his madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for Avicen ſays, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowlege of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs, ſtand off, unhand me, miſcreants! Is the man, whoſe whole endeavours are to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one aſſert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foiſted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right-hand, and Ariſtotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated? and ſhall a bookſeller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his ſupport?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not, I muſt not ſee my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myſelf: I am alſo of the ſame opinion as to the *peripætia* —— Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I ſhould conceive you to be a graduate phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of *perſon*, I am loath to ſay *quack*, who, rather than his drugs ſhould lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, ſound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe proceedings.

THESE were all the words that paſſed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary,

ſary we ſhould make uſe of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whiſpered the old woman to go to Mr Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glaſſes; in the mean time, by the aſſiſtance of Mr Lintot, we locked his friend into a cloſet, who, it is plain from his laſt ſpeech, was likewiſe touched in his intellects, after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedſtead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender expreſſions we could uſe to perſuade him to ſubmit to the operation, till the ſervant of Verdier arrived. He had no ſooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glaſſes on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned burſting open the cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us, cut Mr Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt folio, which ſorely bruiſed the ſhin of Mr Lintot; Mr John Dennis alſo, ſtarting up with cupping-glaſſes on his head, ſeized another folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the ſcull, juſt above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr Verdier's ſervant is ready to atteſt upon oath, who, taking an exact ſurvey of the volumes, found that which wounded my hand, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr Lintot's ſhin, was Scaliger's *Poetices*. After this Mr John Dennis, ſtrengthened at once by rage and madneſs, ſnatched up a peruke-block, that ſtood by the bedſide, and wielded it round in ſo furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glaſſes from the crown of his head, ſo that much blood trickled down his viſage. — He looked ſo ghaſtly, and his paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious height, that myſelf, Mr Lintot, and Verdier's ſervant were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſſed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into diſcourſe with him about the madneſs of this perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr John Dennis entered into his ſhop, and opening one of the volumes of

the Spectator, in the large paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt provocation, tear out that of No — where the author treats of poetical juſtice, and caſt it into the ſtreet. That the ſaid Mr John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the ſaid Mr Lintot's counter a book called an *Eſſay on criticiſm*, juſt then publiſhed, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to theſe two lines,

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt,

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, *By G—d he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakeſpear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr Dennis, he ſwore the ſaid Shakeſpear was a *raſcal*, with other defamatory expreſſions, which gave Mr Lintot a very ill opinion of the ſaid Shakeſpear.

That, about two months ſince, he came again into the ſhop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious looks on a gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome information concerning that perſon. He was no ſooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his firſt piece was to be publiſhed in a few days, but he drew his ſword upon him; and had not my ſervant luckily catched him by the ſleeve, I might have loſt one author upon the ſpot, and another the next ſeſſions.

Upon recollecting all theſe circumſtances, Mr Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for ſome time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative muſt ſufficiently convince the world of the exceſs of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reaſons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publiſh this whole unfortunate tranſaction.

In the firſt place, Mr John Dennis had induſtriouſly cauſed to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a deſign to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the ſtage theſe four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-ſtreet and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookſeller,

who

who viſited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuſcripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate phyſician, and that he had ſeen me upon a mountebank ſtage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Cuſtomhouſe, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign ſpy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burſt from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Baſtile.

All which ſeveral aſſertions of his are ſo very extravagant, as well as inconſiſtent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this perſon be not out of his ſenſes. I ſhall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter ſo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reſtore him to the full enjoyment of his underſtanding: ſo wiſheth, as becometh a Chriſtian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my houſe in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God ſave the Queen.

A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous Revenge by Poison, on the body of Mr Edmund Curll, bookseller.

With a faithful copy of his last will and testament.

History furnisheth us with examples of many satirical *authors* who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any *booksellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, intitled, *Court-poems*, in the preface wherof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr Pope, or Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now, on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr Curll, about settling a *title-page*, inviting him at the same time to take a *whet* together. Mr Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor, in colour and taste, differed not from common sack,

ſack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy ſtationer felt ſoon after, that ſome poiſonous drug had been ſecretly infuſed therein.

About eleven a-clock he went home, where his wife obſerving his colour changed, ſaid, "Are you not ſick, "my dear?" He replied, "Bloody ſick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and ſtraining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as graſs. His wife had been juſt reading a book of her huſband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind miſgave her, that he was *bewitched*; but he ſoon let her know, that he ſuſpected poiſon, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumſtance of his interview with Mr Pope.

Mr Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the ſudden alteration he obſerved in him: "Brother Curll, *ſays he*, I fear you have got the vo- "miting diſtemper; which, I have heard, kills in half "an hour. This comes from your not following my "advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and "abſtain from ſack." Mr Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's ſack, I fear, has done my buſineſs." "Z—ds, *ſays Mr Lintot*, my author!—Why did not "you drink old hock?" Notwithſtanding which rough remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly manner preſs him to take warm water; but Mr Curll did with great obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr Lintot infer, that he choſe to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the ſymptoms increaſed violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot, *ſays* "*he*, I perceive my laſt hour approaching; do me "the friendly office to call my partner, Mr Pemberton, "that we may ſettle our worldly affairs." Mr Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was haſtening out of the room, while Mr Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I ſur- "vive this, I will be revenged on Tonſon; it was he "firſt detected me as the printer of theſe poems, and I "will reprint theſe very poems in his name." His wife admoniſhed him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his ſtock and his ſoul: and in the ſame inſtant Mr Lin-

tot, whoſe goodneſs can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr Pemberton. After ſome tears jointly ſhed by theſe humane bookſellers, Mr Curll being, as he ſaid, in his perfect ſenſes, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs Curll having firſt put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GEntlemen, in the firſt place, I do ſincerely pray forgiveneſs for thoſe indirect methods I have purſued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never ſaw, publiſhing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honeſt livelihood.

I do alſo heartily beg pardon of all perſons of honour, lords ſpiritual and temporal, gentry, burgeſſes, and commonalty, to whoſe abuſe I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be conſidered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewiſe aſperſed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abuſed the Honourable Mr Walpole, I have alſo libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: ſo that I have preſerved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honeſt man* in times of faction and diviſion.

I call my conſcience to witneſs, that many of theſe things, which may ſeem malicious, were done out of *charity*; I having made it wholly my buſineſs to print for poor diſconſolate authors, whom all other bookſellers refuſe. Only God bleſs Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no *copy-money*.

The ſecond collection of poems, which I groundleſsly called Mr Prior's, will ſell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertiſements, which I was obliged to publiſh *againſt him*: therefore you may as well ſuppreſs the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Chriſtian.

The French Cato, with the criticiſm ſhewing how ſuperior it is to Mr Addiſon's, (which I wickedly aſcribed to Madam Dacier), may be ſuppreſſed at a reaſonable rate, being damnably tranſlated.

I proteſt I have no animoſity to Mr Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his

his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr Gildon's *Rehearſal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honeſt man, I paid him double for abuſing both him and Mr Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publiſhing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Eſſays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt, (which is near the whole impreſſion, preſents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the ſole property of the copy of Madam Maſcranny.

[*Here Mr Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means conſent to this article; about which ſome diſpute might have ariſen unbecoming a dying perſon, if Mr Lintot had not interpoſed, and Mr Curll vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate man ſpoke afterwards, was ſo indiſtinct, and in ſuch broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings), that the reader is intreated to excuſe the confuſion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publiſhing Rocheſter's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwiſe be my beſt legacy to my dear wife, and helpleſs child.

The caſe of impotence was my beſt ſupport all the laſt long vacation.

[*In this laſt paragraph Mr Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he ſpoke what follows from his cloſe-ſtool.*]

For the copies of noblemens and biſhops *laſt wills and teſtaments*, I ſolemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpoſe of defamation; but merely as I thought thoſe copies lawfully purchaſed from *Doctors Commons*, at *one ſhilling* apiece. Our trade in wills turning to ſmall account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr Manwaring's *Life*, I aſk Mrs Oldfield's pardon: neither *his* nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of ſervice to their country, were of any to me: but I was reſolved, ſince I could not print their works

works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was ſpeaking theſe words, Mr Oldmixon entered. " Ah! Mr Oldmixon, *ſaid poor Mr Curll*, to " what a condition have your works reduced me! I " die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in " theſe my laſt moments I will be juſt to all men; you " ſhall have your third ſhare of the *Court-poems*, as was " ſtipulated. When I am dead, where will you find " *another bookſeller?* Your *Proteſtant packet* might have " ſupported you, had you writ a little leſs ſcurrilouſly; " there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr Lintot interrupted. *Why not find another bookſeller, Brother Curll?* and then took Mr Oldmixon aſide and whiſpered him: " Sir, as ſoon as Curll is dead, " I ſhall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the " Devil."

Mr Curll now turning to Mr Pemberton, told him, he had ſeveral *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatiſes to be wrote to them; and earneſtly deſired, that when they were written, his heirs might have ſome ſhare of the profit of them.

After he had ſaid this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr Lintot adviſed him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He deſired his wife to ſtep into the ſhop for a *Common prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without heſitation. He cloſed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs Curll to give forty ſhillings to the poor of the pariſh of St Dunſtan's, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with ſome ſmall gratuity in particular to Mrs Centlivre.

The poor man continued for ſome hours with all his diſconſolate family about him in tears, expecting his final diſſolution; when of a ſudden he was ſurpriſingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid ſtool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithſtanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poiſon is ſtill latent in his body, and will infallibly deſtroy him by ſlow degrees in leſs than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched ſtationer will not further purſue their revenge, or ſhorten this ſhort period of his miſerable life.

A further ACCOUNT of the moſt DEPLORABLE CONDITION of Mr EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr Curll's impoiſonment by a faithful, though unpolite hiſtorian of Grubſtreet. I am but the continuer of his hiſtory; yet I hope a due diſtinction will be made between an undignified ſcribbler of a ſheet and half, and the author of a three-penny ſtitched book, like myſelf.

"Wit, *ſaith Sir Richard Blackmore* *, proceeds from "a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an "affluence of animal ſpirits rectified and refined to a "degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles riſe with the vital liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational part of the ſoul, which we commonly call *madneſs*. The verity of this hypotheſis is juſtified by the ſymptoms with which the unfortunate Mr Edmund Curll bookſeller hath been afflicted, ever ſince his ſwallowing the poiſon at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-ſtreet. For though the *neck* of his *retort*, which carries up the animal ſpirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the ſaid animal ſpirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poiſon.

The ſymptoms of his departure from his uſual temper of mind were at firſt only *ſpeaking civilly to his cuſtomers, ſinging a pig with a new purchaſed libel*, and *refuſing two and nine pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Eſſays*.

As the poor man's frenzy increaſed, he began to *void his excrements in his bed, read Rocheſter's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a ſlap on the chops, and would have kiſſed Mr Pemberton's a—— by violence*.

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he would *dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyſter for a whipt ſyllabub, and made Mr Lintot eat a ſuppoſitory, for a radiſh, with bread and butter*.

* Blackmore's Eſſays, vol. 1.

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We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs Curll: at firſt ſhe privately put a *bill* into ſeveral churches, deſiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched ſtationer* diſtempered in mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, ſhe writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs Curll's letter to Mr Lintot.

WORTHY MR LINTOT,

"YOU and all the neighbours know too well the "frenzy with which my poor man is viſited. I "never perceived he was out of himſelf, till that me-"lancholy day that he thought he was poiſoned in a "glaſs of ſack; upon this he ran a-vomiting all over "the houſe, nay, in the new-waſhed dining-room. Alas! "this is the greateſt adverſity that ever befel my poor "man, ſince he loſt *one teſticle* at ſchool by the bite of "a black boar. Good Lord! if he ſhould die, where "ſhould I diſpoſe of the *ſtock?* unleſs Mr Pemberton "or you would help a diſtreſſed widow; for God knows, "he never publiſhed any books that laſted above a week, "ſo that if he wanted *daily books*, we wanted *daily bread.* "I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr Curll's "*ivory-headed cane* upon the counter. —— Pray recom-"mend me to your *paſtry-cook*, who furniſhes you year-"ly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr Curll "has diſobliged ours, ſince his fits came upon him; — "before that, we generally lived upon baked meats. — "He is coming in, and I have but juſt time to put his "*ſon* out of the way for fear of miſchief: ſo wiſhing "you a merry Eaſter, I remain your

"Moſt humble ſervant,

C. CURLL.

"P. S. As to the report of my poor huſband's ſteal-"ing o' *calf*, it is really groundleſs, for he always binds "in *ſheep.*"

But

But return we to Mr Curll, who all Wedneſday continued outrageouſly mad. On Thurſday he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to ſend a general ſummons to all *his authors*. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs Curll's original letter, lie at Mr Lintot's ſhop to be peruſed by the curious.

Inſtructions to a porter how to find Mr Curll's authors.

"AT a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half-way "under the blind arch, aſk for the *hiſtorian*.

"At the Bedſtead and Bolſter, a muſic-houſe in Moor-"fields, two tranſlators in a bed together.

"At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a ſchool-"maſter with carbuncles on his noſe.

"At a blackſmith's ſhop in the Friars, a Pindaric wri-"ter in red ſtockings.

"In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, a "compoſer of meditations.

"At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, "one that has been a parſon, he wears a blue cambleteen "coat, trimmed with black: my beſt writer againſt "*revealed religion*.

"At Mr Summers a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's "lane, the man that wrote againſt the impiety of Mr "Rowe's plays.

"At the Farthing pye-houſe in Totting-fields, the "young man who is writing my new paſtorals.

"At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in the Wall in Cur-"ſitors-alley, up three pair of ſtairs, the author of my "*Church-hiſtory*, —— if his flux be over —— You may "alſo ſpeak to the gentleman who lies by him in the "flock-bed, my *index-maker*.

"The Cook's * wife in Buckingham-court: bid her "bring along with her the *ſimiles*, that were lent her for "her next new play.

"Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you uſed to

* Mrs Centlivre.

"go

" go to in the *cockloft*; I have taken away the *ladder*,
" but his landlady has it in keeping.

" I don't much care if you aſk at the Mint for the old
" beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Al-
" ley over-againſt St Andrew's Holborn. But this as
" you have time."

All theſe gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watched by the bailiffs.

They no ſooner entered the room, but all of them ſhewed in their behaviour ſome *ſuſpicion* of each other; ſome turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others ſquinting with a leer, that ſhewed at once *fear* and *indignation*, each with a haggard abſtracted mien, the lively picture of *ſcorn*, *ſolitude*, and *ſhort commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a houſewife ſtands before her pales, ſurrounded by her geeſe; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is ſcattered as the winter's ſnow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks ſhot through the room tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till Curll thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his cloſe-ſtool.)

" *Whores* and *authors* muſt be paid beforehand to put
" them in good humour; therefore here is half a crown
" apiece for you to drink your own healths, and con-
" fuſion to Mr Addiſon, and all other ſucceſsful writers.

" Ah, Gentlemen! what have I not done? what have
" I not ſuffered, rather than the world ſhould be deprived
" of your lucubrations? I have taken involuntary pur-
" ges, I have been vomited, three times have I been
" caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke
" by a grenadier, twice was I toſſed in a blanket; I
" have had boxes on the ear, ſlaps on the chops; I have
" been frighted, pumped, kicked, ſlandered, and be-
" ſhitten. —— I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinced,
" that

" that this author of Mr Lintot's could mean nothing " elſe but ſtarving you, by poiſoning me. It remains " for us to conſult the beſt and ſpeedieſt methods of re- " venge."

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but the hiſtorian propoſed a hiſtory of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty ſmart Pindaric, ſays the red-ſtocking poet, would effectually do his buſineſs. But the *index-maker* ſaid, there was nothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After ſeveral debates, they came to the following reſolutions.

" *Reſolved*, That every member of this ſociety, ac- " cording to his ſeveral abilities, ſhall contribute ſome " way or other to the defamation of Mr Pope.

" *Reſolved*, That towards the libelling of the ſaid " Pope there be a ſum employed not exceeding ſix " pounds ſixteen ſhillings and nine pence (not including " advertiſements).

" *Reſolved*, That he has on purpoſe, in ſeveral paſ- " ſages, perverted the true ancient Heathen ſenſe of Ho- " mer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popiſh " religion.

" *Reſolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles* at " this juncture, has been the occaſion of all the diſturb- " ances of this kingdom.

" *Ordered*, That Mr Barnevelt * be invited to be a " member of this ſociety, in order to make further diſ- " coveries.

" *Reſolved*, That a number of effective *errata's* be " raiſed out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and " that every gentleman, who ſhall ſend in one error, for " his encouragement ſhall have the whole works of this " ſociety *gratis*.

" *Reſolved*, That a ſum not exceeding ten ſhillings and " ſix pence be diſtributed among the members of this ſo-

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr Pope, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great ſolemnity proved to be a political libel, was publiſhed in the name of Eſdras Barnevelt, apothecary. *Hawkeſ.*

" ciety for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in order to enable them " the more effectually to defame him in *coffeehouſes*.

" *Reſolved*, That towards the further leſſening the " character of the ſaid Pope, ſome perſons be deputed " to abuſe him at ladies *tea-tables*, and that in conſide- " ration our authors are not *well dreſſed* enough, Mr " C——y and Mr Ke——l be deputed for that ſervice.

" *Reſolved*, That a *ballad* be made againſt Mr Pope, " and that Mr Oldmixon *, Mr Gildon †, and Mrs Cent- " livre ‡, do prepare and bring in the ſame.

" *Reſolved*, That, above all, ſome effectual ways and " means be found to increaſe the joint ſtock of the repu- " tation of this ſociety, which at preſent is exceeding " low, and to give their works the greater currency; " whether by raiſing the denomination of the ſaid works " by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quan- " tity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy " of this ſociety.

" *Reſolved*, That no member of this ſociety for the " future mix *ſtout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that Mr " B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

" *Reſolved*, That all our members (except the *cook's* " *wife*) be provided with a ſufficient quantity of the " *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *ſal volatile*.

" *Reſolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore || be appoint- " ed to endue this ſociety with a large quantity of *regu-*

* Oldmixon was all his life a party-writer for hire: and after having falſified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent perſons with falſifying Lord Clarendon's hiſtory, which was diſproved by Dr Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, the only ſurvivor of them. *Hawkeſ.*

† Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels, who abuſed Mr Pope in ſeveral pamphlets and books printed by Curll. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Mrs Suſanna Centlivre, wife of Mr Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majeſty, wrote a ſong before ſhe was ſeven years old, and many plays: ſhe wrote alſo a ballad againſt Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it. *Hawkeſ.*

|| Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Eſſays, vol. 2. p. 270. accuſed Mr Pope in very high and ſober terms, of profaneneſs and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. *Hawkeſ.*

" *lar*

" *lar and exalted ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold* " *ſentiments* (being his true receipt to make wits *."

Theſe reſolutions being taken, the aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took ſo near a part in Mr Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him ſome advice to reinſtate him in his health.

Mr Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly*, he ſhould get the mummy of ſome deceaſed *Moderator* of the *general aſſembly* in Scotland to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote againſt *Anti-chriſt*; but Mr Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the perſon who adminiſtered the poiſon, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr Curll for theſe demonſtrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Eſſays* on a ſudden fell on his head; the ſhock of which in an inſtant brought back his delirium. He immediately roſe up, overturned the cloſe-ſtool, and beſh-t the *Eſſays* (which may probably occaſion a *ſecond edition)*, then without putting up his breeches, in a moſt furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his diſtempered imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from their ſhelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now *G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos!* ungrateful varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my houſe without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *journeymen!* born in *garrets* among *lice* and *cob-webs*, nurſed up on *gray peas, bullocks liver, and porters ale?* —— Was not the firſt light you ſaw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty ſheets* of brown paper? —— And have not I clothed you in double *royal*, lodged you handſomely on *decent ſhelves*, laced your *backs* with *gold*, equipped you with ſplendid *titles*, and ſent you into the world with the names of *perſons of quality?* Muſt I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye wolves in ſheeps cloathing; rags ye*

* See page 323.

were, and to rags ye ſhall return. Why hold you forth your *texts* to me, ye paltry *ſermons?* Why cry ye, — at every word to me, ye *bawdy poems?* — To my ſhop at Tunbridge ye ſhall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the reſt of your predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the *paſſage-houſe*; for in this preſent emotion of my bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe who have great need, and nothi ng to wipe their breech with?

Having ſaid this, and at the ſame time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfiniſhed ſheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A ſtrange but true RELATION how Mr EDMUND CURLL, of Fleet-ſtreet, ſtationer, out of an extraordinary deſire of lucre, went into 'Change-alley, and was converted from the Chriſtian religion by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumciſed, and initiated into their myſteries.

AVarice (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Eſſays, hath elegantly obſerved) *is an inordinate impulſe of the ſoul towards the amaſſing or heaping together a ſuperfluity of wealth, without the leaſt regard of applying it to its proper uſes.*

And how the mind of man is poſſeſſed with this vice, may be ſeen every day both in the city and ſuburbs thereof. It has been always eſteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned uſurers and ſtockjobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and eſtates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiſcence of youth is converted into the covetouſneſs of age, and thoſe appetites are now become VENAL, which ſhould be VENEREAL.

In the firſt place, let us ſhew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly ſin of avarice.

I ſhall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæſar, who fell a ſacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papiſts?

Did not Themiſtocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a ſum of money, where they barbarouſly put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr Addiſon hath very well obſerved), though otherwiſe a gentleman of good ſenſe, was not unſullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he ſold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *ſeſtertii*, according to Mr Demoivre's calculation. *See Heſiod in his ſeventh chapter of Feaſts and Feſtivals.*

Actuated by the ſame diabolical ſpirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Conſul ſhot Alcibiades the Senator with a piſtol, and robbed him of ſeveral *bank-bills* and *chequer-notes* to an immenſe value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *Chriſtian burial*. Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam*.

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern inſtance, though well known, and often quoted by hiſtorians, *viz.* Echard, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus, Virgil, Horace, and others: It is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Celopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all theſe things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the ſiege of Damaſcus.

Who then can wonder, after ſo many great and illuſtrious examples, that Mr Edmund Curll the ſtationer ſhould renounce the *Chriſtian religion* for the *Mammon* of unrighteouſneſs, and barter his precious faith for the filthy proſpect of lucre in the preſent fluctuation of *ſtocks*?

It having been obſerved to Mr Curll, by ſome of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not over-charged with any religion), what immenſe ſums the Jews had got by *bubbles* *, &c. he immediately turned his mind from the buſineſs, in which he was educated, but thrived little,

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which ſubſcriptions were raiſed, and negotiated at vaſt premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-ſea, and not to their ſplendor, emptineſs, and inutility: for it did not become a name of reproach in this caſe, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble *broke*. *Hawkeſ.*

and

and reſolved to quit his ſhop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the ſign of the Croſs in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the moſt important points of the *Chriſtian faith*, which he for ſome time zealouſly, and *like a good Chriſtian, obſtinately* defended. They promiſed him *Paradiſe*, and many other advantages *hereafter*; but he artfully inſinuated, that he was more inclinable to liſten to *preſent* gain. They took the hint, and promiſed him, that immediately upon his converſion to their perſuaſion he ſhould become as rich as a Jew.

They made uſe likewiſe of ſeveral other arguments; to wit,

That the wiſeſt man that ever was, and inaſmuch the richeſt, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, videlicet, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew alſo. And moſt of the children of Iſrael are ſuſpected for holding the ſame doctrine.

This Mr Curll at firſt ſtrenuouſly denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and ſo far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Chriſtianity he called for a *pork griſking*.

They now promiſed, if he would poiſon his wife, and give up his *griſking*, that he ſhould marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made ſome impreſſion on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not underſtanding, it was obſerved, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his *godlineſs* was only *gain*, deſiſted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak ſide, namely, that of *avarice*.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apoſtles creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then ſold the *nine and thirty articles* for a *bull* *; but

* *Bulls* and *bears*. He who ſells that of which he is not poſſeſſed, is proverbially ſaid *to ſell the ſkin before he has caught the bear*. It was the practice of ſtockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for

but inſiſted hard upon *black puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joſhua Pereira engaged to let him ſhare with him in his *bottomrye*; upon this he was perſuaded out of his *Chriſtian name*; but he ſtill adhered to *black puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* ſubſcription in *Ram's bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *four evangeliſts*, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black pudding* and *circumciſion*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a diſpenſation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforeſaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man, with a ſallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long veſtment. In his right hand he held a large pair of ſheers, and in his left a red-hot ſearing-iron. At ſight of this, Mr Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by ſix Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful ſpectacle.

He now intreated them in the moſt moving tone of voice to diſpenſe with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which if they would conſent to, he faithfully promiſed, that he would eat a quarter of *paſchal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All theſe proteſtations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains ſhould be void unleſs he would ſubmit to bear all the *outward* and *viſible* ſigns of Judaiſm.

Our apoſtate hearing this, ſtretched himſelf upon his back, ſpread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he ſaw the high prieſt take up the *cleft ſtick*, he

for transferring S. S. ſtock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to ſell had frequently no ſtock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in conſequence of his bargain; the ſeller was therefore called a *bear*, in alluſion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a ſimilar diſtinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the riſe or fall of ſtock; if it roſe, the ſeller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the ſum determined by the ſame computation to the ſeller. *Hawkeſ.*

roared

roared moſt unmercifully, and ſwore ſeveral Chriſtian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The ſavour of the *effluvia* that iſſued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his aſſiſtants, that he needed no preſent *purgation*; wherefore, without further *anointing* him, he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he loſt five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumciſed, which, by the *levitical law*, is worſe than not being circumciſed at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their contracts: wherefore they caſt him forth from their ſynagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woful, and miſerable ſight at the ſign of the Old Teſtament and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews ſtill keep, and expoſe at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loſs, and her huſband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[*To ſave the ſtamp* *.]

KEEP us, we beſeech thee, from the hands of ſuch barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black puddings, *yet thirſt they vehemently after the blood of* white ones. *And that we may avoid ſuch like calamities, may all good and well-diſpoſed Chriſtians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the hainous ſin of* avarice, *which, ſooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papiſts, Jews, and ſtockjobbers. Amen.*

* All *forms of prayer and thankſgiving, books of devotion, &c.* being excepted in the ſtatute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a ſheet with one halfpenny, and every ſuch paper, being one whole ſheet, with a ſtamp-duty of one penny for every copy. *Hawkeſ.*

GOD's

GOD's REVENGE againſt PUNNING.

Shewing the miſerable fates of perſons addicted to this crying ſin, in court and town.

MAnifold have been the judgments, which heaven, from time to time, for the chaſtiſement of a ſinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, it is but juſt the puniſhment ſhould be general: of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that deſtructive peſtilence, whoſe mortality was ſo fatal, as to ſweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Chriſtian ſouls, beſides women and Jews.

Such alſo was that dreadful conflagration enſuing, in this famous metropolis of London, which conſumed, according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thouſand houſes, not to mention churches and ſtables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered theſe funeſt diſaſters, when the abomination of playhouſes roſe up in this land: from hence hath an inundation of obſcenity flowed from the court and overſpread the kingdom: even infants diſfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant repreſentations of the members of generation; nay, no ſooner had they learned to ſpell, but they had wickedneſs enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity obſerved by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and Popery were driven hence by the happy *revolution*; ſtill the nation ſo greatly offended, that Socinianiſm, Arianiſm, and Whiſtoniſm triumphed in our ſtreets, and were in a manner become univerſal.

And yet ſtill, after all theſe viſitations, it has pleaſed heaven to viſit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of conſequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, firſt, by that unparallelled eclipſe in 1714: ſecondly, by the dreadful corruſcation in the air this preſent year: and, thirdly,

thirdly, by the nine comets ſeen at once over Soho-ſquare, by Mrs Katharine Wadlington, and others; a contagion that firſt crept in amongſt the firſt quality, deſcended to their footmen, and infuſed itſelf into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occaſion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God tranſlated into our language, which certainly every ſober Chriſtian muſt tremble at.

Now, ſuch is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles commit *punning* not only over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's-day, and in the King's chapel: therefore to deter men from this evil practice, I ſhall give ſome true and dreadful examples of God's revenge againſt *punſters*.

The Right Honourable —— but it is not ſafe to inſert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to ſay, that ſuch a one has been *ſeen*; which is all we can ſay, conſidering the largeneſs of his ſleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious *punſter* himſelf, but was acceſſory to the *punning* of others, by conſent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully ſpared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation *wried his noſe*.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no leſs guilty of the ſame crime, was made the puniſher of himſelf with his own hand, in the loſs of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy diſpleaſure of his aged grandmother.

A third of no leſs illuſtrious extraction, for the ſame vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Delilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philiſtines.

Colonel F ——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this ſin ſo early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to ſpeak common ſenſe, he heſitates ſo, as not to be underſtood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the ſame crime baniſhed to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miſerable invalid at Tilbury-fort.

—— Euſtace, Eſq; for the murder of much of the king's Engliſh in Ireland, is quite deprived of his reaſon,

and

and now remains a lively inſtance of emptineſs and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button for the ſame offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel an Iriſhman, for his forward attempt to *pun*, was ſtunted in his ſtature, and hath been viſited all his life after with *bulls* and *blunders*.

George Simmons, ſhoemaker at Turnſtile in Holborn, was ſo given to this cuſtom, and did it with ſo much ſucceſs, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no body would truſt him; ſo that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miſerable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the univerſity of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

A wonderful PROPHECY taken from the mouth of the ſpirit of a perſon, who was barbarouſly ſlain by the MOHOCKS:

Proving alſo, that the ſaid Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations; and therefore that this vain and tranſitory world will ſhortly be brought to its final diſſolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London! Woe to Weſtminiſter! Woe to Southwark! and woe to the inhabitants thereof!

I am loath to ſay, Woe to the old and new churches, thoſe that are built, and thoſe that are not built!

But woe to the gates, the ſtreets, and the houſes! Woe to the men, the women, and the children! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come; the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near reſemblance betwixt the names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG (though I think there is a great deal even in that), I ſhall go on to proceed in my more ſolid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but alſo the things that are not.

The things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the ſame thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came,

Satan came alſo among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG alſo.

They have the mark of the beaſt in their foreheads, and the beaſt himſelf is in their hearts, their teeth are ſharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of ſcorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the ſpirit pauſed a while —— and thus again proceeded.

Now liſten to what is to come.

Thoſe that are in ſhall abide in, and thoſe that are out ſhall abide out.—Yet thoſe that are in ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that are in.

Be not dejected —— fear not —— but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead alſo, and the next world draweth nigh.

That antient Whig, the Antichriſt of St John, ſhall lead the van like a young dragon, but he ſhall be cut piece-meal, and diſpoſſeſſed.

The dragon upon Bow-church, and the graſshopper upon the Royal-exchange, ſhall meet together upon Stocks-market, and ſhake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! my time is ſhort, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and ſhorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the ſouth! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Chriſtians! Ah blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-ſtar only ſhaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it ſhaketh it as a rod. It is not a ſporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, ſuch a tail as may reach, and be told, to all poſterity.

I am the *porter* that was barbarouſly ſlain in Fleet-ſtreet: by the MOLOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I ſlain, when they laid violently hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my noſtrils aſunder, they ſent me, as they thought, to my long

long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their deſtruction.

The time is at hand, when the free-thinkers of Great-Britain ſhall be converted to Judaiſm: and the Sultan ſhall receive the foreſkins of Toland and Collins * in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, thoſe emblems of GOG and MAGOG, at the Guild-hall, ſhall fall to the ground, and be broken aſunder. With them ſhall periſh the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole world ſhall periſh with them.

Here the ſpirit diſappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

* Authors of ſeveral books in favour of infidelity. *Hawk.*

The COUNTRY-POST.

From Tueſday, Auguſt the 12th, to Thurſday, Auguſt the 14th.

From the hen rooſt, Auguſt the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful conſternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to *fall upon* us; he made ſeveral *motions* as if he deſigned to attack our *left wing*, which covered our *infantry*. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muſter of all our forces, the kitchen-maid came to our relief; but we were ſoon convinced, that ſhe had betrayed us, and was in the intereſt of the kite aforeſaid; for ſhe twiſted off two of our companions necks, and ſtript them naked: five of us were alſo clapped in a *cloſe priſon*, in order to be ſold for ſlaves the next market day.

P. S. The black *hen* was laſt night ſafely delivered of ſeven young *ducks*.

From the garden, Auguſt the 3d.

The *boars* have done much miſchief of late in theſe parts, to ſuch a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie ſafe in their *beds*. Yeſterday ſeveral of them were taken, and ſentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noſes bored, and rings thruſt through them, as a mark of infamy for ſuch practices.

From the great pond, Auguſt the 1ſt.

Yeſterday a large *ſaik* of ducks paſſed by here, after a ſmall reſiſtance from two little boys, who flung ſtones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they *foraged* with very good ſucceſs: while they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat,

petticoat, and ſhe retired with *great precipitation*. This afternoon being ſomewhat rainy, they ſet ſail again, and took ſeveral *frogs*. Juſt now arrived the *parſon's wife*, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned; it was alſo *obſerved*, that ſhe carried off a goſling and three ſucking pigs.

From the little fort at the end of the garden, Aug. the 5th.

Laſt night two young men of this place made a *detachment* of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to poſſeſs themſelves of the two *overtures* of the ſaid fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already *bombarded* by the *rear-guard* of Sarah and Suky, who fearing theſe young men were come to beat up their *quarters*, deſerted their *neceſſary* poſts, which were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, notwithſtanding they were much annoyed by reaſon of ſeveral ſtink-pots, that had been flung there the ſame morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, Auguſt the 3d.

It was yeſterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty ſqueaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuſcade in the ſaid mow: upon this the farmer aſſembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was reſolved, that the mow ſhould be removed to prevent the farther deſtruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and ſeventy-nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vaſt number wounded, by pitch forks and other inſtruments of huſbandry. A mouſe, that was cloſe purſued, took ſhelter under Dolly's petticoats, but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep moraſs, and cruſhed to death on the ſpot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was *obſerved* to make water under the ſaid mow, as ſhe was going a-milking.

From

From the great yard, Auguſt the 2d.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock, and the pyed hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together: he yeſterday made her a preſent of three *barley-corns*, ſo that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the ſame cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'Squire's houſe.

Sunday laſt there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were preſent the parſon and the farmer: the parſon eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parſon; we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat moſt.

It is reported, that the miniſter chriſtened a male child laſt week, but it wants *confirmation*.

From the juſtices meeting, Auguſt the 7th.

This day a jack-daw, well known in the pariſh, was ordered cloſe priſoner to a cage, for crying *cuckold* to a juſtice of the *quorum*; and the ſame evening certain apples, for *hiſſing* in a diſreſpectful manner as they were *roaſting*, were committed to *Lambs wool*. The ſame day the ſaid juſtices cauſed a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the ſame, being convicted of *ſqueaking* on the 10th of June.

From the church, Auguſt the 8th.

Divine ſervice is continued in our pariſh as uſual, tho' we have ſeldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whoſe manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or elſe regarded as matters of little conſequence.

From the church-yard, Aug. the 8th.

The miniſter, having obſerved his only daughter to ſeem too much affected with the intercourſe of his bull and the cows of the pariſh, has ordered the ceremony for

for the future, to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the firſt ſolemnity of that kind, the grave-ſtones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey were ſpurned down. This has already occaſioned great debates in the veſtry, the latter being the deceaſed wife of the *ſinging-clerk* of this place.

Caſualities this week.

Several caſualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increaſed. There have died of the *falling ſickneſs* two ſtumbling horſes, as alſo one of their riders. *Smothered* (in onions) ſeven rabbits. *Stifled* (in a ſoldier's breeches) two geeſe. Of a *ſore throat*, ſeveral ſheep and calves at the butchers. *Starved to death*, one baſtard child nurſed at the pariſh charge. *Stillborn*, in eggs of turkeys, geeſe, ducks, and hens, thirty-ſix. *Drowned*, nine puppies. Of *wind in the bowels*, five bottles of ſmall beer. I have not yet ſeen the exact liſt of the pariſh-clerk, ſo that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *ſtocks*, only that Dick Adams was ſet in them laſt Sunday for ſwearing.

A true

A true and faithfull NARRATIVE of what paſſed in LONDON, during the general conſternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday laſt.

ON Tueſday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiſton held his lecture near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his ſubſcribers and conſtant hearers. Beſides theſe there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their ſhillings apiece. I think myſelf obliged to be very particular in this relation, leaſt my veracity ſhould be ſuſpected; which makes me appeal to the men who were preſent; of which number I myſelf was one. Their names are,

Henry Watſon, *haberdaſher.*
George Hancock, *druggiſt.*
John Lewis, *dry-ſalter.*
William Jones, *corn-chandler.*
Henry Theobald, *watch maker.*
James Peters, *draper.*
Thomas Floyer, *ſilverſmith.*
John Wells, *brewer.*
Samuel Greg, *ſoap-boiler.*
William Cooley, *fiſhmonger.*
James Harper, *hoſier.*
Robert Tucker, *ſtationer.*
George Ford, *ironmonger.*
Daniel Lynch, *apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} *apprentices.*

Mr. Whiſton began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertiſement) he thought himſelf in duty and conſcience

ſcience obliged to change the ſubject-matter of his intended diſcourſe. — Here he pauſed, and ſeemed for a ſhort ſpace, as it were, loſt in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earneſtneſs and vehemence he ſpake as follows:

"Friends and fellow-citizens, all ſpeculative ſcience is "at an end: the period of all things is at hand; on "Friday next this world ſhall be no more. Put not your "confidence in me, brethren; for to-morrow morning, "five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in "that inſtant the comet ſhall appear, of which I have "heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. "Go hence, and prepare your wives, your families, and "friends, for the univerſal change."

At this ſolemn and dreadful prediction, the whole ſociety appeared in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment: but it would be unjuſt not to remember, that Mr. Whiſton himſelf was in ſo calm a temper as to return a ſhilling a-piece to the youths, who had been diſappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in charity to warn all men; in two or three hours the news had ſpread through the city. At firſt indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greateſt dealers in ſtocks thought only a court-artifice to ſink them, that ſome choice favourites might purchaſe at a lower rate; for the South-ſea that very evening fell five *per cent.* the India eleven; and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town our atteſtations were entirely diſbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheleſs the news ſpread every where, and was the ſubject-matter of all converſation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr Whiſton was ſent for to a great lady, who was very curious in the learned ſciences, and addicted to all the ſpeculative doubts of the moſt able philoſophers; but he was not now to be found: and ſince at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himſelf to attend the great buſineſs of his ſoul: but whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquiſitiveneſs, that occaſioned her to ſend, is a point I ſhall not preſume

to

to determine. As for his being ſent for to the ſecretary's office by a meſſenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriouſly falſe, and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo zealous and honeſt a man ſhould be *ordered into cuſtody* as a *ſeditious preacher*, who is known to be ſo well affected to the *preſent happy eſtabliſhment*.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſuſed family-prayers for above five years, and (though it hath been a cuſtom of late entirely neglected by men of any buſineſs or ſtation) I determined within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but two or three neighbours having been engaged to ſup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily ſpent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; ſhe reaſoning that it would be time enough to take off the ſervants from their buſineſs (which this practice muſt infallibly occaſion for an hour or two every day), after the *comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, *ſaid he*, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impoſſibilities, for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual caſes with this ſet of people) was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and, as he was fully perſuaded, that the prediction was erroneous, he, in a very neighbourly manner, admoniſhed me againſt *ſelling my ſtock* at the preſent low price; which, *he ſaid*, beyond diſpute muſt have a riſe before Monday, when this unreaſonable conſternation ſhould be over.

But on Wedneſday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiſton) the *comet* appeared: for at three minutes after five, by my own watch, I ſaw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be ſeen at five minutes after five, but as the beſt watches may be a minute or two too ſlow, I am apt to think his calculation juſt to a minute.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour all Cheapſide was crouded with a vaſt concourſe of people, and, notwithſtand-

ſtanding it was ſo early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the ſick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I ſaw ſeveral thouſands in the ſtreet, and counted at leaſt ſeventeen, who were upon their knees, and ſeemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women of about fourſcore; the ſix others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could gueſs) two of them might be under ſeventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be paſſed over by the greater hiſtorians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep ſchemes of politicians and myſteries of ſtate; for which reaſon, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the ſpace of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witneſs, or from unqueſtionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its uſe, as it may enable us to form a more juſt idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wedneſday noon the belief was univerſal, that the day of judgment was at hand, inſomuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no leſs than one hundred and twenty three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve a-clock; theſe, it is ſaid, went thither to petition, that a *ſhort prayer* might be *penned*, and *ordered*, there being none in the ſervice upon that occaſion. But as in things of this nature it is neceſſary that the *council* be conſulted, their requeſt was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reaſon, that the churches were not that morning ſo well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and conſternation of the clergy, with which the free-thinkers have ſince very unjuſtly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week day) and, with a very large congregation, were diſappointed of the ſervice. But (what will be ſcarce credible) by the careleſſneſs of a prentice, in our abſence, we had a piece of fine *cambric* carried

carried off by a ſhop-lifter: ſo little impreſſion was yet made on the minds of theſe wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *director of the bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him juſtice; for it was unqueſtionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heahtcote's ſagacity *, that all the *fire offices* were required to have a particular eye upon the *bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praiſe, that, in the general hurry, this ſtruck him as his neareſt and tendereſt concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon ſpiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expreſſing his reſentment againſt the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that ſudden *run upon the bank*, which happened on this occaſion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wedneſday morning to make up ſuch an account, as might appear fair, in caſe he ſhould be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to deſiſt, after having for ſeveral hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himſelf to a reſolution to truſt the many hundred articles of his ſecret tranſactions upon paper.

Another ſeemed to be very melancholly, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of loſing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was obſerved too, that he had few viſiters that day; this added ſo much to his mortification, that he read thro' the firſt chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in ſhort he ſeemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No buſineſs was that day done in his *compting houſe*; it is ſaid too, that he was adviſed to reſtitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any farther than in gi-

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before ſignalized his care for the Bank, when in equal danger, by petitioning againſt the Lord Treaſurer Godolphin's being removed, as a meaſure that would deſtroy the public credit.

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ing half a crown a piece to ſeveral crazed, and ſtarving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the *maids of honour* ſent to countermand their birth-day cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and ſent to a bookſeller's in Pall-mall to buy each of them a *Bible*, and *Taylor's holy living and dying*. But I muſt do all of them the juſtice to acknowledge, that they ſhewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and reſtrained themſelves from thoſe innocent freedoms and little levities ſo commonly incident to young ladies of their profeſſion. So many birth-day ſuits were countermanded the next day, that moſt of the taylors and mantua-makers diſcharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady, of great erudition and modeſty, who viſits theſe young ladies, ſeemed to be extremely ſhocked by the apprehenſions, that ſhe was to appear naked before the whole world; and no leſs ſo, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might ſo much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt anſwers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modeſty and curioſity, could not imagine the ſight ſo diſagreeable as was repreſented; nay, one of them went ſo far as to ſay, ſhe perfectly longed to ſee it; for it could not be ſo indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themſelves to be ſeen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glaſs to be ſet by it. So much are theſe young ladies both by nature and cuſtom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A weſt country gentleman told me, he got a church-leaſe filled up that morning, for the ſame ſum which had been refuſed for three years ſucceſſively. I muſt impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in ſo unhandſome a manner; or that the ſhortneſs of the life was in the leaſt his conſideration; though I have heard the ſame worthy prelate aſperſed and maligned ſince upon this very account.

The *term* being ſo near, the alarm among the LAW-

YERS was inexpreſſible, though ſome of them, I was told, were ſo vain as to promiſe themſelves ſome advantage in making their defence, by being verſed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is ſaid too, that ſome of the chief pleaders were heard to expreſs great ſatisfaction, that there had been but few *ſtate-trials* of late years. Several attornies demanded the *return of fees*, that had been given the lawyers: but it was anſwered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at ſuch unjuſtice, as to ſuffer it to be ſunk in the attorney's pockets. Our ſage and learned *judges* had great conſolation, inſomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for ſeveral years; the *barriſters* rejoiced in that they were not *attornies*, and the attornies felt no leſs ſatisfaction that they were not *petti foggers, ſcriveners*, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every ſoldier's behaviour was as undiſmayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial diſpoſition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *oaths* than are requiſite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St James's Park. But poſſibly it was by choice, and on conſideration, that they continued this way of expreſſion, not to intimidate the common ſoldiers, or give occaſion to ſuſpect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impreſſion upon their ſuperior officers. A *duel* was fought the ſame morning between two colonels, not occaſioned (as was reported) becauſe the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might at ſuch a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate ſatisfaction: I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who deſired his ſurgeon to defer putting him into a ſalivation till Saturday, might make this requeſt out of ſome opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehenſions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the ſurgeon himſelf having aſſured me, that he had before

fore undergone three ſeveral operations of the like nature with great reſignation and fortitude.

There was an order iſſued, that the *chaplains* of the ſeveral *regiments* ſhould attend their duty; but as they were diſperſed about in ſeveral parts of England, it was believed, that moſt of them could not be found, or ſo much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Moſt of the conſiderable PHYSICIANS, by their outward demeanor, ſeemed to be unbelievers; but at the ſame time, they every where inſinuated, that there might be a *peſtilential malignancy* in the *air*, occaſioned by the *comet*, which might be armed againſt by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Chriſtian reſignation of the people increaſed, and moſt of them (which was never before known) had their ſouls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend CLERGY ſhowed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of ſouls*; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the *degrees* of *apprehenſion* and *terror* could be diſtinguiſhed to be greater or leſs, according to their *ranks* and *degrees* in the *church*.

The like might be obſerved in all ſorts of miniſters, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I ſpeak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inſerting the *names* of particular perſons, to avoid the imputation of ſlander, ſo that the reader will allow the narrative muſt be deficient, and is therefore deſired to accept hereof, rather as a ſketch than a regular circumſtantial hiſtory.

I was not informed of any perſons, who ſhewed the leaſt joy, except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a conſtant church-goer, who, being at the point of death, expreſt ſome ſatisfaction at the news.

On Thurſday morning there was little or nothing tranſacted in Change-alley; there were a multitude of ſellers, but ſo few buyers, that one cannot affirm the ſtocks bore any certain price, except among the Jews, who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many

who called themſelves Chriſtians, who offered to buy *for time*, but as theſe were people of *great diſtinction*, I chuſe not to mention them, becauſe in effect it would ſeem to accuſe them both of avarice, and infidelity.

The *run* upon the *bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one perſon whatever (except the *directors* themſelves, and ſome of their particular friends and aſſociates) could convert a *bill* all that day into *ſpecie*; all hands being employed to ſerve *them*.

In the ſeveral churches of the city and ſuburbs there were ſeven thouſand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and ſolemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their ſeveral *kept miſreſſes*, which was allowed as valid marriage, the prieſt not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St Brides's church in Fleetſtreet, Mr Woolſton (who writ againſt the miracles of our Saviour), in the utmoſt terrors of conſcience, made a public recantation. Dr Mandevil * (who had been groundleſsly reported formerly to have done the ſame) did it now in good earneſt, at St James's gate; as did alſo at the Temple-church ſeveral gentlemen, who frequent *coffee houſes* near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the ſpot; but I will not record their names, leſt I ſhould be thought invidiouſly to lay an odium on their families and poſterity.

Moſt of the *players*, who had very little faith before, were now deſirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the *Roman Catholic religion*; the ſame thing was obſerved of ſome *bawds* and *ladies of pleaſure*.

An Iriſh gentleman, out of pure friendſhip, came to make me a viſit, and adviſed me to *hire a boat* for the enſuing day, and told me, that unleſs I gave earneſt for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his country-men had ſecured almoſt every boat upon the ri-

* Author of *The fable of the bees*, a book intended to ſubvert not only religion but virtue, by ſhewing that private vices are public benefits.

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ver, as judging that, in the *general conflagration*, to be upon the *water* would be the *safeſt place*.

There were *two lords*, and *three commoners*, who, out of a ſcruple of conſcience, very haſtily threw up their penſions, as imagining a penſion was only an annual *retaining bribe*. All the other great penſioners, I was told, had their ſcruples quieted by a *clergyman* or two of diſtinction, whom they happily conſulted.

It was remarkable, that ſeveral of our very richeſt *tradeſmen* of the city, in common charity, gave away ſhillings and ſixpences to the beggars, who plyed about thee hurch-doors; and, at a particular church in the city, a wealthy *church warden*, with his own hands diſtributed fifty twelve penny loaves to the poor, by way of reſtitution for the many great and coſtly feaſts which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a cuſtom-houſe officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet (all noted *gameſters*), came publicly into a church at Weſtminſter, and depoſited a very conſiderable ſum of money in the miniſter's hands; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But ſo great is the hardneſs of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar gameſters, (tho' the profeſſion is ſo general), I did not hear of any other reſtitution of this ſort. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that (in compariſon of theſe) through all parts of the town, the juſtice and penitence of the *highway-men*, *houſe breakers*, and common *pick pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *directors* of our *public companies* were in ſuch dreadful apprehenſions, that one would have thought a *parliamentary inquiry* was at hand; yet ſo great was their preſence of mind, that all the Thurſday morning was taken up in *private tranſfers*, which, by malicious people, was thought to be done with deſign to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confeſſions of particular *ladies* to their *huſbands*; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of conſequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious taſk to record them as baſtards;

and particularly after their ſeveral huſbands have ſo charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were ſpent in devotions both public and private; the churches, for this one day, were ſo crouded by the nobility and gentry, that thouſands of common people were ſeen praying in the public ſtreets. In ſhort, one would have thought the whole town had been really and ſeriouſly religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different perſuaſions kept by themſelves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the ſtreets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears firſt began to abate, then leſſened every hour; at night they were almoſt extinct, till the total darkneſs, that hitherto uſed to terrify, now comforted every *free-thinker* and *atheiſt*. Great numbers went together to the *taverns*, beſpoke *ſuppers*, and broke up whole *hogſheads* for joy. The ſubject of all wit and converſation was to ridicule the prophecy, and railly each other. All the quality and gentry were *perfectly aſhamed*, nay, ſome utterly diſowned that they had manifeſted any ſigns of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their uſual ſtate of indifference. They drank, they whored, they ſwore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed, they quarrelled, they murdered. In ſhort, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any inſtances of what will be ſo eaſily credited; but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolſton advertiſed in that very Saturday's Evening Poſt, a new *treatiſe* againſt the *miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few who had given up their penſions the day before, ſolicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any miniſterial point, I am informed was readily granted.

The TATLER*.

NUMBER V.

——— *Laceratque, trahitque*
Molle pecus ——— Virg.

From Tueſday, Jan. 23. to Saturday, Jan 27. 1710.

AMONGST other ſervices I have met with from ſome critics, the cruelleſt for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but purſue me to my very dreams. I muſt not dream but when they pleaſe, nor upon long continued ſubjects, however viſionary in their own natures; becauſe there is a manifeſt moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream

* N. B. The two following Tatlers are not in the four volumes publiſhed by Sir Richard Steele.

In the preface to the Tatler, vol. iv. Sir Richard Steele ſpeaks thus of Dr. Swift. " I have, in the dedication of the firſt volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr. SWIFT; whoſe pleaſant writings, in the name of *Bickerſtaff*, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the ſame diſguiſe. I muſt acknowlege alſo, that, at my firſt entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in converſation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one, whoſe imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common ſubjects, tho' at the ſame time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verſes on the *Shower in town*, and the *Deſcription of the morning*, are inſtances of the happineſs of that genius, which could raiſe ſuch pleaſing ideas upon occaſions ſo barren to an ordinary invention."

is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by conſidering they have miſſed another, againſt which I ſhould have been at a loſs to defend myſelf. They might have aſked me whether the dreams I publiſh, can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half ſheets: ſo manifeſt a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no ſophiſter ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember when I was a boy at ſchool, I have often dreamed out the whole paſſages of the day; that I rode a journey, baited, ſupped, went to bed, and roſe next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night, large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is ſtrong, not mixed with cares, not tinged with thoſe paſſions that moſt diſturb and confound it; ſuch as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are ſaid to grow children again, ſo in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full eaſe, without care, avarice, or ambition to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage, of doubling the ſmall remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to pleaſe theſe refiners upon ſleep, without any moral that I can diſcover.

" It happened, that my maid left on the table in my " bed-chamber one of her ſtory-books (as ſhe calls them), " which I took up, and found full of ſtrange impertinence, " fitted to her taſte and condition; of poor ſervants who " came to be ladies, and *ſerving men of low degree* " who married kings daughters. Among other things, " I met this ſage obſervation, that a lion would never " hurt a true virgin. With this medley of nonſenſe in " my fancy I went to bed, and dreamed that a friend " waked me in the morning, and propoſed for paſtime to " ſpend a few hours in ſeeing the pariſh-lions, which he " had not done ſince he came to town; and becauſe " they ſhewed but once a-week, he would not miſs the " opportunity. I ſaid I would honour him; although

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" to ſpeak the truth, I was not fond of thoſe cruel ſpec-
" tacles; and if it were not ſo antient a cuſtom, found-
" ed, as I had heard, upon the wiſeſt maxims, I ſhould
" be apt to cenſure the inhumanity of thoſe who intro-
" duced it." All this will be a riddle to the waking rea-
der, until I diſcover the ſcene my imagination had formed
upon the maxim, that a lion would never hurt a true vir-
gin. " I dreamed, that, by a law of immemorial time, a
" he-lion was kept in every pariſh at the common charge,
" and in a place provided adjoining to the church-yard;
" that before any one of the fair ſex was married, if ſhe
" affirmed herſelf to be a virgin, ſhe muſt on her wed-
" ding day, and in her wedding cloaths, perform the
" ceremony of going alone into the den, and ſtay an
" hour with the lion let looſe, and kept faſting four and
" twenty hours on purpoſe. At a proper height above
" the den, were convenient galleries for the relations and
" friends of the young couple, and open to all ſpectators.
" No maiden was forced to offer herſelf to the lion; but
" if ſhe refuſed, it was a diſgrace to marry her, and
" every one might have liberty of calling her a whore.
" And methought it was as uſual a diverſion to ſee the
" pariſh lions, as with us to go to a play or an opera.
" And it was reckoned convenient to be near the church,
" either for marrying the virgin, if ſhe eſcaped the trial,
" or for burying her bones when the lion had devoured
" the reſt, as he conſtantly did."

To go on therefore with the dream: " we called firſt
" (as I remember) to ſee St Dunſtan's lion; but we were
" told, they did not ſhew to-day. From thence we
" went to that of Covent-garden, which, to my great
" ſurprize, we found as lean as a ſkeleton, when I expect-
" ed quite the contrary; but the keeper ſaid it was no
" wonder at all, becauſe the poor beaſt had not got an
" ounce of woman's fleſh, ſince he came into the pariſh.
" This amazed me more than the other, and I was
" forming to myſelf a mighty veneration for the ladies
" in that quarter of the town; when the keeper went
" on, and ſaid he wondered the pariſh would be at the
" charge of maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend, ſaid
" I, do you call it nothing to juſtify the virtue of ſo
" many ladies; or hath your lion loſt his diſtinguiſhing
" faculty?

" faculty? Can there be any thing more for the ho-
" nour of your pariſh, than that all the ladies married in
" your church were pure virgins? that is true, ſaid he,
" and the doctor knows it to his ſorrow; for there hath
" not been a couple married in our church ſince his wor-
" ſhip came amongſt us. The virgins hereabouts are too
" wiſe to venture the claws of the lion; and, becauſe
" no-body will marry them, have all entered into a vow
" of virginity; ſo that in proportion we have much the
" largeſt nunnery in the whole town. This manner of
" ladies entering into a vow of *virginity*, becauſe they
" were not *virgins*, I eaſily conceived; and my dream
" told me, that the whole kingdom was full of nunneries
" plentifully ſtocked from the ſame reaſon.

" We went to ſee another lion, where we found
" much company met in the gallery. The keeper told
" us, we ſhould ſee *ſport* enough, as he called it; and
" in a little time we ſaw a young beautiful lady put into
" the den, who walked up towards the lion with all
" imaginable ſecurity in her countenance, and looked
" ſmiling upon her lover and friends in the gallery;
" which I thought nothing extraordinary, becauſe it was
" never known that any lion had been miſtaken. But
" however, we were all diſappointed; for the lion lifted
" up his right paw, which was the fatal ſign, and advan-
" cing forward, ſeized her by the arm, and began to
" tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible ſhriek, and cri-
" ed out, *The lion is juſt, I am no virgin! Oh! Sap-*
" *pho, Sappho!* ſhe could ſay no more, for the lion gave
" her the *coup de grace* by a ſqueeze in the throat,
" and ſhe expired at his feet. The keeper dragged a-
" way her body to feed the animal, after the company
" ſhould be gone; for the pariſh lions never uſed to eat
" in public. After a little pauſe, another lady came on
" towards the lion in the ſame manner as the former.
" We obſerved the beaſt ſmell her with diligence. He
" ſcratched both her hands with lifting them to his noſe,
" and laying one of his claws on her boſom drew blood;
" however he let her go, and at the ſame time turned
" from her with a ſort of contempt, at which ſhe was
" not a little mortified, and retired with ſome confuſion
" to her friends in the gallery. Methought the whole

" com-

" company immediately underſtood the meaning of this;
" that the eaſineſs of the lady had ſuffered her to admit
" certain imprudent and dangerous familiarities, border-
" ing too much upon what is criminal; neither was
" it ſure, whether the lover then preſent had not ſome
" ſharers with him in thoſe freedoms, of which a lady
" can never be too ſparing.

" This happened to be an extraordinary day; for a
" third lady came into the den, laughing loud, playing
" with her fan, toſſing her head, and ſmiling round on
" the young fellows in the gallery. However, the lion
" leaped on her with great fury, and we gave her for
" gone; but on a ſudden he let go his hold, and turned
" from her as if he were nauſeated; then gave her a laſh
" with his tail; after which ſhe returned to the gallery,
" not the leaſt out of countenance: and this, it ſeems,
" was the uſual treatment of coquets.

" I thought we had ſeen enough; but my friend would
" needs have us go and viſit one or two lions in the city.
" We called at two or three dens where they happen-
" ed not to ſhew; but we generally found half a ſcore
" young girls between eight and eleven years old, play-
" ing with each lion, ſitting on his back, and putting their
" hands into his mouth; ſome of them would now and
" then get a ſcratch, but we always diſcovered upon ex-
" amining, that they had been hoydening with the young
" apprentices. One of them was calling to a pretty girl
" about twelve years old, who ſtood by us in the galle-
" ry, to come down to the lion, and upon her refuſal,
" ſaid, *Ah! Miſs Betty, we could never get you to come*
" *near the lion, ſince you played at hoop and hide with*
" *my brother in the garret.*

" We followed a couple, with the wedding folks, going
" to the church of St Mary Ax. The lady, though well
" ſtricken in years, extremely crooked and deformed,
" was dreſſed out beyond the gaiety of fifteen, having
" jumbled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry re-
" mains of aunts, god-mothers, and grand-mothers, for
" ſome generations paſt. One of the neighbours whiſ-
" pered me, that ſhe was an old maid, and had the
" cleareſt reputation of any in the pariſh. There is no-
" thing ſtrange in that, thought I, but was much ſurpriz-

" ed

" ed when I obſerved afterwards, that ſhe went toward " the lion with diſtruſt and concern. The beaſt was ly- " ing down; but upon ſight of her ſnuffed up his noſe " two or three times, and then giving the ſign of death, " proceeded inſtantly to execution. In the midſt of her " agonies ſhe was heard to name the words *Italy* and " *artifices* with the utmoſt horror, and ſeveral repeated " execrations; and at laſt concluded, *Fool that I was* " *to put ſo much confidence in the toughneſs of my ſkin!*

" The keeper immediately ſet all in order again for " another cuſtomer, which happened to be a famous " prude, whom her parents, after long threatenings and " much perſuaſion, had, with the extremeſt difficulty, " prevailed on to accept a young handſome goldſmith, " who might have pretended to five times her fortune. " The fathers and mothers in the neighbourhood uſed to " quote her for an example to their daughters; her el- " bows were rivetted to her ſides, and her whole perſon " ſo ordered as to inform every body, that ſhe was afraid " they ſhould touch her. She only dreaded to approach " the lion becauſe it was a he one, and abhorred to think " a male animal ſhould preſume ro breathe on her. The " ſight of a man at twenty yards diſtance made her draw " back her head. She always ſat upon the farther cor- " ner of the chair, although there were ſix chairs be- " tween her and her lover, and with the door wide o- " pen, and her little ſiſter in the room. She was never " ſaluted but at the tip of the ear; and her father had " much ado to make her dine without her gloves, when " there was a man at table. She entered the den with " ſome fear, which we took to proceed from the height " of her modeſty, offended at the ſight of ſo many men in " the gallery. The lion, beholding her at a diſtance, " immediately gave the deadly ſign, at which the poor " creature (methinks I ſee her ſtill) miſcarried in a fright " before us all. The lion ſeemed to be as much ſur- " prized as we, and gave her time to make her confeſ- " ſion; *That ſhe was five months gone by the foreman* " *of her father's ſhop; that this was her third big belly*: " and when her friends aſked, why ſhe would venture the " trial? ſhe ſaid, *her nurſe told her, that a lion would* " *never hurt a woman with child.*" Upon this I im-

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mediately awaked, and could not help wiſhing, that the deputy cenſors of my late inſtitution were indued with the ſame inſtinct as theſe pariſh lions.

NUMBER XX.*

——*Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes*
Emollit mores.—— Ovid.

From Saturday, March 3. to Tueſday, March 6. 1710.

From my own apartments in Channel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *Les petites morales*, or the ſmaller morals, are with us diſtinguiſhed by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a ſort of artificial good ſenſe, adapted to the meaneſt capacities, and introduced to make mankind eaſy in their commerce with each other. Low and little underſtandings, without ſome rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thouſand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour: and in their ordinary converſation fall into the ſame boiſterous familiarities, that one obſerves amongſt them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the uſe of their reaſon. In other inſtances it is odd to conſider, that, for want of common diſcretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility, intended to make us eaſy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wiſhes, and in croſſing our moſt reaſonable deſires and inclinations. This abuſe reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was laſt there, in a viſit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my couſin. As ſoon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that ſtood cloſe by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was

* This Tatler ſhould be hung up in every 'Squire's hall in England. *Orrery.*

almoſt ſtifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain oppoſed, urging that I muſt return ſoon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whiſpered her eldeſt daughter, and ſlipped a key into her hand; the girl returned inſtantly with a beer-glaſs full of *aqua mirabilis* and ſyrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but Madam vowed I ſhould drink it off; for ſhe was ſure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which abſolutely took away my ſtomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to ſit at a diſtance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and ſet me with my back juſt againſt it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was reſolved to force down as much as I could, and deſired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed Mr Bickerſtaff, ſays the Lady, you muſt eat a "wing to oblige me;" and ſo put a couple upon my plate. I was perſecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for ſmall beer, the maſter tipped the wink, and the ſervant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner I ordered my couſin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horſes; but it was reſolved I ſhould not ſtir that night; and when I ſeemed pretty much bent on going, they ordered the ſtable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next queſtion was, what would I have for ſupper? I ſaid, I never eat any thing at night; but was at laſt, in my own defence, obliged to name the firſt thing that came into my head. After three hours ſpent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, inſinuating to me, "That this was the worſt time of the year for provi-"ſions; that they were at a great diſtance from any mar-"ket; that they were afraid I ſhould be ſtarved; and that "they knew they kept me to my loſs," the Lady went, and left me to her huſband; for they took ſpecial care I ſhould never be alone: as ſoon as her back was turned, the little miſſes ran backwards and forwards every moment, and conſtantly, as they came in and went out, made a curteſy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and *your humble ſervant, pretty Miſs*. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and diſcovered by the redneſs of her face, that ſup-

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per was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my perſecution doubled in proportion. I deſired, at my uſual hour, to go to my repoſe, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink ſomething before I went to bed; and, upon my refuſing, at laſt left a bottle of *ſtingo*, as they called it, for fear I ſhould awake and be thirſty in the night. I was forced in the morning to riſe and dreſs myſelf in the dark, becauſe they would not ſuffer my kinſman's ſervant to diſturb me at the hour I deſired to be called. I was now reſolved to break through all meaſures to get away; and, after, ſitting down to a monſtrous breakfaſt of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, veniſon paſty, and ſtale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs ſee me part of the way, and carry me a ſhort cut through his own ground, which he told me would ſave half a mile's riding. This laſt piece of civility had like to have coſt me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at laſt forced to alight in the dirt, when my horſe, having ſlipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the abſurdities I met with in this viſit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaiſance, and a miſapplication in the rules of it. I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe the more refined critics upon behaviour, who having profeſſed no other ſtudy, are yet infinitely defective in the moſt material parts of it. Ned Faſhion has been bred all his life about court, and underſtands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He viſits moſt of the fine women near St James's, and upon every occaſion ſays the civileſt and ſofteſt things to them of any man breathing. To Mr Iſaac* he owes an eaſy ſlide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but in ſome other caſes he is very far from being a well-bred perſon. He laughs at men of far ſuperior underſtanding to his own for not being as well dreſſed as himſelf; deſpiſeth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of ſome

* A famous dancing maſter in thoſe days.

among the beſt ſpeakers of the houſe of Commons. He raileth ſtrenuouſly at both univerſities before the members of either; and is never heard to ſwear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right ſenſe hath all the eſſentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath ſpent moſt of his time at Oxford: he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modeſty as may ſerve to adorn, without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he ſeemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it deſcribed in the writings of the greateſt men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common courſe of life. Hence it is, that he giveth no offence, but converſeth with great deference, candor and humanity. His bow, I muſt confeſs, is ſomewhat aukward; but then he hath an extenſive, univerſal, and unaffected knowledge, which may, perhaps, a little excuſe him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can aſſure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own conſolation, that he has writ better verſes on the ſex than any man now living, and is preparing ſuch a poem for the preſs as will tranſmit their praiſes and his own to many generations.

NUMBER CCXXX.*

Thurſday, September 28 1710.

From my own apartments, September, 27.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifeſt evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very buſy

* The letter to the Lord High Treaſurer upon the ſame ſubject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the fourth of theſe volumes. It is ſaid, that the author writ ſome other *Tatlers*, and ſeveral *Spectators*, and furniſhed hints for many more; particularly.

The

ſy ſcene, and it will require no ſmall care and application to amend errors, which are become ſo univerſal. The affectation of politeneſs is expoſed in this epiſtle with a great deal of wit and di cernment; ſo that, whatever diſcourſes I may fall into hereafter upon the ſubject the writer treats of, I ſhall at preſent lay the matter before the world, without the leaſt alteration from the words of my correſpondent.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Eſq:

SIR,

"There are ſome abuſes among us of great conſequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; although, as far as I have been converſant in your papers, you have not yet conſidered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for ſome years hath reigned among our Engliſh writers, the great depravity of our taſte, and the continual corruption of our ſtile. I ſay nothing here of thoſe who handle particular ſciences, divinity, law, phyſic, and the like; I mean the traders in hiſtory, and politics, and the *Belles Lettres*, together with thoſe by whom books are not tranſlated, but (as the common expreſſions are) *done out of French, Latin*, or other languages, and *made Engliſh*. I cannot but obſerve to you, that, until of late years, a Grub-ſtreet book was always bound in ſheep-ſkin, with ſuitable print and paper, the price never above a ſhilling, and taken off wholly by common tradeſmen or country pedlars: but now they appear in all ſizes and ſhapes, and in all places; they are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-houſe to perſons of quality; are ſhewn in Weſtminſter-hall and the Court of Requeſts; you may ſee them gilt, and in royal-paper, of five or ſix hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furniſh you with a catalogue of Engliſh books,

The Tables of fame. The life and adventures of a ſhilling. The account of England by an Indian king, and ſome others: but, as we are informed, he would never tell his beſt friends the particular papers. *Dublin edit.*

" publiſhed within the compaſs of ſeven years paſt, which " at firſt hand would coſt you an hundred pounds, " wherein you ſhall not be able to find ten lines toge- " ther of common grammar or common ſenſe.

" Theſe two evils, ignorance and want of taſte, have " produced a third, I mean the continual corruption of " our Engliſh tongue, which, without ſome timely remedy, " will ſuffer more by the falſe refinements of twenty " years paſt, than it hath been improved in the forego- " ing hundred. And this is what I deſign chiefly to en- " large upon, leaving the former evils to your animad- " verſion.

" But inſtead of giving you a liſt of the late refine- " ments crept into our language, I here ſend you the co- " py of a letter I received ſome time ago, from a moſt " accompliſhed perſon in this way of writing, upon " which I ſhall make ſome remarks. It is in theſe terms:

SIR,

I coud'n't *get the things you ſent for all* about town—*I* tho't to ha' *come down myſelf, and then* I'd ha' bro't 'um; *but* ha'nt don't, *and I believe I* can't do't, *that's* pozz.—Tom *begins to* g'imſelf *airs, becauſe* he's *going with the* plenipo's—*'Tis ſaid the French King will* bamboozel us agen, *which* cauſes many ſpeculations. *The* Jacks, *and others of that* kidney, *are very* uppiſh, *and* alert upon't, *as you may ſee by their* phizz's—Will hazard *has got the* hipps, *having loſt* to the tune of *five hundr'd pound*, tho' *he underſtands play very well*; nobody better. *He has* promis't *me upon* Rep *to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakneſs* he's *too apt to* give into, tho' *he hath as much wit as any man*, no body more: *he has lain* incog *ever ſince—The* mob's *very quiet with us now.—I believe you* tho't *I* banter'd *you in my laſt like a* country put. —*I* ſhan't *leave town this month*, &c.

" This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of " the preſent polite way of writing; nor is it of leſs au- " thority for being an epiſtle: you may gather every " flower of it, with a thouſand more of equal ſweetneſs, " from the books, pamphlets, and ſingle papers, offer- " ed us every day in the coffee-houſes. And theſe are

" the

" the beauties introduced to ſupply the want of wit,
" ſenſe, humour, and learning, which formerly were
" looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man
" of wit, who died forty years ago, were to riſe from the
" grave on purpoſe, how would he be able to read this
" letter? and after he had got through that difficulty,
" how would he be able to underſtand it! The firſt
" thing that ſtrikes your eye, is the *breaks* at the end of
" almoſt every ſentence; of which I know not the uſe;
" only that it is a refinement, and very frequently prac-
" tiſed. Then you will obſerve the abbreviations and
" eliſions, by which conſonants of moſt obdurate ſounds
" are joined together, without one ſoftening vowel to in-
" tervene: and all this only to make one ſyllable of two,
" directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and
" Romans; altogether of the Gothic ſtrain, and of a na-
" tural tendency towards relapſing into barbarity, which
" delights in monoſyllables, and uniting of mute conſo-
" nants; as it is obſervable in all the northern languages.
" And this is ſtill more viſible in the next refinement,
" which conſiſteth in pronouncing the firſt ſyllable in a
" word that hath many, and diſmiſſing the reſt; ſuch as
" *phizz*, *hipps*, *mobb*, *pozz*, *rep*, and many more, when we
" are already overloaded with monoſyllables, which are
" the diſgrace of our language. Thus we cram one ſyl-
" lable, and cut off the reſt; as the owl fattened her
" mice after ſhe had bit off their legs to prevent them
" from running away; and if ours be the ſame reaſon
" for maiming of words, it would certainly anſwer the
" end; for I am ſure no other nation will deſire to bor-
" row them. Some words are hitherto but fairly ſplit,
" and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *in-*
" *cog.* and *plenipo*; but in a ſhort time, it is to be hop-
" ed, they will be further docked to *inc.* and *plen.*
" This reflection hath made me of late years very impa-
" tient for a peace, which I believe will ſave the lives
" of many brave words as well as men. The war hath
" introduced abundance of polyſyllables, which will ne-
" ver be able to live many more campaigns. *Specula-*
" *tions*, *operations*, *preliminaries*, *ambaſſadors*, *paliſa-*
" *does*, *communications*, *circumvallations*, *battalions*, as
" numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently

" in our coffee-houſes, we ſhall certainly put them to " flight, and cut off the rear.

" The third refinement obſervable in the letter I ſend " you, conſiſteth in the choice of certain words invent- " ed by ſome *pretty fellows*, ſuch as *banter*, *bamboozle*, " *country-put*, and *kidney*, as it is there applied; ſome " of which are now ſtruggling for the vogue, and others " are in poſſeſſion of it. I have done my utmoſt for " ſome years paſt to ſtop the progreſs of *mob* and *banter*, " but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and " betrayed by thoſe who promiſed to aſſiſt me.

" In the laſt place, you are to take notice of certain " choice phraſes ſcattered through the letter; ſome of " them tolerable enough, till they were worn to rags " by ſervile imitators. You might eaſily find them, al- " though they were not in a different print, and there- " fore I need not diſturb them.

" Theſe are the falſe refinements in our ſtile, which " you ought to correct; firſt, by arguments and fair " means; but if thoſe fail, I think you are to make uſe " of your authority as cenſor, and by an annual *index* " *expurgatorius* expunge all words and phraſes that are " offenſive to good ſenſe, and condemn thoſe barbarous " mutilations of vowels and ſyllables. In this laſt point, " the uſual pretence is, that they ſpell as they ſpeak: " a noble ſtandard for language! to depend upon the " caprice of every coxcomb, who, becauſe words are the " the cloathing of our thoughts, cuts them out and ſhapes " them as he pleaſeth, and changes them oftener than his " dreſs. I believe all reaſonable people would be con- " tent, that ſuch refiners were more ſparing of their " words, and liberal in their ſyllables. On this head I " ſhould be glad you would beſtow ſome advice upon ſe- " veral young readers in our churches, who, coming up " from the univerſity full fraught with admiration of our " town-politeneſs, will needs correct the ſtile of their " prayer-books. In reading the abſolution they are very " careful to ſay *pardons and abſolves*, and in the prayer " for the royal family, it muſt be *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, " *proſper'um*, and *bring'um*; then in their ſermons they " uſe all their modern terms of art, *ſham*, *banter*, *mob*, " *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *ſhuffling*, and *palming*; all

" which,

" which, and many more of the like ſtamp, as I have " heard them often in the pulpit from ſome young ſo- " phiſters, ſo I have read them in ſome of *theſe ſermons* " *that have made a great noiſe of late.* The deſign, it " ſeems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedan- " try; to ſhew us, that they *know the town, under-* " *ſtand men and manners,* and have not been poring " upon old unfaſhionable books in the univerſity.

" I ſhould be glad to ſee you the inſtrument of in- " introducing into our ſtile, that ſimplicity which is the " beſt and trueſt ornament of moſt things in human life, " which the politer ages always aimed at in their " building and dreſs (*ſimplex munditiis*), as well as " their productions of wit. It is manifeſt, that all " new affected modes of ſpeech, whether borrowed " from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the firſt " periſhing parts in any language; and, as I could prove " by many hundred inſtances, have been ſo in ours. The " writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, " and of Parſons the Jeſuit, both in the reign of Queen " Elizabeth, are in a ſtile that, with very few allow- " ances, would not offend any preſent reader; much " more clear and intelligible, than thoſe of Sir H. Wot- " ton, Sir Rob. Naunton, Oſburn, Daniel the hiſtorian, " and ſeveral others who writ later, but being men of " the court, and affecting the phraſes then in faſhion, " they are often either not to be underſtood, or appear " perfectly ridiculous.

" What remedies are to be applied to theſe evils, I " have not room to conſider, having, I fear, already " taken up moſt of your paper: beſides, I think, it is our " office only to repreſent abuſes, and yours to redreſs " them.

I am, with great reſpect,

SIR,

Yours, &c."

A MEDITATION upon a BROOMSTICK.

According to the ſtile and manner of the Honourable ROBERT BOYLE's Meditations*.

Written in the year 1703.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold ingloriouſly lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a foreſt: it was full of ſap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the buſy art of man pretend to vye with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its ſapleſs trunk: it is now at beſt but the reverſe of what it was; a tree turned upſide down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air: it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery; and, by a capricious kind of fate, deſtined to make other things clean, and be naſty itſelf. At length, worn to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the laſt uſe of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, SURELY MORTAL MAN, IS A BROOMSTICK! Nature ſent him into the world, ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reaſoning vegetable; until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a *perriwig*; valuing himſelf u-

* This paper was wrote in deriſion of the ſtile and manner of Mr Robert Boyle. To what a height muſt the ſpirit of ſarcaſm ariſe in an author, who could prevail upon himſelf to ridicule ſo good a man as Mr Boyle! But the ſword of wit, like the ſithe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However ſharp and irreſiſtible the edge of it may be, Mr Boyle will always remain invulnerable. *Orrery.*

pon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head: but now, ſhould this our *broomſtick* pretend to enter the ſcene, proud of thoſe *birchen* ſpoils it never bore, and all covered with duſt, though the ſweepings of the fineſt lady's chamber; we ſhould be apt to ridicule and deſpiſe its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomſtick*, perhaps you will ſay, is an emblem of a tree ſtanding on its head; and pray what is man but a topſy-turvy creature? his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels ſhould be, grovelling on the earth. And yet, with all his faults, he ſets up to be an univerſal reformer and corrector of abuſes; a remover of grievances; rakes into every ſlut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raiſes a mighty duſt where there was none before; ſharing deeply all the while in the very ſame pollutions he pretendeth to ſweep away. His laſt days are ſpent in ſlavery to women, and generally the leaſt deſerving; till worn to the ſtumps, like his brother *beſom*, he is either kicked out of doors, or made uſe of to kindle flames for others to warm themſelves by.

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.